This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

**Usage guidelines**

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

**About Google Book Search**

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

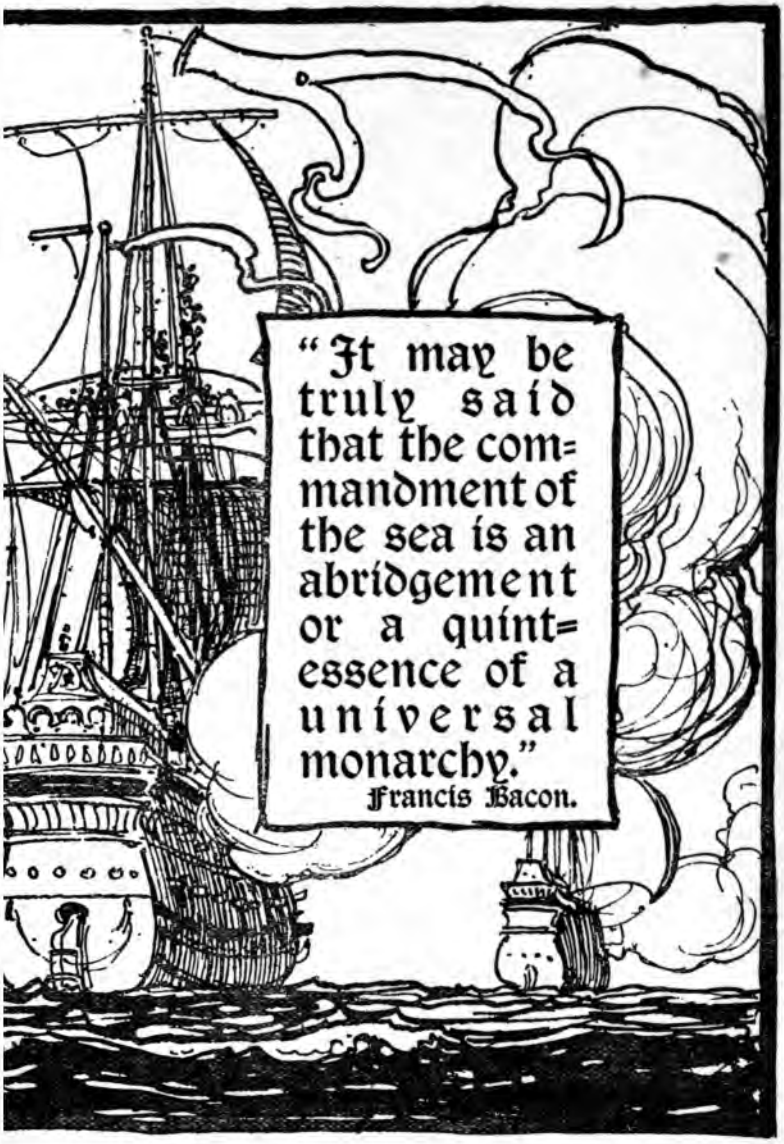
3 2044 010 556 744

Br 239.17.2

# REX V. CLEMENTS

HARVARD COLLEGE
LIBRARY

# NAVAL YARNS


"It may be truly said that the commandment of the sea is an abridgement or a quintessence of a universal monarchy."
Francis Bacon.

TURKS BOARDING "THE DOLPHIN."

[*Frontispiece*

Br 239.17.2

# PREFACE

A GREAT many of the Narratives and Letters comprised in this collection are now for the first time printed; the remainder were collected from many unusual sources by my father, the late W. H. Long, who had exceptional opportunities in that direction.

The majority of the Narratives bear the impress of their truth in themselves, and it is hoped that they will prove of interest to all readers.

After careful consideration, "The Journal of a Surgeon" has been printed exactly as written in the original MS. of the Author, and although, in some respects, a slight revision seemed advisable in a few passages, yet it was felt that any alteration or abridgement would do irreparable harm to the Narrative as a vivid and true picture of the social side of life afloat at that period.

The contents of the volume have been arranged, as far as possible, in chronological order.

A. H. L.

PORTSMOUTH, *June 7th*, 1899.

# CONTENTS


| | PAGE |
|---|---|
| *Action between "The Dolphin" and Five Turkish Men of War (1616)* | 1 |
| *Account of the Remarkable Recovery of the Ship "Exchange," of Bristol, from the Algerine Pirates (1621)* | 11 |
| *Directions for a Naval Action in the XVII. Century (1652)* | 15 |
| *Letter from a Seaman, Admiral Vernon's Squadron (1740)* | 20 |
| *Account of the Action between Lord Anson and M. de Jonquière (1747)* | 23 |
| *Mad Montague (The Hon. Captain William Montague) (1747)* | 25 |
| *Engagement near the Havannah (1748)* | 30 |
| *Letter from Mr. Daniel Butler, Midshipman on board the "Isis" (1756)* | 34 |
| *The "Colchester" and "Lyme" off Rochefort (1756)* | 36 |
| *Action between the "Terrible" and "Vengeance" (1756)* | 44 |
| *Cruises of the "Tartar" (1757)* | 49 |
| *The "Lightning" and Privateer (1757)* | 53 |
| *Capture of the "Foudroyant" 84 (1758)* | 55 |
| *After the Battle off Quiberon (1759)* | 59 |
| *Journal of a Naval Surgeon (1758-1763)* | 61 |
| *Advice to Sea Lieutenants, by an Officer of Rank (circa 1770)* | 108 |
| *The Duty of a Purser (circa 1770)* | 118 |
| *The Remarkable Rescue of the "Anson" Cutter (1759)* | 122 |
| *Prejudices of Seamen (1771)* | 124 |
| *Action between the "Surprise" and "Jason" (1779)* | 126 |
| *Loss of H.M.S. "Phœnix" (1780)* | 129 |
| *Hiring the Stage Coach (1782)* | 150 |
| *The "Mediator" and an Enemy's Squadron (1782)* | 152 |

PAGE

*A Portsmouth Slop-Seller's Sign* (*1790*) - - - 156
*Jack Aboard a Portuguese Indiaman* (*1793*) - - 157
*The Glorious First of June* (*1794*) - - - - 164
*Narrative of an Officer's Imprisonment in France* (*1794*) 172
*Battles of St. Vincent and the Nile* (*1796*) - - 192
*Battle of the Nile* (*a conversation*) (*1798*) - - - 201
*A Run Ashore and its Consequences* (*1798*) - - 202
*Surrender of the Dutch Squadron in the Texel* (*1799*) - 207
*Loss of H.M.S. "Trincomalee"* (*1799*) - - - 212
*Captain Brenton of "La Minérve" at Cherbourg* (*1800*) - 218
*Loss of H.M.S. "Repulse"* (*1800*) - - - - 220
*Letter from Captain Hardinge* (*1804*) - - - 229
*Letter from a Sailor on board the "Royal Sovereign"* (*1805*) 233
*The "Seahorse" and "Badere-Zaffer"* (*1808*) - - 235
*The Old Horses in their Element* (*1808*) - - - 237
*Action between H.M. Brig "Dominica" and a French Privateer* (*1808*) - - - - - - - 245
*Jack Ashore* (*1809*) - - - - - - 250
*Letter from Captain Lord George Stuart* (*1809*) - - 254
*Escape of H.M.S. "Talbot" and Wreck of H.M. Frigate "Saldanha"* (*1811*) - - - - - 257
*Desperate Attempt to cut out Three Privateers* (*1812*) - 264
*Recapture of a Prize* (*1812*) - - - - - 272
*Poster issued from the "Leander" Frigate* (*1813*) - 284
*Some Recollections of the Battle of Algiers* (*1816*) - - 285
*A Brush with Greek Pirates* (*1825*) - - - 295
*The Battle of Navarino* (*1827*) - - - - 302
*Lieutenant Robb at the Battle of Navarino* (*1827*) - - 319
*Capture of the Spanish Slaver, "Marinerito" by the "Black Joke"* (*1831*) - - - - - 323

# LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS


TURKS BOARDING "THE DOLPHIN" - - *Frontispiece*
*From an original painting by Frank Brangwyn*

PORTRAIT OF LORD HAWKE - - - *Face p.* 59
*From a print by M'Ardell*

RODNEY'S VICTORY OFF MARTINIQUE - - ,, 150
*From a print by Goldar*

THE GLORIOUS FIRST OF JUNE - - ,, 164
*From a print after Cleveley*

THE BATTLE OF ST. VINCENT - - - ,, 192
*From a print by Orme*

THE BATTLE OF THE NILE - - - ,, 201
*From a print by Riley*

TRAFALGAR—NELSON WOUNDED - - ,, 233
*From a print by Drummond*

"SEAHORSE" AND "BADERE-ZAFFER" - ,, 237
*From a print after Whitcombe*

THE BATTLE OF NAVARINO - - - ,, 302
*From a contemporary lithograph*

# NAVAL YARNS

## ACTION BETWEEN THE *DOLPHIN* AND FIVE TURKISH MEN-OF-WAR, 1616

HAVING finished our business at Zant, we departed thence towards the latter end of the year 1616, being bound with our loading for England. Our ship was named the *Dolphin*, of London, of the burden of 220 tons, or thereabouts; having in her nineteen pieces of cast ordnance, and five murtherers, manned with thirty-six men and two boys. The master of her was Mr. Edward Nichols, a man of great skill, courage, industry, and proved experience, who, making for England, got clear of the island the 1st of January, 1617. The wind being north and by east, with a prosperous gale, by the 8th in the morning we had sight of the Island of Sardinia.

The wind being then come westerly, the 9th in the morning we stood in for Callery, and at noon, the wind being southerly, we came close by two little watch

towers; who shot two shot at us, to give warning that they would speak to us, but the approaching night would not permit. If we could have sent ashore to them, their intention was, as we heard afterwards, to have informed us of the Turkish men-of-war, which we afterwards met withal, to our cost and peril, as well as theirs, for these towers were not above two leagues from the place where we made our fight. This night, the wind growing calm, we sailed towards Cape Pola. The 10th, we had very little wind, or none at all, till it was two of the clock in the afternoon, which drove us above three leagues eastward from the Cape; here we espied a fleet of ships upon the main of Sardinia, near unto the road called Callery, belonging to the King of Spain.

The 12th of January, in the morning watch, about four o'clock, we had sight of a sail making from the shore towards us, which put into our minds some doubt and fear; and coming near unto us, we discovered her to be a sattie, which is a ship much like unto an argosy, of a very great burthen and bigness. She stood in, to get between the shore and us, which perceiving, we imagined some more ships not to be far off. Whereupon our master sent one of our company up into the main-top, who discovered five sail of ships, one after another, coming up before the wind, which was then at west-south-west. With his perspective glass he perceived them to be Turkish men of war, the first of them booming by himself before the wind, with his flag in the main-top, and all his sails gallantly spread abroad; after

him came the admiral and the vice-admiral, of greater burden than the first; and after him two more, the rear-admiral, larger than all the rest, and his companion.

They seemed all prepared for any desperate assault, whereupon we immediately made ready our ordnance and small shot, and with no little resolution prepared ourselves to withstand them. This being done, we went to prayers, and then to dinner, where our master gave us such noble encouragement, that our hearts even thirsted to prove the success, and, being in readiness for the fight, our master went upon the poop, and spake to us in the following manner:

"Countrymen and fellows, you see into what an exigency it has pleased Almighty God to suffer us to fall. Let us remember that we are but men and must die; when, where, and how, is alone in God's knowledge and appointment; but, if it be His pleasure, that this must be the last of our days, His will be done, and let us, for His glory, our soul's welfare, our country's honour, and the credit of ourselves, fight it valiantly to the last gasp. Let us prefer a noble death before a slavish life; and if we die, let us die to gain a better life. For my part, I will see, if we escape this danger, that, if any be hurt and maimed in the fight, they shall be carefully provided for, for their health and maintenance, as long as they live. Be therefore resolute, stand to it; here is no shrinking. We must be either men or slaves. Die with me, or, if you will not, by God's grace, I will die with you."

This done, he waved his sword three times, shaking it with such dauntless courage, as if he had already won the victory. Hereupon we seconded him with like forwardness, and he, causing his trumpets to sound, gave unto us much more encouragement than before, and, being within shot of them, our master commanded his gunner to make his level, and to shoot, which he did, but missed them all. At this, the foremost of them bore up apace, for he had the wind of us, and returned us worse than we sent, for their first shot killed one of our men.

Then ensued, for a great space, a most fierce encounter betwixt us, and they having the advantage of us, by reason of the wind, by about eleven or twelve o'clock they had torn our ship in such a manner that we used our guns clear of the ports, they having left us no ports on the quarters, but all open. We were, however, not in their debt; for we had not left them one man alive from their mainmast forward; besides, we dismounted their ordnance, and tore them so near the water, that their chief commanders were forced with their cutlasses to beat their own men, and to drive them to their duty. By this time they had laid us aboard with one of their ships, which was of 200 tons, or thereabouts, and had in her twenty-five pieces of ordnance, and about 250 men. The captain thereof was one Walsingham, who seemed by his name to be, as we afterwards found he was, an Englishman, and admiral of the fleet; for so it signified by the flag in his main-top.

Having, as I said, boarded our ship, he entered on the larboard quarter, his men armed, some with sabres, which we called falchions, some with hatchets, and some with half-pikes, where they stayed half-an-hour, or thereabouts, tearing up our nail-boards upon the poop, and the trap-hatch; but we, having a murtherer in the round-house, kept the larboard side clear, whilst our men, with the other ordnance and muskets, and a murtherer in our trap-hatch, played upon their ship; yet, for all this, they plied our gallery with small shot in such sort, that we stood in great danger to yield.

At the last we shot them quite through and through, and they us likewise; but they, being afraid they should have been sunk by us, bore a-head of our ship, and as they passed along we gave them a broadside, that they were forced to lay by the lee, and to stop their leaks. This fight continued two hours by our glass, and better, and so near the shore, that the dwellers thereupon saw all the beginning and the ending, and what danger we stood in for upon the shore stood a little house, wherein was likewise turned a glass all the time during the fight, which measured the hours as they passed; and this was Walsingham's part of the fight.

The next fight was with one Captain Kelly's ship, which came likewise up with his flag in the main-top, and another ship with his flag in the fore-top, which ships were at least 300 tons apiece, and had in each of them 28 or 30 pieces of ordnance, and about 250 men. They laid us aboard, one on the starboard quarter, and

the other on the larboard, where entering our ship thick and threefold, with their scimitars, hatchets, half-pikes, and other weapons, put us in great danger, both of the loss of our ship and of our lives; for they performed much manhood, and many dangerous hazards. Among these, there was one of their company that desperately went up into our main-top to fetch down our flag, which being spied by the steward of our ship, he presently shot with his musket, that he fell upon our deck, and was presently cast into the sea, leaving the flag behind him.

Thus these two ships fought with us, with great resolution, playing upon us with their ordnance and small shot for the space of an hour and a half, of whom we received some hurt, and likewise they of us; but when they saw they could not prevail, nor any way make us to yield, they bore up, and passed from us, to lay their ships by the lee, to stop their leaks, for we had previously torn and battered them with our great ordnance; and this was the second attempt they made upon us.

Now, for the third, there came two more of Captain Kelly's ships, of 250 tons apiece, each of them had 22 pieces of ordnance, and at the least 200 men, all well provided as might be, which was, as we thought, too great a number for us, being so few in our ship; but God, that was our friend, gave us such strength and success, that they little prevailed against us; for at their first coming up, notwithstanding all their multitude of men, we shot one of them quite through and through,

and laid him likewise by the lee, as we had done the others before. But the other ships remaining, laid us aboard on the starboard side, and in that quarter they entered our ship, with their scimitars, falchions, half-pikes and other weapons, running to and fro upon the deck, crying still in the Turkish tongue, "Yield yourselves, yield yourselves," promising we should be well used, and have one-third part of our goods delivered back, with such like fair promises.

At this one of our company told the master of the large offer the Turks made, persuading him to yield; but the master replied, "Away, villain, I will never give them part or quarter, whilst I have any quarters to my body." Whereupon he, giving no ear to them, stood stiffly in our defence, choosing rather to die than to yield, as it is still the nature and condition of all Englishmen; and, being thus resolved, some of our men played our ordnance against them, some played with small shot, some fought with other weapons, as swords, half-pikes, and such like.

In the midst of this skirmish, it so happened, by ill chance, that our ship was fired, and in great danger to be lost and cast away, had not the Lord in His mercy preserved us, and sent us means happily to quench it; but now mark the accident! The fire being perceived by our enemies to burn outrageously, and thinking that our ship would have suddenly consumed to the water, they left us to our fortunes, falling astern from us, and so we put to the shore, under the little house, for some

succour. Here we let an anchor fall, thinking to ride there all night; which we had no sooner done, but we saw another ship bear upon us, whereupon we were sore frighted, and so forced to let our anchor slip, and set sail to get better succour; the enemy at the same time, being weary of our company, hoisting out their boats to stop their leaks. We, for our parts, put into the road, between the two little forts, where we lay five days, mending the bruises and leaks of our ship. The losses we received in the aforesaid fights were six men and one boy, which were killed outright, and there were hurt eight men and one boy more: but the Lord knows what damage we put them to, and what number we slew in their ships.

The master of our ship, being at the helm, was shot twice betwixt the legs; and, the surgeon dressing the wounds of one man, a ball of wildfire fell into his bason, which he suddenly cast into the sea, otherwise it had greatly endangered us. The Turks were aboard and sounded their trumpets, notwithstanding which, our men assaulted them so fiercely, that they forced them off, and the boatswain (seeing them fly), most undauntedly, with a whistle, dared them to the skirmish, if so they durst. The captains of three of their ships were Englishmen, who took part with the Turks, thus to rob and spoil upon the ocean; their names were Walsingham, Kelly, and Sampson.

Upon the 13th of January, there came aboard certain Spaniards, in the morning betimes, to witness

what hurts we had received, who, seeing some of our men dead, went ashore with us, and showed us where we might bury them; but as we were busy in making their graves, and covering the bodies with earth, there came sailing by a Flemish ship of twelve score tons, which had in her about five or six thousand pounds. She had been chased by those men of war that had fought with us before, and, therefore, they brought in a long-boat all the money to the shore, and left in the ship only a few men and boys; who afterwards, within two days, brought the said ship into the road, not anything at all endangered, God be praised!

Upon the 15th of the same month, when we came from the burying of our men, and had rested ourselves in our ship about two or three hours, as God would have it, the wind began to blow a strong gale, and by little and little grew to a terrible tempest, through which, from Sunday night till Friday in the evening, we lay in such extremity of weather, as rain, wind, lightning, and thunder, that we thought we should never have got clear from the road where we lay. During this storm and tempest, there died one of our men that had been hurt in the fight, whose body we cast overboard into the sea, without any other burial, and so, when the wind and the sea was a little calmed, we set sail and came forward.

Within three days after, we buried three men more in the sea, and the same afternoon we arrived in the road of Callery, and lay at anchor, where again, search-

ing our ship, we found it rent and torn in four several places; one in the gun-room, another between the decks, the third in the sketeridge, and the fourth in the master's round-house; so in Callery we mended our ship, and hired certain men there to help us to stop her leaks. Having all things most fitting for our voyage homewards, upon the 30th of January we committed our fortune again unto the sea, and so, leaving Callery, we came forward with a Frenchman, who was bound to a place called Orasone, about 30 leagues from Callery, where, after two days, we left his company, being the 1st of February; and after that, putting forwards, still towards England, we arrived safe in the Thames.

## ACCOUNT OF THE REMARKABLE RECOVERY OF THE SHIP *EXCHANGE*, OF BRISTOL, FROM THE ALGERINE PIRATES

ON the 1st of November, 1621, the *Nicholas*, of Plymouth, burden forty tons, John Rawlins, master, set sail from that place for the Straits, in company with the *Bonaventure*, of the same port, burden seventy tons.

The 18th of the same month, they came in sight of Gibraltar, where they discovered five ships making all the sail they could towards them. They soon perceived they were pirates, and endeavoured to reach Gibraltar, but in vain; for, before half the day was spent, the admiral of the Turks came up with the *Bonaventure* and took her; and the vice-admiral soon after obliged Rawlins to strike. The same day the admiral put on shore twelve of the *Bonaventure's* crew, with some other English captives taken before; but the vice-admiral ordered Rawlins and five more to be brought on board him, leaving three men and a boy, with thirteen Turks, on board the prize. The night after, they had a storm, in which they lost sight of the English prize, the *Nicholas*. On the 22nd, the vice-admiral, with Rawlins on board, arrived at Algiers, but heard no news of the barque. The 26th, Rawlins's barque came into the road,

when the prisoners were all carried to the bashaw, who having chosen one of them for himself, the rest were all taken to market and sold.

Rawlins was bought by the captain, who took him at a very low price, because he had a lame hand; but, perceiving this rendered him almost unfit for any work, sold him again, with two more of his men, to one John Goodal, an English renegado, who, with his partners, had bought the *Exchange*, of Bristol, a ship formerly taken by the pirates, which at that time lay unrigged in the Mole, and for which they wanted some skilful sailors.

The 7th of January, 1622, the ship was fitted, and the same day hauled out of the Mole. They had twelve cast guns in her; sixty-three Moors or Turks; nine English slaves; one Frenchman, and four Hollanders that were free men; and, for their gunners, they had two soldiers, one an English, and the other a Dutch, renegado.

Rawlins brooked his slavery so ill, that, from the first moment of his going on board, he began to think of attempting his liberty. To this end, he privately furnished himself with ropes, broad spikes of iron, and iron crows to tie fast the scuttles, gratings, and cabins, and even to shut up the captain himself and all his company; and so to manage the matter, that, upon the watchword given, the English being masters of the gun-room, ordnance, and powder, might either blow them up, or kill them as they came out of their cabins.

He discovered his design by degrees to the four Hollanders, who offered to join with him, and brought over the renegadoes, their countrymen; while the English engaged the renegado of their nation.

All this while Rawlins persuaded the captain to bear northwards, they having already passed the Straits' mouth. The 16th of February, they took a barque, off Torbay, laden with salt. They took out all the men, the mate and two more excepted, and put ten Turks, with the two Dutch renegadoes, and the English renegado (who were in the plot), on board the prize. Before they went on board the prize, Rawlins assured them he would make his attempt that night or the next, and gave them a signal by which they might know when he was about it, advising them to acquaint the English in the barque with their design, and to steer towards the English coast.

The next morning, the prize being out of sight, put the captain out of humour; and Rawlins, fearing lest he might return to Algiers, thought it high time to put his design in execution. Having made the master of the barque and the new-made slaves acquainted with it, he brought the captain word there was a great deal of water below, and that it did not come to the pumps, because the ship was too much by the head; so orders were given for quitting the cables, and bringing four guns astern. Accordingly, two of them were brought with their mouths right before the binnacle; and it was concluded that they who did belong to the gun-room

(among whom Rawlins was one) should be all there, and break up the lower deck—the English slaves in the middle deck should do the same and watch the scuttles. Rawlins got as much powder of the gunner as would prime the pieces; and then pretended to the captain that, to right the ship, all hands must work at the pumps. While this was doing, two matches were brought, one between two spoons, and the other in a can, for secrecy; and immediately one of the guns was discharged, which broke the binnacle in pieces. This noise brought all the English together, who cleared the hold of what Moors and Turks had been left below. The Turks at the poop were strangely surprised at it, and endeavoured, what they could, to break in upon the English; but they, having seized the powder, slew many of them through the scout-holes with their own muskets, so that they soon cried for mercy. They were ordered to come down, one by one; but the rage of the English was so great that they killed some of them after they came down, which was the occasion that several leaped into the sea, so that, of five-and-forty, they brought only the captain and five more into Plymouth, where they arrived the 15th of February, 1622.

The Torbay barque arrived at Penzance, in Cornwall, having all along persuaded the Turks they were going to Algiers, till they came in sight of England; and then, getting them down to trim the salt, nailed down the hatches upon them, and, being come into harbour, carried the Turks to Exeter.

# DIRECTIONS FOR A NAVAL ACTION IN THE XVII. CENTURY

(*From the Seaman's Grammar, etc., of Captain John Smith, Governor of Virginia and Admiral of New England*, 1652)

FOR this master-peece of this worke, I confesse I might doe better to leave it to every particular man's conceit as it is, or those of longer practice or more experience; yet, because I have seene many books of the art of warre by land, and never any for the sea; seeing all men so silent in this most difficult service; and there are so many young captaines, and others that desire to be captaines, who know very little, or nothing at all to any purpose; for their better understanding I have proceeded thus farre. Now, for this that followes, what I have seene, done, and conceived by my small experience, I refer me to their friendly constructions and well-advised considerations.

"A saile! How beares she, or stands shee? to windward or to lee-ward? Set him by the compasse. He stands right a-head; or on the weather-bow, or lee-bow. Let flie your colours, if you have a consort; else not. Out with all your sailes: a steady man to the helme:

sit close, to keepe her steady. Give him chase, or fetch him up. Hee holds his owne; no, we gather on him.—Captaine, out goes his flags and pendants; also his waste clothes and top-armings (which is a long red cloth about three-quarters of a yard broad, edged on each side with calico, or white linen cloth, that goeth round about the ship on the outsides of all her upper workes, fore and aft, and before the cubbridge heads; also about the fore and maine tops, as well for the countenance and grace of the ship, as to cover the men from being seen). He furles and slings his maine-yard; in goes his spret-sail. Thus they use to strip themselves into their short sailes, or *fighting sailes*, which is only the fore-saile, the maine and fore-top sailes; because the rest should not be fired nor spoiled; besides, they would be troublesome to handle, hinder our sight, and the using of our armes.—He makes ready his close fights, fore and aft.

"Master! how stands the chase?—Right on head, I say. Well, we shall reach him by and by.—What! 's all ready? Yea, yea!—Every man to his charge; douse your topsaile, to salute him for the sea; haile him with a noise of trumpets: 'Whence is your ship?'—'Of Spaine; whence is yours?'—'Of England.'—'Are you a merchant or a man-of-war?'—'We are of the sea!'—He waves us to lee-ward with his drawne sword; calls amaine for the King of Spaine, and springs his loufe.—Give him a chase-peece, with your broadside, and run a good berth a-head of him.—Done, done. We

have the wind of him, and he tackes about. Tacke you about also, and keep your loufe. Be yare, at the helme; edge in with him, give him a volley of small shot; also your prow and broadside as before, and keep your loufe. —Hee pays us shot for shot. Well, wee shall requite him.—What! are you ready againe?—Yea, yea!—Try him once more as before.—Done, done.—Keepe your loufe, and lodge your ordnance againe. Is all ready?—Yea, yea! Edge in with him againe; begin with your bow peeces; proceed with your broadside, and let her fall off the wind, to give her also your full chase, your weather broadside, and bring her round, that the sterne may also discharge; and your tackes close aboard againe.—Done, done.—The wind veeres; the sea goes too high to board her, and we are shot thorow and thorow, and betweene wind and water. Try the pump; beare up the helme.

"Master! let us breathe and refresh a little; and sling a man over board to stop the leakes, (that is, to trusse him up, about the middle, in a peece of canvas, and a rope to keepe him from sinking; and his armes at liberty, with a mallett in the one hand, and a plug tapped in oakum, and well tarred in a tarpawling clout, in the other, which he will quickly beat into the hole or holes the bullets made). 'What cheere, mates? is all well?'—'All well! all well! all well!'—Then make ready to beare up with him againe, and with all your great and small shot charge him; and, in the smoke board him thwart the hawse, on the bow, mid-ships, or,

rather than faile, on his quarter; or make fast your grapplings, if you can, to his close fight, and sheere off. —Captaine! we are fowle on each other, and the ship is on fire. Cut any thing to get cleare, and smother the fire with wet cloathes.—In such a case, they will presently be such friends, as to help one the other all they can to get cleare, lest they both should burne together and sinke; and, if they be generous, the fire quenched drinke kindly one to the other; heave their cans overboard, and then begin againe as before.

"Well, master, the day is spent, the night drawes on; let us consult. Chirurgion, looke to the wounded; and winde up the slaine, with each a bullet or weight at their heads and feet to make them sinke; and give them three gunnes for their funerals. Swabber, make cleane the ship. Purser, record their names. Watch, be vigilant to keepe your berth to wind-ward, that we lose him not in the night. Gunners, sponge your ordnance. Soldiers, scowre your peeces. Carpenters, about your leakes. Boatswaine and the rest, repaire the sailes and shrouds; and, cooke, see you observe your directions against the morning watch. 'Boy, halla!'—'Master, halla!'—'Is the kettle boiled?'—'Yea, yea!' Boatswaine, call up the men to prayer and breakfast. Boy! fetch my cellar of bottels; a health to you all, fore and aft.—Courage, my hearts, for a fresh charge. Gunners, beat open the ports, and out with your lower tier; and bring me, from the weather side to the lee, so many peeces as we have ports to

beare upon him. Master, lay him aboard, loufe for loufe. Midshipsmen, see the tops and yards well manned with stones, fire pots, and brasse bales, to throw amongst them before we enter; or, if we be put off, charge them with all your great and small shot. In the smoke, let us enter them in the shrouds, and every squadron at his best advantage; so, sound drums and trumpets; and *Saint George for England!*

"They hang out a flag of truce; hale him amaine; abase (or take in) his flag; strike their sailes, and come aboard with their captaine, purser, and gunner; with their commission, cocket, or bills of loading.—Out goes the boat; they are lanched from the ship's side. Entertaine them with a general cry, '*God save the captaine and all the company!*' with the trumpets sounding.

"Examine them in particular; and then conclude your conditions, with feasting, freedome, or punishment, as you finde occasion; but always have as much care of their wounded as your owne. And, if there be either young women or aged men, use them nobly; which is ever the nature of a generous disposition. To conclude, if you surprise him, or enter perforce, you may stow the men, rifle, pillage, or sacke, and cry, '*a prise.*'"

## LETTER WRITTEN BY A SEAMAN ON BOARD ONE OF THE SHIPS OF ADMIRAL VERNON'S SQUADRON, 1740

MY DEAR LIFE,—

When I left you, hevens noes it was with an akin hart for i thout it very hard to be hauld from you by a gang of rufins but hover i soon overcome that when I found that we were about to go in earnest to rite my natif contry and against a parcel of impadent Spaniards by whom I have often been ill treted and god nows my hearrt I have longed this four years past to cut of some of their ears and was in hopes i should haf sent you one for a sample now but our good Admiral God bless him was to merciful we have taken Port Belo with such coridge and bravery that I never saw before for my own part my heart was rased to the clouds and woud ha scaled the moon had a spaniard been there to come at him as we did the Batry. Jack Cox is my mesmate you know he was always a havy ased dog and sleepy headed but had you seen him clime the Wals of the Batry you woud never forget him for a cat coud not xceed him in nimbleness and so in short it was with all of us i belefe i myself cod now overcum ten Spanards for i remember when I was in Spain that the Spanards

called the English Galen den mare but we shall now make them kno that we are the Cox of the Seas for our Admiral is of true game breed had you se us english Salor now what altration what contnances what bravry can xceed us tha tell us we shall meet a french squadron by ann by but i wish it may be so And by G—d well jurch him. Our dear cok of an Admiral has true english blood in his vains and thank god all our Captains and officers have to a man now we are in earnes but lying in harbors and letting our timber rot and our provision to be devoured by Rats was bad as I haf sene. When our Canons had left of firing by order our men could hardly forbear going on My Dear I have got some token of suces to show you, I wish I could have sent some of them to you. Our dear Admiral ordered every man some Spanish Dollers to be immediately given which is like a man of honour for i had rather have 10 dollers in hand than to have 100 for sefen years together and perhaps compond it at last for . . . owed me by . . . i am and so is every man of us resolved either to lose our lives or conker our enemys—true british spirit revives—and by G—d we will support our King and contry so long as a drop of blood remains. Jo Wilks is as good a Sailor as the best of um and can now bear a hand with an able Sailor and has vowed never to take a Shittle in hand till we have reduced the pride of Spain help them who will the more the better, true blews will never flinch.

I cant help mentoning the Solders we took with us

from Jamaica who were as harty cox as ever took musket in hand and behaved with glorious coridge but all for the honour of England. I wish we coud see one of those plundrers the garda costaes especially him by whom I was once met with when i lost 16 months wages if i did not cut of the captains ears may i be damd my dear I am well getting money wages secure and all revenge on my enemies fiteing for my King and contry. I am,

Your for ever,

HENRY ROBERTS.

## ACCOUNT OF THE ACTION BETWEEN LORD ANSON AND M. DE JONQUIÈRE, 1747

(*An exact copy of a letter, from a young tar on board the "Centurian" (Captain Dennis) to his brother in Winchester*)

DEAR BROTHER,—here comes joy enuff, we have the grate fortune to meet the French fleet with 35 sail of Marchant Men a going to Canedee, with 10 Sail of Men of Warr, all ships of the Line. Our captane being the Devile of a man run in amongst the hole fleet; wee fought the French Admaril and thre more men of warr biger than ourselves, the halve of one hour before the fleet came up with us; we have so destroyed them and kild them so fast, there decks were flotted with blood. The Ingagement held from two a clock till almost six, and then they all struck, and we have taken all their Marchant Men. Such a Battell never was nown in all the hole world; Shot and Ball flew like hail from the Heavens. I bless God I am still alive. In one of the Ships was found thre Milyon of Money, in the other about 16 Milyon. In all it is to be computed sixtie waggen loades of Mony; and for the French Warr, it is all dammd for this trick, for there is ten thousend prisoners, and 5 ships of the line, two of them are like

Tours, grate ships of 90 guns; we shot the Admaril in the Ingagement; Capt Grinvell was killed. I cannot tell you half a quarter of the news. But, dear brother, this will crush the French for ever, and all there desines are sent on one side. If wee have justice done us, we shall have a thousand pound a man. Our ship being a fine ship for going, the Admaril hal'd us after all, and told Capt Denis,—I wonder you should venter so, I expected you to sink every moment. So for his brave valler we got leave to leave the fleet, with a express to his Majesty King George, with such news the King never had before. Our Captane is now with the King with this joyfull newes; all England ought to be glad and sing and drink for sixmonths for this gloryus action which we have done. Dear brother, pray drink this health with joy.

Your loving brother, etc.

PLYMOUTH, *May* 16, 1747.

P. S.—Brother, as for the priveteers we have taken a dozen; Damm the French; Drink, dear brother, for we dress mutton in Clarrett.

The foregoing characteristic letter is not absolutely correct in all its particulars. A large amount of specie was captured with the ships, but not "nineteen milyon" as the writer supposed. The "Capt Grinvell" mentioned as killed in the letter was Capt. Grenville of the *Defiance*. The whole loss of the English was 520 men killed and wounded.

## MAD MONTAGUE

THE Hon. Captain William Montague, familiarly called Mad Montague, was distinguished by his eccentricity of conduct. In the action between Lord Anson and M. de Jonquière in 1747 when the *Bristol*, of fifty guns, bore down upon and began to engage *L'Invincible*, of seventy-four guns, Captain Fincher of the *Pembroke* hailed the *Bristol*, and requested Captain Montague to put his helm a-starboard, or the *Pembroke* would run foul of him.

Captain Montague replied, "Run foul of me, and be d—d; neither you nor any man in the world shall come between me and my enemy."

When the *Bristol* had fairly silenced *L'Invincible*, Captain Montague cheered his gallant crew by saying: "Come, my brave boys, we must have another bird of them"; and setting sail ran alongside *Le Diamant*, of sixty-six guns, and after an action of more than an hour, completely dismasted her, when she struck. The slaughter in this ship was immense.

*L'Invincible* struck to the *Prince George*, which was about to fire into her. The commander, when delivering his sword to the vice-admiral, said, with an undisturbed countenance, "Monsieur, vous avez vaincu *L'Invincible* et la *Gloire* vous suit!"

Shortly after this action Captain Montague was found at Madeira by Rear-Admiral Boscawen, from whence he wrote to Lord Anson :

"Captain Montague of the *Bristol* joined me the day before I anchored here. I have had much trouble with him, and been obliged to confine him, at the desire of the governor of this place, he having put up a paper at the Custom-house that he would beat one of the captains of the Indiamen wherever he met him, and at the same time telling everybody he would put him to death; and, upon inquiry, I found the captain of the Indiaman to blame in nothing but want of spirit, for suffering himself to be insulted without having in the least offended."

In coming up the Channel, during the time that he commanded the *Bristol*, about the year 1746 or 1747, he fell in with a very numerous fleet of outward-bound Dutch merchantmen. He fired at several in order to compel them to bring to, a measure authorised by custom and his general instructions. The Dutch, aided by a fair wind, hoped by its assistance to escape the disagreeable delay of being searched or overhauled, and held on their way. Captain Montague pursued, but, on overtaking them, took no other satisfaction than that of manning and sending out his two cutters with a carpenter's mate in each, ordering them to cut off twelve of the ugliest heads they could find in the whole fleet, from among those with which, as it is well known, those people are accustomed to ornament the extremity of

their rudders. When these were brought on board, he caused them to be disposed on brackets round his cabin, contrasting them in the most ludicrous manner his vein of humour could invent, and writing under them the names of the twelve Cæsars.

Another anecdote is, that being once at Lisbon, and having got into a night affray with the people on shore, he received in the scuffle what is usually termed a black eye. On the succeeding day, previously to his going on shore, he compelled each of his boat's crew to black with cork one of their eyes, so as to resemble a natural injury; the starboard rowers the right eye, the larboard rowers the left, and the coxswain both: the whimsical effect may be easily conceived.

When under the orders of Sir Edward Hawke, in 1755, he solicited permission to repair to town. The admiral, aware of the impropriety of such a request, and at the same time wishing to palliate refusal by imposing on his permission a condition he conceived impossible to be undertaken, even by a man of Mr. Montague's harmless, though extravagant turn of mind, jestingly said, "The complexion of affairs was so serious that he could not grant him leave to go farther from his ship than where his barge could carry him." Mr. Montague, not to be foiled or abashed, is said to have immediately repaired to Portsmouth, where he gave orders for the construction of a carriage on a truck, to be drawn with horses, on which he meant to row his barge; and having previously stored it with provisions and necessaries

requisite for three days, to proceed to London. Having lashed it to the carriage, the crew was instructed to imitate the action of rowing with the same solemnity as if they had been actually coming into the harbour from Spithead. Sir Edward, as it is said, received intelligence of his intention soon after the boat and its contents were landed, and immediately sent him permission to proceed to London in whatever manner he thought proper.

A Dutch ship of 400 tons was lost in Portsmouth harbour; Montague, coming on shore in his barge soon after, saw about a dozen of the dead Dutchmen lying on the beach; he immediately told his men to put all the Dutchmen's hands in their pockets. Going to the Prospect coffee-house, he fell in company with the Dutch captain; everyone there was condoling with him about his loss. Montague directly says, "D— their eyes, for a set of lubberly b——, that they would not pull their hands out of their pockets to save their lives." And he dare bet six dozen of wine, that if any of the crew were cast on shore, their hands would be found in their pockets. The Dutch captain, highly nettled, took the bet; the waiter was sent, and brought word there were twelve lay dead on the beach, with their hands in their pockets. "There," cries Montague, "did I not tell you they were too lazy to save their lives." The Dutch captain was ashamed to show his face for several days, till Montague told him of the joke.

Montague, being on a cruise in the bay, fell in with a

Frenchman of nearly his size; he ran his ship alongside the Frenchman, and made her fast. He then hailed the French captain with these words, "D— you, sir, if you don't strike directly, I will blow both ships up, and we will all go to h— together." The French captain, it seems, was not prepared for so long a voyage, and struck his colours.

## ENGAGEMENT NEAR THE HAVANNAH

IN 1748 Admiral Knowles, commanding on the Jamaica Station, was cruising off the Tortuga Bank, in the hope of intercepting the Spanish plate fleet, expected at the Havannah from Vera Cruz. The *Lenox*, one of the ships of his squadron, being very weak and in bad condition, was ordered home to convoy a fleet of merchantmen, having previously had twenty-four of her guns taken out to enable her to make the passage with greater safety.

"September the 29th, in the morning," writes an officer on board the *Lenox*, "we spied seven sail of large ships bearing down upon us, which, proving to be Spanish men-of-war, our captain made a signal for his convoy to save themselves as well as they could. We then stood towards the enemy till it was almost dark, when it was thought prudent to provide for our own safety, having nearly £200,000 on board. We had hopes of meeting with Admiral Knowles, who was cruising off the Tortuga Bank. We accordingly joined him the next morning, and informed him of what had happened, on which we made sail to meet the Dons, and on the 1st of October came up with them. The *Tilbury* led the van, the *Strafford* next, and our ship, the *Lenox*,

in the third place. Admiral Knowles, in the *Cornwall*, perceiving by the enemy's line of battle that the vice-admiral must fall to our share, bid us fall astern of him, that the two commanders might engage each other; we did accordingly, and so became the fourth ship, the *Warwick* being next, and the *Canterbury* last. The enemy at this time having their frigates out of the line, the *Oxford*, our smallest ship, was likewise ordered out; and at a little past two the Spaniards began to fire, but at too great a distance to do any execution. Soon afterwards the admiral made the *Tilbury's* signal to bear down near the enemy, but that not being complied with, he fired a shot or two at her; however, he himself in the *Cornwall* edged down close on the Spanish vice-admiral. We did the same, being very near him, when all hands merrily played away, excepting the *Warwick* and *Canterbury*, which were so far astern that they could not come up, neither did they fire a shot for upwards of two hours.

"All this time the enemy had six ships against our four; and what added to our disadvantage, about an hour after the action began the *Cornwall* had her main-topmast-head shot clear away, with some other damages, which occasioned her to haul out of the line, and she never came into it again. We then shot up into her place abreast of the Spanish admiral, where we had very warm work, having three of the enemy's ships playing upon us at once above an hour, when the *Warwick* and *Canterbury* came up very seasonably to our assistance.

At this juncture one of the Spanish ships was fairly beaten out of the line, as well as the *Cornwall* on our side. Mr. Knowles, having refitted, bore down upon the Spanish disabled ship, and took her with little or no resistance.

"The action was now closer and hotter than ever, and the Spaniards being sick of it, edged away towards the Havannah, it being but a little way from them. We bore after, and did great execution, for we were almost yard-arm and yard-arm—we peppered them sweetly. The enemy bearing more away threw us partly astern of them, though then we did not lie idle, for, soon getting under the Spanish vice-admiral's stern, we luffed up and gave him several broadsides, which, raking him fore and aft, tore him to pieces.

"About nine o'clock, not being able to distinguish one ship from another, we left off. The Spanish vice-admiral, having lost his main and fore-mast, ran ashore; the rest, though greatly disabled, got into port, off which we paraded with our prize, the *Conquestadore*, till all our ships were new-rigged, and then we stood towards the Spanish vice-admiral's ship, which was on shore. Upon seeing us come near him he set her on fire, and in an hour's time she blew up. We then returned to parade off the Havannah, where we took an advice boat from old Spain, which damped our spirits with the unwelcome news of a peace, for we had great hopes of taking the Spanish plate fleet, in which there could not be less than forty millions of dollars. English tars had never more

reason to blame fortune than now; for if she had favoured us with only two hours' daylight more, we should have taken or destroyed the whole Spanish squadron, and finer ships were never built."

## LETTER FROM MR. DANIEL BUTLER, MIDSHIPMAN ON BOARD THE *ISIS*, MAN-OF-WAR, TO HIS FATHER

GIBRALTAR, *Sept.* 13, 1756.

HONOURED FATHER AND MOTHER,—

I hope you and all our family are well. On the 19th of July last we took a brig off Minorca, and on the 21st, Mr. John Foster and self, with six hands, went to take charge of her. On August 12th we left the fleet, being bound with her for Gibraltar, and on the 25th at seven in the evening were taken within four or five leagues of our port, by a French privateer of ten carriage guns besides swivels, and 40 men. They took our six hands out, and left us two to be carried into Malaga, and sent on board us five of their hands, who brought with them three scimitars. We had no swords, cutlasses, or small arms of any kind on board. We were pretty free, and we drank a cordial or two together, which they gave us, for we had none, nor had we anything but water on board. The wind was fair, so we laid our heads together, and raised a scheme to re-take her, which answered when we found the best opportunity to fall on, our signal word was "St. George." We judged it best to surprise them

when they were putting about, with their arms laid close to the man's feet that steered. He let go the helm to lay hold of the fore-brace, we then secured the three scimitars, hove one overboard, and fell on cutting and slivering them with their own scimitars, being very fit for that purpose, as they were brave and sharp. They laid hold of the handspikes, etc., but we soon made them drop them, and cry out for quarters, which we gave them as soon as they ran up the fore-shrouds. It was about eight in the morning when we re-took her, and about two or three in the afternoon we got into Gibraltar bay, with four of our prisoners in the fore-top, and one in the fore-stay-sail netting, some of them are gone to the hospital, being sadly wounded. I should be glad to tell you the affair face to face, we have got the applause of everybody here. We are going up shortly by the *Experiment*, man-of-war, to St. Edward Hawke, and don't doubt but he will do for us. No more at present from your ever dutiful son, D. BUTLER.

The *Isis* was a 50 gun ship, commanded by Captain E. Wheeler.

## THE *COLCHESTER* AND *LYME* OFF ROCHEFORT

IN the year 1756 a gallant action was fought off the French coast, by the *Colchester* of 50, and the *Lyme* of 20 guns, of which the following circumstantial account is given by an officer on board the former ship.

"The *Lyme*, Captain Vernon, and the *Colchester*, Captain O'Brien, were ordered by Admiral Boscawen (commanding the fleet off Brest), to cruize together on the coast of Brittany, and scarcely a day passed but we either burned or sunk some French vessel. On the 17th of May, in the morning we took a French snow, laden with deals and rosin. An officer was sent on board to burn her. While he was thus engaged, the man at the mast-head called out that he saw a sail in the offing, on which Captain O'Brien hailed Captain Vernon, and desired him to make sail, saying that he would follow, which he did with all the sail he could make. As soon as the officer returned from burning the vessel, and the boats were hoisted in, a second sail was descried by the man at the mast-head, and at half-past eleven a.m. we discovered them to be enemies; they likewise did the same with respect to us, making all the sail they could possibly set to get from us, with top-gallant royals, lower, top-mast,

and top-gallant steering sails, keeping all full. Seeing they could not weather us on the other tack, they sometimes bore away two or three points, then hauled their wind; but finding we gained on them fast, and that it was impossible to escape us, they shortened sail by degrees, till they were under their three top-sails, when they hoisted their colours and kept close together. We did the same, and as we neared them, plainly saw the name of each ship on their sterns. One was *La Fidelle* of 32 guns, and the other *L'Aquilon* of 58, which we counted very distinctly, having eleven guns below on a side, twelve on her upper deck, four on her quarter-deck, and two on her forecastle; with a great number of men with small arms in her tops, poop, quarter-deck, and forecastle. We had a clear ship fore and aft, and everything ready for action, with colours flying; our people, in great spirits, gave three cheers, as did the crew of the *Lyme* also. The French, indeed, answered us, but very faintly. Our captain's intention was to have gone between the two hostile ships, and to have given each of them a broadside, but they kept too close for us to put that scheme in execution. We therefore took the first fire of the *Fidelle*, reserving ours for the *Aquilon*, which was the headmost ship; and at half-past five in the evening, being close upon her weather-quarter, she gave us her whole broadside below and aloft, as did also the *Fidelle* at the same time. We immediately returned it with our whole fire at the *Aquilon*, as did the *Lyme* at the other. The third

broadside we received most unluckily cut our tiller-rope, great part of the steering-wheel, and lead trumpet, so that our ship directly came round-to; upon which the *Aquilon* put her helm hard a-weather and raked us fore and aft. Perceiving something extraordinary had happened on board us, they let down their fore-sail and bore away, with the design, as we supposed, to assist their comrade, then warmly engaged with the *Lyme* at some distance; but we soon got tackles upon our tiller below, shivered our after-sails, put our helm a-port, and following her, got between the two enemy's ships, and on the *Aquilon's* lee bow. Steering from bow to bow, we gave her five smart broadsides, most of which raked her fore and aft. We were so near as to be almost on board each other, our yard-arms very nearly touching. We then exchanged hand-grenadoes for sometime from our tops; and one of hers falling on our forecastle, blew up a great number of musket cartridges, but happily did no great mischief. When we raked her she was silent, and did not for sometime fire a gun; her ensign being foul, our people gave three cheers, thinking she had struck, upon which the *Aquilon* put her helm a-lee, hauled up her fore-sail (for we were then going large), and began to fire again.

"At this time our braces, bowlings, etc., being most of them shot away, we got down our steering sail tacks for braces, and hauled upon a wind; but she got the weather-gage of us, which we could never afterwards recover. We now reeved a new tiller rope, but it proved

too short, so that we were obliged to reeve the mizen-sheet for a tiller rope, and put a luff-tackle in lieu. We still continued engaging about point-blank musket-shot, the *Lyme* and *Fidelle* being also still engaged, but at a considerable distance from us. The great quantity of bar shot, pieces of old iron bars, etc., which the French fired in upon us, tore our sails and rigging all to shatters; our mizen topsail was down, the sheets, stoppers and slings entirely shot away, and the mizen all in rags. In short, everything was so torn and cut to pieces that we had not the ship under the least command; luckily for us it was fine weather and smooth water, or we must have lost our masts, they being very much wounded, and scarcely a whole shroud left to secure them. We saw, before dark, two of the *Aquilon's* ports beat into one, and about ten o'clock several great explosions on board her. We were so near that the wads from each ship fell on the decks on fire, and one from her guns came into an upper-deck port of ours, beat a cartridge of powder out of the hand of a man who was going to put it into a gun, and setting fire to some others, blew up all the people near the gun in a terrible manner. Other wads set fire to our hammocks on the poop, but it was happily extinguished. Thus we continued to engage till half-past twelve at night, when the *Aquilon* hauled on board her fore-tack, set all the sail she could, kept close upon a wind, and left us in such a situation that it was impossible for us to follow her.

"The *Lyme* and *Fidelle* had ceased fighting about an hour and a half before us. Besides the shattered condition of our sails, masts, and rigging, we received several shot between wind and water, and were obliged to turn our people from the guns to pump ship, for we made four feet water in an hour, and heeled ship to stop our leaks with plugs and tallow. All the remaining part of the night and next day we were employed in knotting, splicing, reeving, and new rigging, and bending other sails. Our officers and men behaved well, and were in high spirits during the whole engagement; but our guns were very weakly manned, our people being obliged to help each other to run them out when loaded, and were all very much fatigued, having been up thirty-five hours. We had no more than four men killed on the spot, and thirty-five wounded, several of whom are since dead of their wounds, and others are not expected to recover.

"The *Aquilon* (by the account we have of a Danish ship from France) had upwards of sixty killed, and a great number wounded, and reached Rochefort with great difficulty, being much shattered in her hull. The disproportion of the killed and wounded between us and the French may easily be accounted for by considering that it is their continual practice to fire at our masts and rigging in order to disable our ships in that way, and that they have generally almost double the number of men.

"In this action we fired upwards of forty broadsides,

all well expended, not a single gun being fired, but so near as to do execution on the enemy, wherever it took place, and everything being conducted with as little noise and confusion as possible during the whole engagement, which was full six hours and a half.

"After this, it might be expected we should immediately have steered for some port (as we find the *Lyme* did), but our captain judged it more the duty of an officer to do his utmost to rejoin his admiral, which we did, and had the carpenters from every ship in the fleet to fix our masts, yards, etc., and repair our hull. When we have received a fresh supply of stores and ammunition, I do suppose we shall make out the time first intended for our cruise."

Another account of the same action is given by an officer on board the *Lyme*:—"We cruised on the French coast till the 17th. When off Rochefort, about six in the morning, we saw two sail, at seven discovered them to be French ships-of-war. We continued the chase till six in the afternoon, when the *Colchester* ran up close alongside of the largest, which was of 60 guns, and we alongside of the other of 36 guns, and began to engage very warmly on both sides, and so close that her wads set our foresail on fire. We soon extinguished that, and continued the engagement till half an hour past eleven, when she began to slacken her fire, and we were obliged to bear away to stop the shot-holes we received between wind and water. We had three and a half feet water in the hold. In about twenty minutes we stopped

them in some measure, and got the ship pumped out, and returned to our charge again, kept sight of her all the while, till about a quarter-past twelve at midnight she disappeared of a sudden. She was in such a shattered condition that she could not go away, and the last gun she fired we could perceive her powder to be wet. And when we wore she made the signal of distress, and I believe struck, but we could not assist her without the hazard of sinking. All our running rigging was shot away, main, fore, and mizen-stays, all our main shrouds except two of a side, and every mast and yard in the ship wounded and rendered unserviceable; and had it not been smooth water, it was impossible for a mast to stand. Eighty-six shot went through our main topsail, fifty-four through our mainsail, and, in short, every sail we had looked like a sieve, and numbers of shot went through our hull; and we saw she was in the same way, except double the number through her hull that we had, which was the occasion of her sinking.

"The action lasted five hours and a half without intermission; I fought quite resigned to God, the battle was so desperate, for we did not know who would sink first, though I pointed the guns as I could, as if there was no shot firing at us, and, thank God, received not the least wound. We had but 145 men, and she 250, which God was pleased to take out of our way. The *Colchester* fought the other till past twelve, till by some accident the *Colchester* took fire and bore away; the French ship fired one broadside into her after, and then

left her and came towards us, and we made what little sail we could and got clear. He took us for his consort, and made a signal, which, as we could not answer it, she went in search of her, and we were glad she did so. We did not join the *Colchester* after, but they had put out the fire before we had lost sight of her."

## ACTION BETWEEN THE *TERRIBLE* AND *VENGEANCE*, 1756

(*From an Account written by John Withy, Third Lieutenant of the "Terrible"*)

ON Thursday, December 23rd, 1756, the *Terrible*, privateer of London, of 26 guns and 200 men, commanded by Captain Death, being then cruising in the lat. of 47° 10′, long. 11° 20′ west from the Lizard, saw at daylight in the morning a sail. We immediately gave chase to her, and she made all the sail she could from us; and about twelve at noon we came within gunshot of her. We fired a gun to bring her to, which she returned with her stern-chase, and hoisted French colours. She continued firing at us, and we at her, till almost two o'clock, before we could get up close along side of her, when we, firing a broadside into her, she stuck, and we found her to be the *Grand Alexander* (*Alexandre le Grand*), of 22 guns and 100 men, from St. Domingo bound for Nantz, laden with sugar, coffee, and indigo. We lost in this engagement our fourth lieutenant and 3 men. We put on board her our first lieutenant and 15 men, and were convoying her for Plymouth; but on Monday, December 27th, in lat. 48° 30′, long. 6° 30′

from the Lizard, at daylight in the morning, we saw two sails bearing south by east from us, distance four leagues. We observed the largest ship to bring the small one to and speak to her, and in about an hour after we saw the large ship bearing down for us, the wind being then at south-east. We then hauled up our main-sail and laid our mizen topsail aback, our prize being too far astern for her to come up with us.

We then cleared ship, and got everything ready for engaging; we likewise mustered all hands, and found that we had no more than 116 officers, men, and boys, able to stand to their quarters, the rest being either dead, or sick below with a distemper called the spotted fever, that raged among the ship's company.

The enemy bore down upon us with English colours flying, till within pistol-shot of us; then she hauled up her courses, handed her top-gallant sails, and hoisted French colours. We had our people at their quarters on the starboard side; but our prize being a heavy-laden ship, she could not keep in a line with us, but fell to leeward, which the enemy observing, took the opportunity to run between her and us, and fired her larboard broadside into our prize, which she returned. The enemy then ranged on our larboard quarter, and fired her starboard broadside into us, which almost raked us fore and aft, and killed and wounded a great many of our men. With the way that she had ranged up close alongside of us, our yard-arms were but just clear of one another; and as soon as we got all our guns to bear

upon her we fired a whole broadside into her, our guns being all loaded with round and grape shot, which made a very great slaughter among them. We both fell close alongside of one another, and lay so for the space of five or six minutes, her fore-chains abreast of ours; but she was afraid to board us, and we had not men enough to board her.

As soon as we had sheered clear of one another we exchanged our broadsides, which proved very fatal to us both, for there were a great many killed and wounded on both sides. But what did us most damage in killing our men was their small-arm men in their tops. They had 16 men in the main and fore-tops, and 8 in the mizen-top, who were constantly killing our men, and we had not men to send into our tops. We lost every man we had on the quarter-deck, either killed outright or else miserably wounded, except the captain and two men more; and the captain they shot through the body after he had struck.

They likewise killed and wounded all that were in sight on the main deck but me, and 8 or 9 men more; and I had a very narrow escape, for a musket ball grazed my right cheek and gave me a slight wound, besides which I was blown up with a powder-flask. So that in this short but bloody engagement we had upwards of 50 men killed outright and about 40 wounded, and never an officer on board the ship, but myself, but what was killed outright, or dying of their wounds. Losing our main-mast at this time, we were compelled

to strike. The French used us very ill, stripping us of everything, and some of our people they left almost naked. They turned our first lieutenant and all our people down in a close, confined place forward the first night that we came on board, where 27 men of them were stifled before morning; and several were hauled out for dead, but the air brought them to life again; and a great many of them died of their wounds on board the *Terrible* for want of care being taken of them, which was out of our doctor's power to do, the enemy having taken his instruments and medicines from him. Several that were wounded they heaved overboard alive. The first and third captains of the Frenchman were killed in the engagement, with their captain of marines, and 60 men outright and 70 wounded, several of whom died of their wounds while we were on board. The frigate, which we left a complete wreck, is called the *Vengeance*, belonging to St. Malo; mounted 34 guns, 9 and 12-pounders, and 350 men when we engaged.

*P.S.*—By an account I have had from our lieutenant of marines that was in St. Malo's hospital, the French all died of their wounds before he came to Dinant.

The merchants of London, to show their appreciation of the gallant behaviour of Captain Death and his brave crew, opened a subscription at Lloyd's coffee-house for the benefit of his widow, the widows of the brave fellows who lost their lives with him, and for those of his crew who had survived the engagement.

In January, 1758, the *Vengeance*, 36 guns and about 400 men, was captured after a desperate engagement of three hours, yard-arm to yard-arm, by the British ship *Hussar*. 150 of her crew were killed and wounded; the loss of the *Hussar* was 7 men killed, and 9 wounded.

## CRUISES OF THE *TARTAR* IN 1757

THE English cruisers were this year extremely active, and none more successful than the *Tartar* of 28 guns and 200 men, commanded by Captain John Lockhart. In January he fell in with the *Mont Ozier*, a French privateer of 20 nine-pounders and 180 men, which, after a short action, he compelled to strike. While Captain Lockhart was preparing to take possession of his prize, she bore down and boarded the *Tartar*, whose crew, enraged at the treachery of the enemy, flew to their guns, renewed the action, and obliged the Frenchman to submit with the loss of 58 men killed. In February, Captain Lockhart being indisposed, the *Tartar* cruised under the command of Mr. Baillie, the first lieutenant, who, after a severe action, took the *Victoire* privateer of 26 guns and 230 men. This vessel was taken into the service, and Mr. Baillie, as a reward for his gallantry, was appointed to command her. Captain Lockhart, having resumed the command, took the following month the *Maria* privateer of 24 guns and 270 men. The *Tartar* soon afterwards fell in with the *Duc d'Aiguillon* of 26 guns and 300 men, which surrendered after an obstinate engagement of two hours, in which she had 50 men killed. The *Tartar* lost only four of her brave crew.

When the French captain was brought on shore, he observed to his pilot he hoped Captain Lockhart would give him a certificate of his behaviour. "I will give you a certificate," replied the pilot, "that you stood 42 broadsides."

A letter from Portsmouth, *April* 18th, says: "Yesterday came up the *Tartar* man-of-war, Captain Lockhart, commander, who sailed on Thursday last from Spithead, with £40,000 on board to pay the Plymouth yard, and the next day she was met with off the Isle of Wight by the *Duc d'Aiguillon* of St Malo's, a French privateer of 500 tons, 265 men (her complement 310), 24 ten-pounders, and 2 six-pounders, Tho. Doneau, commander, a gallant sailor, who would have fought his ship whilst she could swim, but was compelled by his men, who threatened to shoot him, to strike to the *Tartar*, after an engagement of one hour and twelve minutes, in which the *Tartar* fired 42 broadsides, and had only four men killed, and one slightly wounded. The privateer had fifty killed and wounded; her hull is in a very shattered condition, her main and mizen-masts greatly wounded, and yesterday they went overboard.

"The *Tartar* has received a shot betwixt wind and water, and her sails, etc. are very much damaged. This morning she came into the harbour, saluted with the cheers of the several ships as she passed them. This is the sixth privateer brought in by the *Tartar*, and the best that has been taken this war.

"There were a great number of spectators, from the

Isle of Wight, of the engagement between the *Tartar* and the French privateer, crying out all the time, 'Well done, brave English boys!' etc."

In May, the *Tartar* took the *Penelope* of 18 guns and 190 men, which, however, did not submit till she had lost 14 of her crew. In October the *Grammont* of 18 guns and 150 men fell a prize to the indefatigable activity of Captain Lockhart; and being a fine ship, she was purchased by Government. In November, after a long chase, and an engagement of three hours, he took the *Melampe* privateer of 36 guns and 320 men, which, in the action, had 12 men killed, and 36 wounded; the loss of the *Tartar* was only one killed and three wounded. During the chase he recaptured a prize taken by the privateer, called the *Princess Amelia*, bound to Halifax with provisions.

By this spirited and active conduct, Captain Lockhart rendered himself the dread of all the enemy's cruisers. Of this the following fact affords an extraordinary proof: The *King George*, a privateer of Bristol, having fallen in with a French ship of superior force during the night, and her commander, perceiving that in the event of an action all his exertions to save his ship would be ineffectual, boldly ran along side and, hailing the enemy, commanded her to strike to the *Tartar*, Captain Lockhart. Intimidated by the very name, the enemy submitted without hesitation.

Captain Lockhart's exertions were considered so meritorious that, on his return to port, the magistrates of

Plymouth voted him the freedom of their corporation in a gold box. The merchants of London, equally sensible of the services he had rendered to their commerce, presented him with a beautiful piece of plate, with his arms, a representation of the *Tartar*, and her seven prizes, and the following inscription:—"The gift of the two public companies, the underwriters and merchants of the city of London, to Captain John Lockhart, commander of the *Tartar*, for his signal service in supporting the trade, by distressing the French privateers in the year 1757."

Captain Lockhart inheriting the fortune of his uncle, General Ross, assumed the surname of Ross, and succeeded to a baronetcy on the death of his brother in 1780. He died vice-admiral of the blue in 1790.

## THE *LIGHTNING* AND PRIVATEER.

IN November 1757 Admiral Holburne, commanding a squadron before Louisburg, sailed from Halifax for England in the *Newark*, in company with the *Lightning* fire-ship. During the passage the *Lightning* was engaged in an action which can best be given in the words of one of her crew.

"We left Halifax on the 14th of November, in company of the admiral only, with whom we parted in a violent gale of wind. On the 3rd of December we fell in with a French privateer, of sixteen guns, full of men. We now gave ourselves up for lost, as we had only six four-pounders and forty-four men; but our captain (Henry Martin), though a young commander, being appointed only the day before we left Halifax, gallantly ordered the hatches to be nailed down, and told us he was determined not to part with his ship, but to fight her as long as she could swim. The privateer soon afterwards began to fire her small arms, which did us little damage, as the side on which they made their attack was barricaded, and all our guns brought to bear. She then ran up abreast and fired her broadside, which was returned as fast as possible. She perceived our weak side, altered her tack, and endeavoured to board

us; but we made a push and got the other side of her again, giving her all our guns as we ran under her stern. He was endeavouring a second time to play the same game, and as he was coming down with a great sea, right before the wind, we ran right athwart him, and received him on our broadside. The shock was very great, and damaged our rigging, but carried away their bowsprit and foremast, and the enemy was in such consternation that he never fired a musket till he was clear of us. We bade him adieu, and thought ourselves well off. Our lieutenant was killed by a musket ball; the boatswain received a shot through his jaw, and another in his hip. He would not suffer the surgeon to dress the lower wound, damned him for being so long about his jaw, and was on deck again, and as brisk as if nothing had happened. The Frenchman must have lost a great number of men, as the tops were full, and we saw several in the water when her mast went away. He also received great damage by several guns which were fired down into his bows while he was aboard us."

## CAPTURE OF THE *FOUDROYANT* 84 IN THE MEDITERRANEAN, 1758

ON the last day of February, 1758, the British fleet, under the command of Admiral Osborne, met with a small French squadron of three ships of the line and a frigate, under the Marquis du Quesne, bound from Toulon to Carthagena, to reinforce M. de la Clue, who was blockaded in that port by the British. On seeing the fleet, the largest of the French ships made a signal, and all of them setting all the sail they could, steered different courses. Admiral Osborne made the signal to chase them, and detached ships after each. The *Monmouth*, *Swiftsure*, and *Hampton Court* went in pursuit of the largest French ship, which turned out to be the *Foudroyant* of 84 guns and 900 men.

The *Monmouth* of 64 guns was one of the vessels sent in pursuit of the French squadron. She was commanded by Captain Gardiner, who was captain of Admiral Byng's ship, the *Ramillies*, in his engagement with Galissoniere, and the *Foudroyant* was the same ship that carried the French admiral's flag on that memorable day.

In consequence of the unfortunate issue of that action, some reflections are said to have been cast on

the conduct of Captain Gardiner. Wounded in the tenderest part, that brave man ardently desired an opportunity of proving the injustice which was done him, and after his appointment to the *Monmouth* was heard to declare that if ever he was so fortunate as to fall in with the *Foudroyant*, he was determined to attack her, though he should perish in the attempt. During the chase, addressing a land officer who was on board, he said: "Whatever becomes of you and me, that ship" (pointing to the *Foudroyant*) "must go into Gibraltar."

Haranguing his people just before the commencement of the action, in the simple but energetic language of naval heroism, he said: "That ship *must* be taken. She appears above our match; but Englishmen are not to mind that, nor will I quit her while my ship can swim, or I have a soul left alive."

With this determination it was particularly gratifying to Captain Gardiner that his ship was one of the number that were despatched in pursuit of the French squadron. The *Monmouth*, being an excellent sailer, far outstripped the other vessels, and by 4 p.m. had approached so near the *Foudroyant* that M. du Quesne began to fire at her with his stern-chase. Captain Gardiner continued to bear down upon his old antagonist, and brought her to action, but at the beginning of the engagement was shot through the arm with a musket-ball. This wound, however, was not sufficient to prevent him from continuing to animate his men by his exhortations and example.

In a short time, the rigging of the *Foudroyant* being much disabled, Captain Gardiner seized the opportunity which that circumstance afforded him, and ordered his ship to be laid on the enemy's quarter. In this situation the engagement continued with unabated fury for two hours, during which the *Monmouth's* mizen-mast went by the board. The enemy, perceiving this, gave three cheers ; but in a few minutes the mizen-mast of the *Foudroyant* being likewise shot away, the compliment was returned by the crew of the *Monmouth.* This disaster was soon followed by the loss of the enemy's mainmast, which, giving the English seamen fresh spirits, their fire became so incessant and intolerable that the French officers were unable to keep the people to their guns.

It was now nine o'clock. Captain Gardiner, notwithstanding his wound, continued to direct the operations of his crew, when he received a second ball in his forehead while encouraging his men to fight with vigour. He immediately sent for the first lieutenant, on whom the command of the *Monmouth* consequently devolved, and solemnly conjured him as his last request not to give up his ship or quit the enemy. After this he fell into a state of insensibility, in which he expired the following day.

Animated with the spirit of his intrepid commander, Lieutenant Carkett continued the action with invincible resolution till half-past twelve, when the enemy was a complete wreck, her decks a horrible scene of carnage,

and her fire almost silenced. The *Swiftsure* and *Hampton Court* now coming up, the *Foudroyant* struck her colours, but M. du Quesne refused to deliver up his sword to any but the officer whose bravery deserved it.

The *Monmouth* had 28 men killed and 79 wounded; the *Foudroyant* 100 killed and 79 wounded Never was a more gallant action, and it was the opinion of everyone that Lieutenant Carkett would have compelled the enemy to strike, if the other ships had not come up. The admiral was so pleased with his conduct that he presented him with the command of the *Foudroyant*, which ship was afterwards purchased by the Government and added to the Navy.

The *Foudroyant* had on board at the commencement of the action a picked crew of 911 men; her lower battery consisted of 30 French forty-two pounders, on her upper deck she carried 32 twenty-four pounders, and on her quarter-deck and forecastle 18 twelve pounders. She was considered at that time to be the finest ship in the French Navy, and exceeded any British first-rate in length by twelve feet. All her guns abaft the mainmast were of brass. The French boasted that she would fight to-day, to-morrow, and the day after, and could never be taken by an enemy.

The *Monmouth* carried only twenty-four and twelve pounders, and there was as much difference in the size and appearance of her and the *Foudroyant* as between a frigate and a ship of the line.

## LETTER WRITTEN BY LORD HAWKE AFTER THE BATTLE OFF QUIBERON

*Royal George*, at an anchor near Quiberon Bay,
*24th November*, 1759.

DEAR SALL,

My express being just agoing away for England, I have only time to tell you, that wee got up with the French fleet off this place, and have beat them and dispersed their fleet. Wee have burnt two of their ships of 74 and 84 guns, wee sunk two, one of 74 and another of 70 guns, and have taken the *Formidable*, a ship of 84 guns. In the evening near dark, and blowing fresh and bad weather, some of them ran away, clear out. Seven of them with two frigates anchor'd so near the shore that wee could not get at them, and the second day they flung everything overboard (for fear the weather should moderate and that we should be able to get at them), and got into a little harbour near the place they were lying at. There they must remain this Winter at lest without any thing in, and can be of no service to the French till we please to permit them. Thank God, I am very well tho' almost starved with cold; I hope to be allow'd to go home soon, for I have had a long and tiresome service of it.

Write to my children the instant you receive this and give my love and blessing to them, and make my compliments to all my neighbours, and believe me that I am truly, dear Sall, your sincere friend,

E. HAWKE.

P.S.—Two of our ships had the ill luck to run ashore and was lost, but these accidents can't be help'd upon these occasions, for it was next akin to a miracle that half our ships was not ashore in the pursuite of the enemy, upon their own coast, which we were unacquainted with; besides its blowing strong and squally and having no pilots.

I am so cold I can scarce write.

Pray write to Mr. Brown, and make my compliments to him and his sons.

# THE JOURNAL OF A NAVAL SURGEON, 1758-1763

IN 1758 I was appointed to the *Duke*, a second rate, commanded by the Hon. Geo. Murray, then fitting out at Portsmouth, but having spent the greatest part of the winter at Portsmouth, and seeing no probability of the *Duke* going to sea, I applied to my friends in town to be removed into a cruising ship, and was accordingly appointed to the *Monarque*, a flag ship just returned from America, and then preparing to join Admiral Hawke, who commanded the Western squadron then cruising off Brest. After a very stormy cruise, often weeks in the Bay of Biscay, we put into Plymouth—the crew being sickly and the old ship by hard straining had got very leaky.

The admiral being much prejudiced in favour of James's powder insisted on its being administered in all cases of fever. This proved fatal to many who laboured under the low putrid fever that then prevailed, from the violence of its operation, in many cases hastening the fatal period so much that we sometimes buried four or five in a day. This occasioned a remonstrance to the admiral, who then gave up his favourite nostrum, and the mortality ceased of course.

The old *Monarque* being almost worn out, the admiral hoisted his flag on board the *Magnanime*, a new 74, and took all his officers and men with him. We were ordered to join Admiral Boscawen, then cruising in the Bay; and off Bellisle were fortunate in falling in with a fleet of coasters under the convoy of two frigates, from Bourdeaux to Brest, loaded chiefly with wine for the fleet then fitting out for the East Indies. The frigates got away, but 15 of the convoy were captured by our ships, and the wine being unloaded and divided amongst the squadron, was ordered to be served out to the seamen as king's stores, at the rate of a pint a man per day, in lieu of small beer or grog; the officers might have any quantity they chose from the pursers at twenty pence a gallon, it being charged to them only at one shilling.

This was a very comfortable refreshment on a long cruise, and as the beer was all expended we substituted claret in the room, but stinted ourselves to two gallons a day, being four in the mess. The surgeon thought this allowance rather too much, and hinted that in a flag ship and in the road to preferment, we should be cautious of conduct and behaviour so as not to offend against the laws of prudence and sobriety, and as the admiral was a strict disciplinarian he paid great attention to the conduct of the inferior officers, etc. This advice we took in good part, as it was given with a friendly intention, but could not abate anything of the stated allowance, having nothing else to wash down the

salt beef and pork which was our only fare in the cock pit. Having finished our cruise without meeting anything else remarkable, only our ship turning out very crank, so that she could not carry a press of sail without lying down on her beam ends, on our return to Plymouth she was ordered into dock, and to be doubled six inches from the bends. While this was performing, the whole crew, consisting of 750 men, were put on board the *Canterbury* and another old hulk, and neither officers nor men were permitted to go on shore excepting on some point of duty, and no person suffered to sleep on shore on any account whatever, but the sailors' wives were allowed to come on board. This occasioned a complaint from the secretary, who was likewise purser, of a very extraordinary expenditure of beer, more than the king's allowance, which is a gallon a day to each man, owing to the great number of females on board, who, being mustered by the admiral's order amounted to 492, who all declared themselves married women, and were acknowledged by the sailors as their wives, where or when they were married was never inquired, the simple declaration was considered as sufficient to constitute a nautical and temporary union, and which was authorised by long established custom as practised time immemorial in His Majesty's Navy.

Our ships being again ready for sea, was ordered to join the squadron, then under the command of Admiral Knowles, cruising off Brest to watch the motion of the French fleet. After some time, having received intel-

ligence from a privateer of a large convoy from Bourdeaux for the West Indies, that he had seen two days before, the admiral shaped a course in order to intercept them, and we continued the chase quite across the bay to the southward of Cape Finisterre, and were in great hopes of coming up with them, as a number of ships were seen from the masthead in the latitude we expected, but to our great disappointment it proved a Dutch fleet going up the Mediterranean. In returning across the bay to our station off Brest, the admiral carried a press of sail, and having his flag in the *Essex*—an old 70 that went remarkably well—all the other ships were obliged to crowd after him; and one day, in a violent squall, the *Magnanime* was laid on her beam ends, and carried away her main-topmast, the *Northumberland* lost her foreyard, and other ships received considerable damage, as it blowed for some time a mere hurricane. Having continued upon the station till the middle of winter, were at last ordered home to Portsmouth, and the weather being very thick and hazy, we got into the channel with a violent gale at south-west, and had very near been ashore on the back of the Isle of Wight, which with great difficulty we weathered, and got up to Spithead. In a few days the admiral struck his flag and went to London, but I had previously obtained leave from him to go and pass for surgeon, having now served a year as mate; and as the day for examining at Surgeons' Hall was at some distance, I had an opportunity of attending Admiral Byng's trial,

then carrying on on board the *St. George*, in the harbour.

Shortly afterwards I was appointed surgeon of the *Cambridge*, Captain Gordon. During our next cruise in the bay, in the months of February and March, the weather proved exceedingly wet and stormy, which prevented the gunports on the middle deck being opened to ventilate the ship. The consequence was a putrid fever, which spread rapidly amongst the sailors and marines, so that in six weeks we had 300 upon the sick-list—almost half the complement. You may easily conceive that two persons were not sufficient to do all the necessary business, but we had an excellent assistant, who had been a very eminent operator in London for nails and corns, but from misfortunes had taken refuge on board the *Cambridge*.

As our ship was very crank, we could not carry sail sufficient to keep up with the admiral, and in the evening were generally two or three miles to the leeward, which one night had nearly proved of very serious consequence, for, having intelligence from a privateer of a French convoy we had seen in the morning, we made the proper night signals to the admiral of an enemy, and immediately chased to leeward. The squadron instantly followed, and, the night being very dark, passed by us unperceived. The ship being all clear and ready for action, some ships were seen ahead of us, and were judged to be the French convoy, but unfortunately proved to be our own squadron. We fired two shots

into the *Torbay*, who instantly made the night signal for a friend, but was not adverted to, and another ship with lights being then seen ahead, which was taken for the French commodore, our broadside was reserved for him, when ranging alongside and hailing, was answered the *Magnanime;* and Captain Gordon was ordered to come on board the admiral. You may easily imagine the confusion on the quarter-deck at this news, and the old gentleman was so much disconcerted that he declined going himself, but sent Mr. Matthison, the first lieutenant, to make a proper apology, and explain the whole matter. The admiral took care in future to guard against such mistakes by bearing down in the evening, when we were to leeward of the squadron, and always joining company before dark. Towards the end of the cruise I was seized with the infectious fever that then raged on board, and upon our arrival at Plymouth was sent on shore to sick quarters, where I was visited and attended by old Dr. Vincent, and Mr. Bacon, surgeon of the hospital. Though in a state of the utmost debility, and spotted with the livid petechi all over my body, the doctor proposed bleeding, but as I fortunately had the use of my senses I resisted this ignorant prescription, and begged of Mr. Bacon to send me some bark, etc., which he assented to, and by this means I recovered, after a month's confinement. The mortality amongst the French prisoners from this jail fever then prevailing amongst them is not to be wondered at when you are told that they were under the medical care and direc-

tions of Dr. Vincent, who thinned the prisons, and saved expenses, by burying nine or ten every day. However, this occasioned no alteration in the doctor's practice, for, like another San Grado, he obstinately persisted in bleeding and evacuations, and killed more Frenchmen than all the commanders of the Navy put together; and although we had lost but four men by this fever during several weeks on board the ship, yet, after the sick were sent on shore to the hospital, thirty died within ten days.

The history of Vincent's diploma from the university of Oxford is rather curious. Being surgeon to Lord Aubry Beauclerk, he attended him on a visit to Oxford, where the university would have complimented his lordship with the degree of Doctor of Laws. This was politely declined, but at his lordship's request was conferred on Vincent, who ever afterwards called himself a physician, and as such, by his borough interest and being surgeon of the yard, had procured the care of the French prisoners. As the contagion still continued to prevail, even after most of the sick had been sent to the hospital, my friend Blakeaway likewise fell, and was sent to accompany me at sick quarters, so that the ship was left entirely destitute of medical assistance, and was obliged to be fumigated with sulphur, pitch, etc., which at last rendered her sweet and wholesome, by extinguishing the contagious miasmata that had so long prevailed.

Mr. Harrison, being at last come to take possession,

I delivered up my charge, and was appointed by the Navy Board to the *Diligence*, commanded by the Hon. George Falconer. After docking at Plymouth, we were sent with a large transport to take in French prisoners at Falmouth, and convey them round the Landsend and up the Bristol Channel to Biddeford, a very unnecessary piece of service, as the distance to march them by land was only forty miles, without employing two ships and exposing them to the dangers of the Bristol Channel in the winter time, where the navigation is at all times perilous.

In this blessed, or rather cursed, service were we employed the best part of the winter, and had more than one narrow escape from being shipwrecked—once upon the Scilly Islands, and another time in the Bristol Channel. We fortunately got into St. Mary's the first time, where we lay three weeks, with our prisoners stowed up in the transport; and the second time, happily got into King Road after losing our boltsprit in a heavy gale of wind. Here we stayed a considerable time to repair our damage, etc., but lost our transport, which afterwards got into Plymouth. At Bristol I met several old acquaintances, whom I had known on the coast of Guiney, and likewise a townsman, Captain Neilson, who then commanded the *Tyger* privateer of 30 guns, in which he fought a hard battle with a French frigate of much superior force in the Mediterranean, but without success.

In 1759 I was superseded, and appointed to the

*Coventry*, a new frigate commanded by Captain Burslem. Our first cruise in the *Coventry* was with Sir Edward Hawke in the bay, which lasted two months, but produced nothing remarkable, being tied to the fleet we had no chance of doing anything for ourselves. I found my situation much more comfortable than in the *Diligence*, the officers being of a superior cast; but from the easy temper and very humane disposition of the captain, they complained of a great relaxation in naval discipline. The sailors had very great indulgences, especially in a harbour, so that the ship resembled a privateer more than a man-of-war. This want of subordination was the more striking, as I had been accustomed to very different scenes, where things had been carried to the opposite extreme of tyranny and despotism, particularly in the *Monarque* and *Magnanime*, where the nicest punctilio of rank and precedence was observed, and where the captain did not even walk on the same side of the quarter-deck with the admiral, the happy mean betwixt these two extremes is the most eligible path to be chosen in this as well as in other matters. Being sent into Plymouth to dock and refit, which employed near six weeks, we sailed in November to rejoin the western squadron cruising off Brest; but meeting with strong gales from the westward, were ten days before we cleared the channel and got upon the station, being great part of this time under our courses. As we saw nothing of the fleet, concluded they had been forced up the channel, upon which we returned to

Plymouth Sound, where we found some of the ships, the rest with the admiral being in Torbay. Having got a fresh supply of beer and water, we sailed again for Brest; and the wind being favourable, we joined the fleet in twenty-four hours. On hailing the admiral, were informed that the French fleet were come out of Brest, and had been seen steering for Quiberon Bay, that he was then in pursuit of them, and ordered us to keep about two cables' length on his weather-bow, during the night, and to make the proper signals on discovering the enemy. We run all night in the bay, steering for Bellisle; but the wind died away, and next day it was a dead calm, with a great swell from the westward, so that some of the large ships were obliged to get out their boats to tow clear of one another and prevent falling aboard; but in the evening, the breeze freshening from the westward, the admiral carried a press of sail all the night, steering directly for the French shore; and, about seven in the morning, the *Vengeance* frigate that was ahead let fly her top-gallant-sheets as a signal for seeing the enemy, which we instantly repeated; and immediately the signal was made by the admiral for a general chase, when every ship crowded all the sail she could carry to come up with the enemy.

As the gale increased from the western quarter, we gained fast upon the enemy, who, having passed Bellisle about ten in the morning, formed their line of battle ahead under a gentle sail standing to the south-east, consisting of twenty-two ships of the line with three

flags. Conflans, the Commander-in-Chief, being in the centre in the *Soleil Royale*, Mr. Beaufremont in the van, and Monsieur St. Andre de Verger in the rear. The admiral (Hawke) now made the signal for the line of battle abreast, as the enemy seemed resolved to risk a general action; but this occasioned the loss of two hours, as many of the large ships were far astern, although they crowded every rag of sail. During this delay a ship was seen under Bellisle standing towards the French fleet, which the *Coventry* immediately chased and cut off from joining Conflans. We thought to have had the honour of beginning the action, but alas! she proved a Dutchman, bound for Quiberon Bay. Our line being formed about one o'clock, and, bearing down upon the enemy, Conflans broke his line of battle, and steered directly for the shore. Our admiral instantly made the signal for a general chase, and about half-past two the signal to engage, as some of our headmost ships were then up with the enemy's rear. Lord Howe in the *Magnanime* had lead the chase the greatest part of the day, but was now passed by Sir Peter Dennis in the *Dorsetshire* and Captain Patrick Baird in the old *Defiance*, who run along the French line to windward, receiving the fire of every ship they passed, without making any return, intending to stop and engage the van of the enemy. Lord Howe followed in the same glorious career, but coming abreast of the rear-admiral in the *Formidable*, was disabled from going farther, his foreyard being carried away in the slings;

he immediately bore down upon the rear-admiral, and getting under his lee, opened a most tremendous fire from his thirty-two and twenty-fours. He was soon joined by Sir John Bentley in the *Warspight*, and in half an hour they made a dreadful havoc in the *Formidable*, whose fire began to slack, when the *Superbe* coming up, instead of pursuing ahead, must needs run betwixt Lord Howe and the French admiral, fell on board the *Magnanime* and forced her upon the *Warspight*, thus our three ships were entangled and totally prevented from continuing the action, but lay all of a heap alongside the *Formidable*, who might have torn them to pieces if she had not been almost a wreck herself. As the three ships drove altogether, it was impossible to get clear, till Sir John Bentley, being the senior officer (at the suggestion of Lord Howe) ordered the *Superbe* to let go an anchor, by which means the two other ships got clear, but were thrown out of the action by driving so far to leeward. By an officer from the *Magnanime* we afterwards learned that his lordship was so much incensed that he had threatened Captain Bentley with a court-martial for his bad conduct, etc., but for certain reasons he escaped. The wind had now increased to a most violent storm, and the best part of our fleet had got into Quiberon Bay in pursuit of the enemy, who still kept flying away and keeping as much as possible to windward so as to avoid close action. As we lay about a musket shot to windward of our line we had a fine opportunity of observing the different

manœuvres, without running any risk, being furnished with excellent glasses. The evening began to set in, it being the 20th of November, and no ship was yet captured except the *Formidable*, which at last struck to the *Resolution*, Captain Speke, being dismasted, and having received the fire of almost every ship that passed, she was a mere wreck; as we lay very near her, we were just going to take possession, when we saw a large ship overset, about two cables' length ahead, in a violent squall, and thinking it was one of our own ships, immediately flew to their assistance, and had men ready in the chains with ropes to save as many as possible; her topmasts were still visible, and the sea covered with miserable wretches crying, "O Jesus! O Jesus!" But our ship had such fresh way in bringing to, that the poor creatures could not lay hold of the ropes as we ran through them; however, two boats were hoisted out, and we saved 15 that were hanging by the topmast shrouds, and the boats from the *Torbay* took up about the same number, which were all that escaped from the *Thessee*, a new ship of 74 guns and 750 men. Mr. Kepple had engaged her to leeward in the *Torbay*, and when the squall came on, both ships were laid on their beam ends, and the Frenchman's lee ports being open she immediately filled, and went down in about six fathom water. The *Torbay* escaped by putting before the wind, with six feet water in her hold, but was thrown out of the action by going to leeward, having had a very narrow escape. The *Superbe*, another 74, having

received one broadside from the *Royal George*, likewise overset in the same violent squall, and but a few of the people saved. The *Hero*, a 74, being disabled and driven out of the French line, was followed by Lord Howe, who, ranging close alongside, commenced a dreadful fire and obliged her to strike, but did not take possession of her, as he expected an attack from the *Soleil Royale*, who was then very near him; but Conflans passed without firing, and as the signal was now made for the fleet to anchor, being near the shore, he commanded the *Hero* to come to an anchor near him, but not having sent an officer on board, they cut their cable in the night, and ran the ship on shore near Croissie, where Conflans came to an anchor about a league to leeward of our fleet, while Monsieur Beaufremont kept working to windward, and as soon as he perceived our ships at an anchor, and that he could weather them, he stretched out to sea and escaped to Rochefort with ten sail of the line, the rest being shut up betwixt our ships and the shore.

The gale continued with great violence all night, and in the morning we perceived that five of the French ships had got into the river Vilaine by taking advantage of the spring tide. This was a great disappointment, as we thought we had them snug in a corner, and never imagined they could escape into the Vilaine. There was now only one ship left in the bay riding at anchor off Croissie, about two miles to leeward of our fleet, and another was seen dismasted and on shore on "the

Foure," a large sand bank which runs across the bay to the southward. The *Essex's* signal being made to chase to leeward, Conflans immediately cut his cable and ran the *Soleil Royale* on shore under the batteries of Croissie, where, after he had landed his men, she was set on fire, together with the *Hero*, by the boats from the *Magnanime* notwithstanding the heavy fire from the batteries on shore. I watched the conflagration, expecting every minute the grand explosion of the magazine, but they burned a long time before they blew up, and then indeed the spectacle was grand and tremendous, not unlike the explosion of Vesuvius. The *Essex* had mistaken her signal, and, instead of bearing down on the *Soleil Royale*, had steered towards the ship in distress, which proved to be the *Resolution*, Captain Speke, and being ignorant of the situation of the Foure sand, ran plump upon it, and was obliged instantly to cut away his masts to save the ship from going to pieces, and as the gale still continued violent there was no possibility of giving either of them any assistance by sending the boats from the fleet to take out the men. Fifty of the seamen returned from the *Resolution* on a raft, thinking to reach Croissie, but the sea running very high they could not reach the shore, but were all drowned. On the third day, when the gale was but little abated, all the boats were ordered on the dangerous service of taking out the men, which was performed without any loss, but with considerable risk and hazard; the crews were sent chiefly on board

the *Formidable*, being the nearest ship to the wrecks, which were afterwards set on fire and burned without being able to save either guns or stores. Thus ended the battle of Quiberon Bay, which entirely defeated the enemy's scheme of invading Ireland, their last desperate effort to turn the tide of an unfortunate war. Twenty-five thousand men under the command of the Duc d'Aiguillon, all ready to embark, saw from the shore the destruction of their fleet and the vanity of their hopes, and were no doubt thankful they were not in the fray. The total loss of the enemy consisted of six very capital ships, two of them flags, one taken, the other burnt, and the other four sunk and destroyed, besides the five in Vilaine River rendered useless by their backs being broke.

A lieutenant and 80 men being ordered from our ship on board the *Formidable* to assist in repairing her rigging, etc., I embraced the opportunity of seeing the havoc that had been made by the fire of so many large ships who had battered her. The destruction of her upper works was dreadful, and her starboard-side was pierced like a cullender by the number of shot she received in the course of the action ; the loss of men was prodigious in killed and wounded, amounting to more than 500, among the former the Admiral, M. St. Andre de Verger[1] and his brother the first captain, all

[1] Count de Verger, of the *Formidable*, was wounded early in the action, and carried below ; when his wounds were dressed he was brought on deck in a chair, where he was killed, and his brother

the other officers either killed or wounded, except a lieutenant-colonel, who assured me that every man of his detachment drawn up on the quarter-deck and forecastle, etc., had been either killed or wounded but himself, that he had served in the army for thirty years, had been present at the bloody field of Fontenoy, but had never before witnessed such a scene of carnage. The grand chamber was filled with wounded officers, many of whom had suffered amputation, and had the tourniquets still screwed on the stumps, the vessels not being yet taken up, although it was the third day after the battle, and, on my astonishment, the surgeon was sent for and haughtily interrogated by the colonel concerning the omission, when he frankly declared that the number of wounded men was so great that although he had six mates yet he had not yet finished dressing, and that in the course of action all he could do was to amputate, smooth stumps, and apply tourniquets. Monsieur major invited me below to certify the number of his patients, and there a melancholy scene presented itself; the large gun-room, and every space between the guns on the lower deck, was crammed with wounded

who succeeded him in the command, soon afterwards. Their bodies were sent on shore by Sir E. Hawke, and buried by the Duc d'Aiguillon with military honours. Many of the French officers were disabled by sea-sickness, and unfit to fight. The *Formidable*, from the number of shot-holes she had received, was nearly sinking, and in her passage to Plymouth was kept afloat with great difficulty. She was dismasted in a storm, her coppers were washed away, and the prize crew and prisoners lived for four days on the boatswain's tallow.

soldiers and sailors, besides three rows of cradles in the hold, containing 60 seamen, and many not yet dressed. Having emerged from this dismal scene of human calamity and explained the business to the colonel, who was satisfied with my report, monsieur major begged I would attend the dressing of one officer whose case was very peculiar. A grape shot had penetrated through the upper part of the right femur, came out under the seratum, which was blown up like a bullock's bladder, and had carried away all the perindum extremity of the rectum and part of the buttock; he was then vomiting, and a cold sweat was spread on his countenance. The dressing consisted of unguent de styrace, etc., which might prove as salutary as if it had been the balm of Gilead, as the poor young man was fast approaching his last period. Two days after, a cartel being settled with the Duc d'Aiguillon, all the prisoners were sent on shore to Vilaine and Croissie, but I am afraid that few of the wounded could recover, considering their very miserable situation and circumstances.

A few days after the action Lord Howe and some other officers, having reconnoitred the situation of the French ships in the River Vilaine, and sounded the depth of water at the entrance, reported to the admiral the practicability of burning the ships, after silencing two batteries that guarded the entrance, and it was proposed that two frigates should be run on shore, one against each battery, to protect the fire-boats, whilst they should grapple and burn the ships. Upon this desperate

service we had the honour to be appointed, and Captain Burslem was highly delighted with the orders he received to lighten the *Coventry* by starting the water, and sending on board the nearest ship all the other provisions and heavy stores, so as to be able to approach the battery as near as possible, and after running the ship on shore he was to take the command of one division of the boats. As the tide suited about midnight and everything being ready, the boats having rendezvoused at the admiral's ship, we every moment expected the signal to slip the cable and run in, being then near the mouth of the river, but providentially the wind changed and began to blow from the shore, which rendered the business impracticable that night, and upon better intelligence next day the project was abandoned, for we then were convinced that the enemy's ships had not thrown their guns overboard, but were all prepared for our reception, and had expected an attack by observing our sounding the mouth of the river. Had the attempt been made the two frigates must inevitably have been sacrificed, and few or none of the boats could possibly have escaped. Two days thereafter, having recovered our provisions and stores, we were dispatched in company with the *Æolus* and another frigate to L'Isle Dieu, to procure live stock, etc., for the fleet. As it had only a few guns, and garrisoned by a hundred invalids, they made no resistance, but agreed to deliver all their sheep and cattle, which were accordingly embarked in several small vessels found in the harbour;

but the weather proving very stormy, and a contrary wind blowing for some days, the sheep were distributed amongst the three frigates and immediately slaughtered, there being no provender but what was absolutely necessary for the large cattle, and they were kept at very short allowances, and, having a long passage to Quiberon Bay, were little better than carrion. The principal town contains some good houses, and a few of the merchants trade to Martinique; but the greatest part of the vessels is employed in the coasting trade and fishing, for which it is conveniently situated, being about half-way betwixt the mouth of the Loire and the Isle of Rhee.

Captain Burslem being appointed to attend the embarkation, etc., at his request I accompanied him on shore, and stayed a week at the house of the chief merchant of the place, where we were hospitably entertained. The governor's house being about a mile distant was not so convenient. There are four churches in the island, and the chief priest seemed to be a man of no small consequence; he was a good scholar and spoke Latin with great fluency. Having frequently conversed with him, I soon found that the governor and he were not on the best terms, being rivals, and striving which should have the superiority of power and influence in the island. The governor had been an officer in the army, and wore the Croix de St. Louis, and his lady had read works of Voltaire and other free thinkers, and was accordingly no adorer of priesthood, but on the contrary was often severe in her reflections on this sacred order.

Being invited to an entertainment at her house, the priest gave me a sketch of her character, saying she was *Fœmina altissima*, and in religion *un esprit fort.* Our officers were highly pleased with her, and she seemed to have been bred in high life, and gave us an excellent dinner, with abundance of good claret, and was perfectly affable and polite in conversation and behaviour. The husband talked of his campaigns, and showed the marks of a wound he had received at Dettingen, at the same time lamenting that the feebleness of his garrison had prevented him from exhibiting to us the proofs of his former prowess. In strolling about the island our people had discovered a very large magazine of corn, and our commodore, considering it as public stock, insisted on a ransom for it, and the vessels in the harbour, which amounted to forty or fifty coasters. This was refused by the governor as not included in our first demand, which was only the live stock. In the course of the altercation he treated Captain Burslem with some hauteur, not knowing his rank, as he did not wear his uniform; to terminate the business it was proposed sending him on board the commodore to settle the matter with him, upon which the Gascon pulled in his horns and agreed to a ransom of one thousand pounds, and to deliver two principal hostages for the payment of the money. The priest took this opportunity of asking a favour, which was to have the garrison transported to Vannes, for he secretly told me that if the governor was stript of his garrison he would then reign

without a rival, and the Church would be triumphant. This favour I obtained for him, not without some difficulty, for Burslem's humanity was equal to his courage; however, being piqued with the governor's behaviour, an article was inserted by the priest in the capitulation, by which the garrison was to abandon the island within a month from the date of signing the articles.

Upon our return to Quiberon Bay the admiral, having learned from Captain Strachan the state of the island, and that it would be convenient for watering the ships, sent down a cutter with the hostages, and returned the ransom bond as beneath his notice. We were then sent on a cruise off Basque Road, and in the night chased and came up with two large frigates, either of them much superior to us. Having duly reconnoitred, and counted their guns, we did not think it prudent to attack, after a general consultation of the officers and ship's company they were left to pursue their course into Basque Road. Sometime before, we had been so lucky as to intercept a pacquet, *La Lerrette*, from Bourdeaux to Brest, with sea stores of wine and liqueurs, preserved peaches, olives, etc., etc., directed to Monsieur Conflans. This proved a very agreeable supply after a long cruise, when our sea stock was almost exhausted; and the champaigne and constantia were most excellent. The pacquet was fitted out and sent to cruise near the shore, under the command of Mr. Brice, the first lieutenant, now knight and a rear-admiral. Having been now some

months at sea, and, in consequence, very foul, were sent into Plymouth to dock and refit, where Captain Burslem went ashore to sick quarters, and Captain Ogle was appointed to command in the interim. Our next cruise was in company with the *Juno* frigate, off Bayonne and St. Andero, on the Spanish coast, where we picked up a few prizes, chiefly retaken vessels, and one privateer of 24 guns called the *Jupiter*, who maintained a running fight for some time before he struck. The cruise being finished, and the prizes sent to England, we returned to Quiberon Bay, which was now become a fixed station for the fleet to watch any embarkation, and to prevent the ships escaping from the Vilaine River, and a number of transports were employed in bringing live cattle, etc., from Cork for the use of this stationary squadron, and we made several trips during the summer in convoying and protecting the victuallers. This was but dull work for a fine frigate that might have been much better employed in destroying privateers which then swarmed and were destructive to trade, but Mr. Hay, the admiral's secretary, was not our friend, and we were therefore sent on the meanest services, and had not an opportunity of picking up prizes. It was generally believed that this secretary had too much influence with the old admiral, who was now in the wane of life, and this occasioned much discontent and murmuring in the fleet or western squadron, as great partiality was shown in the appointment of cruising ships.

Whilst employed in convoying the victuallers, we were sometimes detained a considerable time at Cork, and were entertained with true Irish hospitality, particularly at the house of Mr. Moor, who had one of his sons in the service, and here I first saw the beautiful Lambina, in all the bloom of youth, and cast in nature's fairest mould; in short, she was a most attracting girl, and, in consequence, I was deeply enamoured, nor is it to be wondered that an amorous young man should be sensible of such alluring charms. Her father had lately succeeded to a considerable fortune by the premature death of a distant relation, and being cousin to Mr. Moor had frequent opportunities of dining with him at his house. The lovely daughter seemed to have no aversion, and the old gentleman in the hours of conviviality often hinted his approbation of my suit. But the great difficulty now occurred of quitting the service and settling on shore. This was a difficulty not to be surmounted, and was opposed by the captain, who by no means could give his consent; and to marry and leave such a wife behind was contrary to every feeling sentiment. After a violent struggle, I was under the necessity of sacrificing my fond attachment to the stern dictates of prudence and discretion, taking leave of Cork with a heavy heart. Lambina afterwards married a wine merchant, with whom she was unhappy, and, by all accounts, was cruelly treated. Upon our return to Plymouth, to dock and refit, we could hear no account of Captain Burslem, who had been missing some time,

and, being subject to religious melancholy, his friends were much concerned and exceedingly anxious to discover his retreat. After much trouble he was traced as far as Exeter, but no further intelligence could be got, till one day he was discovered in the cathedral, and followed to a mean house in the neighbourhood, where he had taken up his abode. No persuasion could prevail on him to return to the service, having resolved to devote himself to solitude and devotion. This is perhaps the only instance in the annals of the Navy of a captain of a man-of-war taking so singular a turn. The circumstance which chiefly disgusted him was, that at the persuasion of the officers he had not engaged the two French frigates we had chased in the night, and in seeing on our return to Plymouth an account in the newspaper of the arrival of two French Indiamen much about the same time in Basque Road, he never could be persuaded but that these Indiamen were the ships he had chased. This made so deep an impression on the mind of a man naturally brave, but too easily listening to the suggestions of others; for through a mistaken humanity a great relaxation of discipline prevailed, so that, in fact, we were no better than a privateer, where everyone gives an opinion, where little subordination prevails, and where the maxim is, "Hail fellow well met." As my friend Mr. Wood was about quitting the *Chichester*, I made an application to the Navy office with his consent to succeed him, but too late, as the ship was already promised to another. My reason for

this step was that a very young captain was appointed to the *Coventry*, a brother of General C—r's, whom I had frequently met at Cork, being there upon the station, and who was affronted at my intention of leaving the ship, as we had lived on a familiar footing at the tavern, and spent many social evenings in great conviviality; but I was not fond of sailing under his command for several reasons; for being hoisted over the bellies of better men, and not having judgment to direct his conduct, he was very much under the influence of whim and caprice, fond of making partial distinctions amongst the officers, which soon produced envy, hatred, and every evil work.

During our first cruise we seldom spoke but upon duty, and being perfectly independent in the exercise of my functions I treated his hauteur with great contempt, the consequence was that I became a favourite, and was accordingly hated by all the rest. I have often compared the little feuds and jealousies that occur in many ships, as a good picture in miniature of what is experienced on a larger scale in the courts and palaces of princes, where everyone is courting the favour of a despot, and trying to undermine his rivals; for there is as much art and hypocrisy displayed in the small circle, as in a larger theatre, although the objects in pursuit will bear no comparison.

As the captain was a man of interest, we were no longer tied to convoys nor to a fleet, but had now a separate cruise on the French and Spanish coasts, in

the Bay of Biscay, sometimes alone, and at other times in company with one or two frigates or a line of battle ships. In one of our lone cruises betwixt Cape Finisterre and Vigo, we chased two sail, which on our nearing them proved a ship and a dogger, then standing towards us, so that we soon perceived the ship to be a French frigate of rather superior force, and on that account we turned tail and ingloriously fled, with all the sail we could make towards the shore, which was about three leagues distant. The commander discovered evident signs of terror and affright, as the frigate came up with us very fast, and there was some intention of running ashore to avoid the enemy, but this was prevented by the violent behaviour and remonstrance of Mr. Dalrymple, our second lieutenant, who was exceedingly severe in his language, and almost mutinous, to save the King's ship from being run on shore, and to prevent our own infamy and disgrace.

Upon the violent remonstrance of Dalrymple, who was a plain, rough-hewen seaman, the ship was brought to and prepared for action, when lo, what we thought to be an enemy hoisted English colours, and ranging alongside, proved to be the *Blonde* frigate, Captain Kennedy, then on the Lisbon Station, who, being the senior officer, ordered our captain to come on board, who, not liking the invitation, sent the first lieutenant to make his excuse. Captain Kennedy made some severe remarks on our conduct, and dismissed the officer with some salutary advice. You may easily conceive

that no great harmony subsisted after this affair, but constant bickering and quarrelling, so that upon our arrival at Lisbon, some time afterwards, an exchange took place with Dalrymple and another officer on that station, who had likewise had the temerity to call his captain a coward. Stair Dalrymple, a cadet of the family whose name he bore, had been sent to sea at a very early period, and had acquired his nautical science under Lord Howe and Sir Edward Hawke, who sent him on board the *Coventry*, immediately after the battle of Quiberon Bay, as acting lieutenant, upon Mr. Brice (now Admiral Kingsmill) being preferred into the *Royal George*. Captain Burslem was so pleased with his gallant and intrepid behaviour on several occasions, that by his interest he got him confirmed as second lieutenant of the *Coventry*, being a man according to his own heart. Brave as the steel he wore, and likewise an adept in seamanship, which two essential qualities covered a multitude of minor imperfections; for he was coarse and rugged in his manners, had never bowed at a levee, but was as rough and boisterous as the element on which he served; in short, he was almost a second Trunnion, whose character he greatly revered and endeavoured to imitate in all his imitable perfections. His enthusiastic love of his native country exceeded all bounds of prudence and discretion, so as to render him truly ridiculous, even to his own countrymen and brother officers, who enjoyed many a hearty laugh at his expense, for whenever the beauties or advantages of

any country were mentioned, he was sure to find something analogous in Scotland, and was not even willing to allow that the silver mines of Mexico should exceed those of Argyleshire if properly worked. The first lieutenant, Clyde, though not deficient in the qualities of an officer, yet differed entirely from Dalrymple, for being of a mild and placid temper he overflowed with the milk of human kindness, and made great allowance for the infirmities of character, and never disagreed in opinion with the captain; in consequence, he became the chief favourite, and from the easiness of his temper complied with measures his judgment disapproved.

The late Governor Johnson was then upon the Lisbon Station, in a sloop of sixteen guns, and being a literary man, his great cabin was more like a bookseller's shop than a captain's apartment in a man-of-war, for instead of guns and pistols in military array, it was shelved from top to bottom, and filled with a choice collection of books in various languages. His brother officers used to jeer him for this ostentatious display of science so uncommon in the naval service, but he only smiled at their profound ignorance of anything truly scientific. He had brought from England as a literary companion and tutor of some young gentlemen under his care, a Mr. Campbell, an excellent linguist, the celebrated author of Lexiphanes and some other works. This man had been labouring for the London booksellers near 30 years as a translator, when the governor meeting him by accident persuaded him to accompany

him to Lisbon, but a sea life was so contrary to all his former habits that he grew tired of his situation and wished to return. He was accordingly accommodated with a passage in the *Bellona* which sailed at this time with the *Brilliant* frigate for England. They had not been a week at sea, when they fell in with three French men-of-war from St. Domingo, a 74 and two frigates of 36 guns each, when a furious engagement ensued, which terminated in the capture of the *Courageux*, commanded by a chevalier of Malta; but the two frigates made their escape, for our ships had suffered so much in their masts and rigging that they were unable to pursue. Captain Logie, in the *Brilliant*, acquired great reputation for his masterly manœuvres in engaging both the frigates, whilst the *Bellona* lay alongside the *Courageux*, where the slaughter was considerable both amongst the officers and men, as the ships lay within pistol shot during the greatest part of the action. Poor Campbell was stationed on the quarter-deck with Captain Falconer, as his aide-de-camp, and though frightened out of his wits at a scene so unusual and terrible, yet shame prevented him from quitting his station, till the mizen-mast fell and involved the quarter-deck in ruin and confusion, his fear then got the better of his fortitude, and he begged leave to descend and assist the surgeon in the cockpit. Falconer told him he might go to hell, for he wanted no cowards on the quarter-deck. When he got down into the cockpit he was glad to have escaped the carnage upon deck with

whole bones, and being only a passenger thought it the extreme of folly and madness to run any risk of losing a limb. The behaviour of a young lady on board the *Brilliant* was the reverse of Campbell's, for she was so charmed with the roaring of cannon, that it was with great difficulty her father and sister prevented her going upon deck and mixing in the fray. She was one of the true Amazonian breed.

As the *Bellona* and *Brilliant* were under the necessity of returning with their prize, and repairing their damages, which would take up a considerable time, the merchants were very uneasy at the delay on account of the treasure, which had been shipped on board them, for conveyance to England. As the bills of lading had been despatched to their correspondents by the packets, they therefore proposed removing the treasure to the *Marlboro* and *Coventry*, which were now ready to sail, but Captain Falconer refused to part with it without being paid his full freight, which, after some altercation, was complied with, on his agreeing to carry home an equal sum when he should sail without any additional freight. We accordingly received the money on board, to the amount of one hundred and eighty thousand pounds, besides diamonds, etc. As Mr. Male, first lieutenant of the *Bellona,* had been my old shipmate for some years, and now commanded the *Courageux*, I received from him several particulars which did not appear in the public accounts, more especially the very narrow escape he had from being burnt in the *Courageux*,

the second night after her capture, when she was set on fire by some of our own people, in drawing off rum by candle light, and if he had not used the most desperate exertions by rolling himself in the flame and preventing its reaching the cask, they must inevitably have perished; but in this attempt he was considerably scorched, though he fortunately saved the ship. I attended at the hospital in company with the other surgeons to see the first dressings of the wounded that were sent on shore. One marine had lost both his legs, but was perfectly free from fever, and in good spirits. A seaman, whose under jaw was shattered by a grape shot, was walking about the yard with a can of wine in one hand and a funnel in the other, which he introduced into his mouth, and pouring in the wine, enjoyed the precious liquor as if nothing had been the matter. There was a great variety of curious cases, and the assistant surgeon, a Portuguese, dressed with great neatness and dexterity; he was not a little proud of our unanimous approbation.

Being attached to the western squadron, we joined it in Quiberon Bay, where it was now become stationary and were sent to cruise off L'Orient and Bellisle to intercept the coasting trade; but as this was chiefly carried on by small vessels called Chasse Marees, that kept close along shore in shallow water, we could seldom cut them off. Many a heavy gale we encountered in the bottom of the bay, it being now winter, when the winds blow with extreme violence from the westward, and being generally near the shore had often

some hair-breadth escapes; the weather being generally hazy, engaged with a lee shore, and no port on an enemy's coast but Quiberon Bay, which it was sometimes impossible to reach. In one of these tremendous storms, lying-to under a main-sail, and not more than ten or fifteen leagues to the westward of Quiberon, we were alarmed with the horrible outcry of the ship being on fire in the captain's clerk's cabin, immediately over the magazine of powder, being only separated by the lower deck. The intrepid Dalrymple, our second lieutenant, instantly rushed into the flame, and, cutting down the cot which was on fire, stayed the progress of the flame, which was soon afterwards extinguished by copious and repeated buckets of water, handed by the sailors from the main-deck. The tarpaulins that covered the gratings were torn up, and a plentiful supply of water poured down, which soon relieved us from the dreadful terror of perishing by fire in the midst of a raging ocean. I think it impossible for any human mind to conceive any adequate idea of a scene so horrible and full of terror as a ship on fire in a tremendous gale of wind, and the sea running mountains high all around her as far as the eye can reach. Our gunner, who, in a former war, had been saved from a sixty gun ship that was burned in coming from the West Indies, was the first object I beheld in jumping from the quarter-deck; his name was Pettigrew, and upon the alarm being given of fire near the powder magazine, he was instantly deprived of all his senses, and stuck up against the barricado like

an Egyptian mummy, in which state he continued for some time after all the danger was over. The cause of this dreadful accident was the captain's clerk leaving a candle burning in his cabin, which he thought was secure in a flat-bottomed candle-stick, having stuck a fork on the lee side to prevent its rolling off the table, but had not guarded against the weather roll, because, when a ship is lying-to in a heavy sea, she rolls as much to windward as to leeward. By this negligence, a box, containing the ship's books and other loose papers, was set in a blaze, which soon communicated to the bedding, etc., which, if it had not been timely discovered, must have terminated in utter destruction.

Captain Ogle, who at this time commanded the ship, behaved with great coolness and prudence on this trying occasion. He never quitted the quarter-deck, but gave his orders with great judgment and discretion, without any flurry or confusion. He was a man of clear head, and a good heart, with a constant serenity of temper, not easily ruffled, a circumstance very uncommon in naval commanders. Through a too refined delicacy of sentiment he could not be pursuaded to punish the carelessness and negligence of the clerk, which might have proved so fatal in its consequences, because he was another man's servant, and not properly his own, as he only acted *pro tempore*. This was carrying the point of delicacy too far, and was not relished either by the the officers or ship's company, who would have rejoiced in punishing such a worthless fellow. However, upon

our return to Plymouth, we contrived to get rid of him, when the proper captain reassumed the command.

As the western squadron was now become stationary, we were occasionally employed in conveying the victualling transports with live cattle from Cork to Quiberon Bay. During the last of these expeditions, being detained at the Cove by contrary winds, a circumstance occurred which occasioned much ridicule in the fleet. As the officers were frequently on shore, Mr. R—n, our master, a very fat man, became enamoured of a tall tight young woman, who kept a gin-shop, and after three days' courtship they were married. All the officers were invited to a feast and dance to celebrate the wedding, and the evening passed in great festivity and mirth. In the morning, the wind coming fair, a boat was sent for the master, but returned with a sad account of his being so ill that he could not attend his duty. We all concluded it was only a sham illness, on purpose to be left behind with his bride, and Captain Ogle being of the same opinion, I was ordered along with Dalrymple to examine the case, and to bring him off at all events, being a person of too much consequence to be left behind. On entering the house the bride told me that Mr. R—n had been taken very ill in the night soon after going to bed, and had barked like a dog, and he was now taking a vomit, as he suspected he was poisoned. She tried to smother a laugh in giving me this account, and I soon began to suspect the real cause of the illness. Poor R—n had pretended the

poison to excuse his total inability to consummate his nuptials, and if possible to save his being branded with impotency. As he declared he could not walk, two stout sailors supported him, one under each arm, along the street down to the boat. As the story had got wind, all the matrons and virgins of love had assembled and lined the street. They chanted an epithalamium not composed in the chastest style. One said, give me the hard-faced lieutenant, with his brawny limbs and broad shoulders, whilst others preferred the tall, smooth-faced doctor. Thus jeered and jibed, we reached the shore, attended by the mob, all of whom joined the chorus of abominating fat guts and great bellies. The feelings of the poor skipper during this scene may be more easily conceived than expressed, and in our passage to the ship Dalrymple uttered a thousand curses against him for bringing such a disgrace on His Majesty's ship *Coventry*, whose fair fame in this line had never been blotted, and whose officers had always distinguished themselves in every port both in England and Ireland. The poor man returned to his cabin in an agony of despair, and sending for me made a full and fair confession of the whole transaction, at the same time begged I would examine the structure of the parts, which I found almost totally sunk under the prominence of an enormous paunch, but as he declared he had never felt any deficiency on former occasions, I soothed him with the hopes of returning virility.

The wind coming round to the southward prevented

our sailing for some days, and the master, making his appearance at dinner, and devouring at least a pound and a half of rump steaks, with a sufficient quantity of port wine, as an antidote to the poison he had taken, began to boast of former exploits, and how vigorous he had been on former occasions, appealing to his mess-mates that in every port he had always had a female companion. To repress this rhodomontade a motion was made to send for Mrs. R—n in order to consummate the nuptials, and Captain Ogle, being let into the secret, immediately ordered his barge, and Dalrymple offered his services to squire her on board. This met with universal approbation, only the poor skipper dissented, and shaking his head, declared he could do nothing, for that the poison had left such a deadly coldness as to extinguish every spark of sensual desire; but all this remonstrance was to no purpose.

Dalrymple proceeded in the business and brought the lady on board, attended by her father, a very decent looking man, and an officer from the barracks; they were entertained in the great cabin with coffee, tea, etc., but when night came on we could not persuade the skipper to keep his wife on board, but suffered her to return *re Infecta.* Dalrymple, zealous for the honour of the ship, and willing to blot out the scandal that had occurred, went on shore next day to a well-known house, and ordering a couple of ducks for dinner, retired with one of the nymphs into her apartment, and afterwards declared upon oath, that during the roasting of the ducks

he had *Octies Fodiebat Hortum*, and to the truth of this assertion the young woman was ready to take her Bible oath. There was no contradicting this positive testimony of both the parties, and the *Coventry's* men were no longer insulted when they landed at the Cove of Cork. R—n had a turn for versifying, and sometime before had drawn a characteristic sketch of the officers, severe and satirical on Dalrymple, whom he presented in the character of a bear; now was the time for retaliation, and it was eagerly embraced; the poor man led a dog's life, or rather lived like a toad under a harrow, as almost every one had a pull at him. The story of the poison was a never-failing topic, more especially as he accused Dalrymple of conveying it into a bowl of punch, which they had drunk together on the wedding-day; this false accusation enraged the lieutenant to such a degree that he soused him, one morning at breakfast, with a large basin of boiling tea, which scalded the face and neck of the poor skipper in a shocking manner, and made him apply to the captain for redress, who, not knowing how to interfere in a dispute of this nature, employed the first lieutenant to make it up between the parties. Dalrymple vindicated the outrage by the heinous nature of the accusation brought against him, and declared that he would sooner cut any man's throat than think of poisoning him, which everyone that knew him most readily believed; the master was accordingly obliged to ask pardon, and it was agreed that for the future the whole transaction at Cove should be buried in oblivion. Yet

the poor man found his situation in the ship so very disagreeable that a few months afterwards, at his earnest request, he was accommodated with a sick ticket, and, quitted the ship, going ashore to sick quarters at Plymouth, where Mrs. R—n joined him from Cork, with her belly up to her chin. She was received with open arms, and kindly treated by her nominal husband.

Our cruising in the bay during the winter months was a most dangerous and disagreeable service, for being frequently sent to look into Port L'Orient, and sometimes into Basque Road, we were often engaged with a lee shore during the tremendous storms that blow in the Bay of Biscay at that season of the year, and having no port but Quiberon Bay, were often in very imminent danger. One day having run into the mouth of the harbour at L'Orient under French colours, and counted every ship without being suspected, we no sooner began to haul out to sea but the batteries began a heavy fire, both from the harbour and the Isle of Grois, betwixt which island and the main we were obliged to pass, exposed to the fire of the batteries on both sides, and there being but little wind, it was sometime before we got clear of the cross-fire which annoyed us. Having cleared this dangerous passage, and got an offing of five or six leagues from Grois, a dreadful gale from the westward, with thick hazy weather which followed in two or three days, left no recourse but to run for Quiberon Bay, a measure exceedingly hazardous, as the Foure sand runs across the mouth of the bay to a considerable

extent, and the weather was so hazy and thick we could not see Bellisle; however, we attempted it, under a foresail, the sea running very high, and were fortunate enough to hit the opening of the bay and got into smoother water; but the wind being far to the westward, we kept the weather shore close on board, on purpose to reach the squadron, which lay moored towards the head of the bay, and not suspecting any danger from rocks or shoals, when to our utter surprise the ship struck on a sand bank with a dreadful shock, and after two deep rolls got over it, with the loss of her rudder, which was torn from the sternpost and hung only by the head of the tiller. You may easily imagine the consternation and affright that took place in the ship upon this occasion, but on examining the pumps and finding she made no extraordinary water were soon relieved from our anxiety, as from the violence of the shock we suspected she had beat in her bottom. The greatest havoc was in the great cabin, where the rudder head being fitted up with a case to hold bowls, glasses, and tea equipage, they were all smashed in a moment, with a dreadful crash, which made me think the ship was going to pieces, being at this time in the cabin. Being now in five or six fathom water the ship was brought to an anchor, and a signal of distress made to the admiral, who immediately dispatched a sailing cutter to our assistance. The first business was to secure the rudder, which being hoisted upon deck, we found all the iron work by which it hung to the stern was torn off,

and the woodwork considerably shattered ; however, the forge being set to work, the damage was repaired as well as circumstances would admit, and the rudder being shipped, we were sent home to Plymouth under convoy of the *Dunkirk*.

In our passage home we were much retarded by an empty transport, which could not beat to windward, being under the necessity of bearing down to her every evening ; and as the easterly wind met us in the chops of the channel, we kept beating so long betwixt Ushant and Scilly that our water was near expended, and we were under the necessity of bearing away for Cork to obtain a supply. Here we found a number of frigates and two ships of the line that had been sent in pursuit of Thurot, and were happy to learn that the *Marshall Bellisle*, with the *Blonde* and *Terpsichore*, had been captured and carried into Kinsale by Captain Elliot two days before. Being acquainted with some officers of the *Æolus*, I rode over with our first lieutenant to see Thurot's ship, of which we had heard so much, and found her in every respect equal to her fame, being a very capital frigate, mounting 44 guns, 18-pounders, and her complement, with a detachment of the Swiss Guards serving as marines, consisted of 545 men. The *Æolus* had only 32 guns and 220 men. The *Venus* and *Brilliant*, who captured the *Blonde*, and *Terpsichore* had each 36 guns. In the beginning of the action Thurot had prepared for boarding, and had arranged the Swiss Guards on the gangways, who cut a formidable appear-

ance with their rough caps and crooked sabres, all ready to jump on board the *Æolus;* but a well-timed broadside damped their courage, and when the ships were grappled they declined the effort; upon which Peter Forbes, the first lieutenant, at the head of fifty seamen, instantly boarded the *Bellisle*, and in a few minutes cleared her decks and struck her colours. This was a very fortunate stroke for Captain Elliot, who had been driven from his station off the Cape by stress of weather, and had put into Kinsale, where he heard of Thurot's being at Belfast, and immediately sailing in pursuit, was lucky enough to encounter him near the Isle of Man, and so fortunate as to capture his whole squadron, which had been the terror of the north seas for many months. After a stay of ten days at Cork, the wind coming fair, brought us to Plymouth, where, being docked, repaired, and got a new rudder, we sailed, in company with the *Æolus* and another frigate, on a cruise off Cape Finisterre, where, hearing of a French convoy from Bordeaux to the West Indies, we quitted our station and went in pursuit of them as far as the Western Islands, but without being able to overtake them. Being short of fresh water, we put into Fyal, where we were amply supplied, and had an opportunity of getting some very good wine at a very reasonable price, and superior in quality to what is sold for Madeira in the taverns. The Dutch Consul here, having been an old shipmate with one of our lieutenants, regaled us hospitably, and introduced us to some of the principal families, who were

fond of showing their hospitality by frequent invitations, etc.

During our stay at Fyal I was frequently consulted, both by clergy and laity, for various complaints, chiefly chronic, there being no medical man in the town of higher rank than apothecaries, whose shops were very poorly furnished. One dignified priest showed me his legs full of ulcerations of some years' standing, which had all the appearance of venereal, and on my hinting the cause, he with the greatest freedom confessed that the Lues was the hereditary disorder of his family. An ecclesiastic, related to the governor, wanted my advice for two of his sisters, who had been shut up in a nunnery, and were ill of chloratic complaints, but as no good judgment could be formed without examining the patients, an order was obtained from the bishop for my admittance into the nunnery, where, in the presence of the abbess, I was permitted to ask such questions as were necessary to elucidate the case, the brother serving as an interpreter. The cases required no deep investigation, but were evidently apparent *prima facia*, to be far gone in the green sickness and labouring under every complaint arising from amenorrhœa. I told the abbess there was but one infallible remedy for this disorder, which prevailed in the nunnery, as several others had the same complaint, and that was matrimony. The old lady chuckled at the luscious idea, and seemed convinced of the propriety of the prescription; but as this could not be complied with, I was begged to prescribe

something by way of succadanean, and accordingly a folio page was soon filled up with a variety of emmenogogues in the different forms of pills, draughts, etc. A few days afterwards the brother came on board lamenting that even this prescription could not be made up by all the apothecaries in the place, who had got no such medicines in their shops, and begging I would supply the deficiency; but this was impossible, as our medicine chests were not adapted to female complaints, and were only furnished for military service. What a lamentable circumstance, for so many thousands of fine young virgins to be, in a manner, buried alive in all the Catholic countries—cut off from society, and pining out a miserable existence, totally useless to themselves and others; but it is devoutly to be hoped that this cursed institution will be shortly abolished in those countries where it has so long prevailed, contrary to every dictate of reason and humanity. I never can read St. Jerome's epistles to Eustochium de Consero and a Virginitate but with the greatest abhorrence and indignation, to see the doctrines of our holy religion applied to such a diabolical purpose as preventing the propagation of the human race, and contradicting the first and greatest commandment of *crescete et multiplicamini*. A most beautiful young girl, whom we saw by accident at a gentleman's house where we dined, was in a few days to become a sacrifice to this barbarous superstition, and upon remonstrating against this savage cruelty, were told by her brother that as she had but five hundred crowns to her

fortune, it would procure her entrance into the nunnery, but was not sufficient to procure a hidalgo (gentleman) for her husband.

After a fortnight's stay at Fyal we returned to our station off the Cape, where we continued cruising for some time, but were not lucky enough to meet any of the enemy's ships or convoys, either going out or coming home, and as the war was now drawing to a conclusion we returned to Plymouth, much dispirited at the near prospect of a peace, and the great probability of our ships being paid off and put out of commission, without any views of future employment in the service, as my patron, Admiral Mostyn, was dead, on whom all my interest depended. However, we had still our chance, for although the preliminaries were already signed, and the grand fleet under Sir Charles Hardy was recalled from blocking up of Brest, we had orders to sail to the westward and to cruise off Cape Clare for three weeks, which was the time limited for the cessation of hostilities in the channel. During this period we picked up a privateer from Brest, called the *Belligereux*, after a long chase in a hard gale of wind, as she sailed remarkable well, and tried every possible manœuvre to escape, but we overpowered her with sail. We likewise retook a Virginiaman, only one day before the limited time expired, and carried our prizes into Kinsale, where we spent some time very agreeably, being regaled with true Irish hospitality both at the fort and in the town. At the assembly we met Lord and Lady Kin-

sale, with one of their sons, who made a very decent appearance, considering the low state from which they had lately emerged, for at succeeding to the title his lordship was engaged in the humble occupation of conveying passengers in a wherry from Portsmouth to Gosport, at the moderate fare of a penny a piece. The man seems to bear his title very meekly, and he enjoys but a very small portion of the estate. The *Belligereux* being a new ship, we sold and disposed of her at Kinsale for a good price, with all her stores, and the war being now at an end were ordered to Chatham to be paid off. In our passage to the Downs we met with a dreadful storm, or rather a hurricane, in the English Channel, with very thick, hazy weather, and though the wind was fair, it was prudently resolved to lie to during the night rather than push for the Downs in such dreadful weather; and by this fortunate resolution the ship was saved, for next day when the tempest had abated, we found that many ships in the Downs had parted their cables, and we saw the *St. Antonio*, a Spanish man-of-war of 64 guns, a prize from the Havannah, that had sailed from Kinsale with us, high and dry upon the rocks beyond Land Down Castle.

Having taken on board a pilot in the Downs, we proceeded by Margate, over the flats, to Sheerness, and up the River Medway to our final destination, Chatham, where, being soon unrigged, the ship's company was paid off, and everyone at liberty to go where they pleased. The world was all before them, where to

choose a place of rest, and Providence their guide. The first lieutenant, a severe disciplinarian, had been threatened, so he wisely set out for London two days before; but this did not avail, for a party of the men, headed by the gunner's mate, hunted him in town, and meeting him in Cheapside gave him a severe drubbing, and then rolled him in the kennell, so that poor Ralph D—s cut a most deplorable picture, and was carried to his lodgings in very sad plight, where he was confined several days. As the other officers had not been brutal to the men, they stayed till the last, and I accompanied the captain in his post chaise, and arrived at his brother's in the Meuse without being stopped by the collectors, although robberies were now frequent on the road from Chatham, on account of the ships being paid, and one had been committed that very day at Shooter's Hill.

## ADVICE TO SEA LIEUTENANTS BY AN OFFICER OF RANK

WHEN you have the watch, from eight till twelve at night, as soon as you are sure that the captain is in bed, go below, and if you do not find anybody up, shake the *cot* of one of the officers till you oblige him to *turn out*, and take a glass of grog with you, and play a game of backgammon ; when probably the noise of the tables will keep the lieutenant who is to relieve you alert, and in readiness to rise. In your absence leave everything to the discretion of the young gentleman upon the quarter-deck, which is the readiest way to form them into officers, and give them a habit of command. If any disagreeable accident should bring the captain suddenly upon deck, you have always an apology in the old story of the quarter-gallery.

After being relieved in any of the night watches, when you pass the beds of the other officers in the way to your own shake them one by one, till you are sure the drowsy fellows are perfectly awake, and then tell them that it is a fine night, that the wind has shifted a quarter of a point, or anything else *remarkable*, and they will certainly be much obliged to you for your attention.

If a stranger of consequence should come on board when you happen to be reprimanding a sailor, heighten immediately the tone of your voice; and when you have drawn the visitor's eyes upon you, give the fellow a volley of kicks and cuffs with all the activity you are master of, and you will doubtless impress the stranger with a respectable opinion of the officers and discipline of the ship.

In a calm, or in harbour, if you observe a midshipman who has the watch sauntering about the deck, or leaning against a gun, ask him if he thinks he is to stand there *like a gentleman with his hands in his pockets.*

When fresh provisions begin to grow scarce at sea, you may contrive to say to another lieutenant at table, as if without design, that the goose or turkey died of sickness, that the pig had the mange, or that the liver of the sheep was very much diseased, and it is ten to one but you spoil the appetites of some of the *idlers*, who have not had the advantage of an education in the orlop; consequently you will have a larger proportion of fresh meat, which is not so necessary for these gentlemen who do not keep watch. There are likewise certain little sounds and actions which I have seen answer this purpose wonderfully well.

If you have any officers of the army or passengers on board who are sea-sick, as soon as you find them beginning to recover talk of fat pork, or something else, the idea of which is disgusting to a disordered stomach,

and it is very likely that their sickness will return with great violence. This species of wit, besides entertaining your messmates, is very fair; for it is universally allowed *on board ship* that nobody pities the sea-sickness. You will, likewise, as we express it, save their allowance.

Whenever you wish, as it is termed emphatically, to *sculk* a few days in bad weather, that is to say when you wish to do no duty, pretend that you have the blind piles, as it is a complaint whose symptoms are not very easy nor very likely to be examined into. In the meantime the master, if necessary, will take a watch, no doubt with great pleasure, as it will enable him to act on more serious emergencies.

When the captain goes out of the ship, and leaves you with the command, make a point of refusing the other officers permission to go on shore, or the use of the boat, for fear they should esteem you a mere *king log*.

When you are carrying on any duty, as, for instance, reefing topsails, and the captain comes to interfere with your command, as this evidently implies a distrust of your abilities, I would advise two or three of you, supposing all hands to be upon deck, to place yourselves close behind him, and clapping the mouths of your speaking trumpets to his ear, to roar out as loud as possible, "What are you about, you scoundrels on the fore-topsail yard—d—n your bl—ds, you rascals!—O you lubbers!"—or some other innocent common-

place; and I will engage that the captain, if he has not ears of brass, will soon leave you to carry on the duty *calmly* by yourselves.

When the ship is in chace, the captain will consequently direct the course; but if you do not think it the best—and there is no reason why you should not know as well as the captain—you can alter it a point or so when he goes to his cabin. If, however, he should perceive the alteration, and return to the quarter-deck, the moment you see him fall upon the quarter-master and d—n him for a rascal, for not steering his course So you will escape all blame yourself, and at the worst the quarter-master will come off for a dozen or two of lashes.

When you make a party to go on shore, or when the boat comes in the evening to carry you on board, if you are the *superior* officer do not suffer anybody to give the smallest direction to the boat's crew, who will, from thence, learn to make proper distinctions; and while they name the other officers simply Mr., they will call you, your honour. But, upon recollection, I would advise you to be rather cautious in this point, for I know a lieutenant who, saying rather too harshly to a messmate, "Remember, sir, I command this boat," acquired the degrading appellation of *captain of the blue cutter.*

To show the superior importance of the command you exercise on the quarter-deck to the duties of the other officers, I would have you distinguish all who do not keep watch by the obliging denomination of *idlers*, even if the

surgeon should have two or three hundred sick in his list, and if the various operations which require the attention of the master should oblige him to be up night and day.

Wine and spirits being bad things for boys, and the one you have for your servant not being, perhaps, more than fifteen or sixteen years old, stop the whole of his allowance of the above articles, and oblige him to drink water, which, as it stinks terribly, will accustom him to the hardships he is likely to meet with in his way of life. So without being obliged to the purser, you will have a glass to comfort you in a cold middle watch, or at any time when you do not choose to let all the world observe what you drink.

Nothing is more advantageous than to have the command of a prize, for in that case all the private stock of liquors, wines, and eatables become your own, and if you have a wife at any of the seaports, you can always make a foul wind of it, and go in to put ashore anything you wish. The swords and pistols of the captured officers are likewise considered as your property, for though it is true that some people leave them in their possession, it is certainly a folly to allow arms to remain in the hands of prisoners.

There are also some loose articles generally lying about in prizes, which I would advise you to appropriate to yourself; for even if they were sold, and the produce divided among the captors, it would amount to a mere nothing; but as it seldom happens that they are

brought to account by the agent, everybody will agree that the value is better in your pockets than in his, who has sufficient opportunities to do handsomely for himself, and who very often takes ship and cargo to his own share.

When you go on board the admiral's ship to receive orders, as the flag officers generally hurry you away without giving you time to look about you, pretend that you have forgot your orderly book, and go down to the ward-room to beg the favour of a bit of paper. When you are there they can do no less than ask you to take some refreshment, and you will, besides, have an opportunity of hearing all the news.

As the master, though only a warrant officer, from his being sometimes allowed to take a watch, and put the ship about, is apt to give himself airs of consequence, and frequently has the astonishing impudence to think himself your equal, whenever you send for him, or address yourself to him, do not call him by his name, as Mr. Black or Mr. Brown, but say, "Send the master to me." "Pray, master, how much water is there on board?" and be assured there is not a more effectual way to lower this gentleman's pride.

As you certainly would not wish to resemble the fops of the army, it would be well to oppose a contrast to their manner of dressing; for instance, when you wear a small sword, put on your round hat and boots, and, above all, do not forget, as it will give a harmony to your appearance very pleasing to the eye, to accom-

pany your boots with black breeches. But as there are some little brilliant particulars, which the Army seems to wish to appropriate to itself, it would be a want of spirit not to vindicate the right every man has to wear what he can afford to purchase. Should you, therefore, be tall and well made, do not hesitate to distinguish your figure by wearing a pair of epaulets, and hooking back your skirts; but if, on the contrary, you are little, nothing will be more advantageous than light infantry wings on your jacket, and feathers in your hat. If you are afraid when you go to take orders on board the *Admiral* that you will not be received with the feathers, you can borrow the coxswain's hat when you are alongside.

When you purchase fresh stock for the ward-room mess, do not buy many sheep, as the hay they consume is expensive; but procure abundance of hogs, who thrive amazingly well at sea upon peas and oatmeal, which cost you nothing, and only make a difference in the savings of the purser, generally a keen hand, who has always ways and means to make up such a loss.

When you cut up a duck or fowl do not be over polite, and begin by helping all who send their plates, till perhaps there is nothing left for yourself but the neck; but as soon as you have hacked off a wing or a leg, secure them upon your plate, and distribute the rest as far as it will go.

In long cruises there are generally a few fowls reserved of the fresh stock for those who may fall ill;

but as poultry generally lose flesh at sea, and as they must be killed soon or late, you can denominate any little heat, occasioned by strong grog, a fever, and nobody will object to your having a fowl boiled every day for your dinner, which you will find infinitely more agreeable than salt beef.

Whenever a ward-room servant does amiss, exert your authority *in the mess*, and check any one of the idlers, even if *caterer*, who presumes to interfere, *where duty is concerned*, in dictating punishment for a fault committed by *one of the ship's company*.

In hot climates the sailors are very apt to sleep in the night watches when there is nothing to do. This being contrary to the discipline of the Navy, whenever it happens, order up three or four buckets of water, and pour them upon the delinquent. If the sudden check given to his perspiration should cause a fatal fever, so much the better, he will learn not to sleep on his watch again.

If a seaman has been long and frequently in the sick list, and is consequently a very idle fellow, hasten his return to the deck, and as convalescents are apt to be inactive, and require something to stimulate them, and give motion to their stagnant fluids, apply the *main braces* on his coming aft dexterously to his shoulders, and, fearing the efficacy of this treatment, let the boatswain's mates try the effect of their sticks upon him. If, spite of all this, he should *unaccountably* relapse, lay the blame upon the surgeon for not giv-

ing him plenty of bark before he discharged him his list.

If, when first lieutenant, you have a dispute with one of your mess-mates, you must revenge the quarrel upon the posteriors of his servant, which, as boys are almost always in mischief, you will soon find an opportunity of doing. If your antagonist chances to be surgeon or purser, the loblolly man and ship's steward are sure game, and you may likewise *punish the surgeon*, by harassing his assistants in the night watches about some mistake or other in the sick-list, and by denying to the sick a sufficient quantity of fresh water, on a supposition of its becoming scarce.

If the marine officer is a raw lad, and therefore troublesome, as no one can dictate to you what steps you ought to take in carrying on service, impose duties on his people which may appear to him to be forbid by his instructions from headquarters; at the same time keep a good oak stick on deck, to prevent breaking your speaking trumpet, for the particular use of the marines. If the other foolishly takes their part, it is a great chance but he is guilty of some hasty indiscretions that may render him no longer an obstacle to your *official tranquillity*.

Whenever you dislike your captain, or the station on which your ship is ordered, flatter the surgeon a little, and he will send you ashore with a sick ticket, where you will enjoy your full pay and sick-quarter money; this will enable you to amuse yourself very

tolerably, and, if you are a man of intrigue, to seduce your landlady's daughter. Do not forget, when you are ashore, to ingratiate yourself with the agent charged with the care of the sick, who will keep you on his list as long as you wish.

Many military folks who rank with you have a notion that they are privileged, as esquires, to kill game. I do not take upon me to controvert this doctrine of theirs, but leave it to those superlative judges of the game-laws, the country squires; however, when you are employed, if you can by your eloquence, and the knowledge of those matters you must have acquired on board His Majesty's ships, persuade the tonies in your neighbourhood that you are thus qualified, it will furnish you a great fund of amusement, and will supply your *half-pay table* with every species of that article.

I advise the whole of you to unite in a memorial for a more elegant uniform with lace, and for an addition to your full and half pay; your present dress scarcely vies with that of a midshipman, and many of you *think* they require something glaring, to point out their advanced situation in the Navy. In regard to your pay, as you have the rank *on service* of captain in the Army, you should have incomes accordingly, particularly as an idea has been lately started that you do not *in private* enjoy the same rank, seeing that His Majesty, God bless him, neither titles you esquires, nor enables you to support their consequence.

## THE DUTY OF A PURSER

I BELIEVE it is hardly necessary to advise you to study the disposition of the captain, who has it much in his power to augment or lessen your salary. Relate to him any little tales, which you may think pleasing to his ear, and repeat everything you may hear to his disadvantage at the ward-room table, that he may know how to distinguish his friends from his enemies. I would likewise recommend it to you, to make him a present now and then of a few dozens of wine, and though a ship has very little in common with heaven, it will be repaid you seven-fold; for the captain will certainly have gratitude enough to give you certificates, specifying pipes of wine stove in a gale of wind, when perhaps it was actually a dead calm, for which certificates you will be allowed credit at the Navy Office.

Whenever a man deserts, you may very safely charge against his wages a few pounds of tobacco, and a few articles of slop-clothing; particularly shoes, for it is natural to suppose that when he prepared to march off he provided himself with a stock for his journey.

As the officers, without considering the expense you are at for candles, very often have lights in their cabins, whenever you see one of them step out of his apartment,

whip in, and blow out his candle. If he should be offended at the too frequent repetition of this piece of economy, you can always pretend the fear of fire, which would particularly affect you, as you have vast property on board.

When, in company with the captain's clerk, you correct the slop-book, and fearful that in the entry some articles have been neglected, to balance the loss you put little items against the wages of the sailors who have most pay due. Take care not to make such a blunder as was committed by a purser some years ago, who, in the course of a long voyage, charged ten pounds for tobacco against the pay of a seaman who was known to have always had it in aversion.

Contrive, if you can, to put the ward-room snuffers out of the way, which will prevent the candles burning out so fast as they would do if kept constantly snuffed.

When you go to sea for a three months' cruise at the end of autumn, do not carry with you a stove for the ward-room, but pretend that you have forgot to buy one, or that you have left it ashore to be mended, and you will save at least half a chaldron of coals.

When you demand beer in summer, always take as large a quantity as possible, and the consequences will be that one half will be sour before the other half is drank. As soon as it begins to grow a little tartish you may venture to leave it to the discretion of the crew, and you will still save half the allowance. The

acid of the beer will serve to correct the scorbutic habits of the seamen.

When at length they complain of it, and you hold a survey which condemns it as sour, *stinking*, and unfit for men to drink, you may prevail with the master and his mates to make up for its having been shamefully *sweated*, as the sailors express it, on first coming to sea, to throw a few additional hogsheads into the report of survey.

If the quarter-masters in the cable tier, through a cranny leading into the after-hold, should be caught in the act of stealing spirits from a cask placed conveniently by them for that purpose, you may pretend that you have before missed large quantities, which must have gone that way, besides a vast deal lost in stowing, by the carelessness of the above people, and the master's mates, and the captain, out of pity, will order an *accidental* expense of any quantity you think it safe to point out to him.

If the clerk, who, in a literal sense, should be more your servant then the captain's, does not entirely devote himself to your purposes, deprive him, when the ship is ordered to take charge of a convoy of merchantmen, of his customary perquisite on delivering to the masters their sailing instructions, by putting it into the head of one of the lieutenants, by way of a little *amusement*, to send for the papers into the captain's cabin, and deliver them himself as they are called for. As many of the masters may press upon him at once in his new office,

prevail on the marine officer, or some other idle hand, to lend his assistance.

If your ship has victualled at a foreign port, where any species of provisions purchased was enormously dear, pretend to your messmates and the other gentlemen, on settling a final account with them for provisions received from you more than their allowance, that your expenditure of that article has greatly exceeded the proportion, and that the surplus will be charged in the lump, by the victualling-board, at the foreign price, and rate it in their debt to you proportionably. Be very cautious not to let a word of this escape you, previous to the reckoning, as the idea of saving two-thirds might induce them to make a purchase on shore, that would frustrate the success of your manœuvre.

As yours is an office of great trust, many articles, when you are bound foreign, will be sent on board by strangers to your charge. If you should in this way receive casks of tongues, or jars of pickles, it will be needless for you to minute down to whom they are addressed, as they will most likely spoil before half passage over. As soon as the pickle has destroyed the superscription, open them *in the presence of a messmate or two*, and deliver them to the ward-room steward for use.

## THE REMARKABLE RESCUE OF THE *ANSON* CUTTER, AFTER BEING TAKEN BY THE FRENCH

IN the year 1759, the *Anson* cutter was taken off Cape Finisterre, by a French privateer of superior force. They took out of her the lieutenant, master, and all the inferior officers, leaving on board twenty men and boys, and put into her twenty men to command her. The English (men and boys) left on board were all, except four, put into the hold, in irons; but, having knives in their pockets, they jagged them, made them into saws, and began to work upon their bilboes, which, after many tedious hours, put them in a posture to exert themselves. The first man that got out knocked down the sentinel, and took his cutlass and pistol from him. The others, in their confinement, had provided themselves with short junks of small tow-line, about three feet in length each. The ringleader, with the sentinel's cutlass and pistol, went on deck, and began the assault; all the others followed him, and a terrible combat ensued; for the sentinel, having his arms taken from him, made such an alarm, that most of the French came upon deck armed, but the bold Englishmen so knocked them about with their junks of rope, and their ring-

leader thronging through them with his arms (though he received wounds from their cutlasses over his shoulders and arms, all which he was not in the least deterred at) rushed on to the French captain; he then discharged his pistol, which wounded him in the head. This put an end to the affray, and the Frenchmen begged for quarter, which was immediately granted.

When they had gained the victory, not one among them was mariner enough to conduct the vessel; but they obliged the French captain to stand pilot, to bring her to some port in England; to whom they declared, that if they found any deceit in his proceedings, they would murder him, and likewise all his countrymen on board. The French captain was very comformable to their request, and conducted them safe into Plymouth.

## PREJUDICES OF SEAMEN

### 1771

MR. CHITQUA the ingenious Chinese artist, whose models after the life have been so justly admired, has been disappointed of a passage this year to his native country by a train of unfortunate circumstances. Having embarked on board the *Grenville*, East Indiaman, at Gravesend, he discovered that the seamen were unaccountably prejudiced against him owing, probably, to his strange dress and appearance.

Add to this, he had one day the misfortune accidentally to fall overboard, and being saved from drowning by being buoyed up by his loose habit, after floating with the tide near half a mile, he was taken up half dead. This, with the superstitious fears of the mariners, like those of Tarshish, and their imprecations against the Chinese dog whom they deemed a madman, so alarmed him, that he begged the carpenter to make him a coffin, and carry his corpse ashore, as it was not lawful in his country to be buried in the water. At length the captain, who, with the other officers, treated him with proper humanity, seeing his distress, offered to set him ashore at Deal, with the pilot, who might accompany him to London.

This offer Mr. Chitqua thankfully embraced, and to

London he came in the coach. But when arrived there, another distress befell him; he could not express or recollect intelligently where he lodged; and a mob gathering round about the hackney coach, began to abuse and beat the pilot, for having, as they supposed, kidnapped a foreigner. Luckily a gentleman passing by recognised him, and by his means, after the mob was dispersed, Mr. C. was conveyed to his former lodgings in the Strand, where he must remain for another season, when it is hoped, he will not again be deemed a Jonah, but will meet with a more humane crew, to which his wearing the English dress (which he has been persuaded to put on) may probably contribute.

## ACTION BETWEEN THE *SURPRISE* AND *JASON*

(*Account by the Ship's Cooper*)

IN 1779 I was ordered by Admiral Montague on board the *Surprise*, 28 gun frigate, commanded by Captain Reeves. Her cooper had been killed a few days before, in a severe action with an American vessel.

On board the *Surprise* we had a rougher crew than in the *Proteus;* ninety of them were Irishmen, the rest from Scotland and England. We kept cruising about, taking numbers of the American privateers. After a short but severe action, we took the *Jason* of Boston, commanded by the famous Captain Manly, who had been commodore in the American service, had been taken prisoner, and broke his parole. When Captain Reeves hailed and ordered him to strike, he returned for answer: "Fire away! I have as many guns as you." He had heavier metal, but fewer men than the *Surprise.* He fought us for a long time. I was serving powder as busy as I could, the shot and splinters flying in all directions, when I heard the Irishmen call from one of the guns (they fought like devils, and the captain was fond of them upon that account), "Halloo, Bungs

where are you?" I looked to their gun, and saw the two horns of my *study*[1] across its mouth; the next moment it was through the *Jason's* side. The rogues thus disposed of my study, which I had been using just before the action commenced, and had placed in a secure place, as I thought, out of their reach. "Bungs for ever!" they shouted, when they say the dreadful hole it made in the *Jason's* side.

Bungs was the name they always gave the cooper.

When Captain Manly came on board the *Surprise*, to deliver his sword to Captain Reeves, the half of the rim of his hat was shot off. Our captain returned his sword to him again, saying, "You have had a narrow escape, Manly." "I wish to God it had been my head," he replied.

When we boarded the *Jason*, we found thirty-one cavalry troopers, who had served under General Burgoyne, acting as marines on board.

Soon after this we hailed an American privateer, commanded by a Captain Revel, and she struck. He was a different character from the gallant Manly. The weather was so foul, and the sea ran so high, we could not send our boat on board, neither could theirs come on board of us. Captain Reeves ordered her under our quarter. As he sailed alongside, the weather still very stormy, and night coming on, we were hailed by voices calling to us, scarcely to be distinguished in the rattling of our rigging and the howling of the blast. At length

[1] Anvil.

we made out with difficulty that the American captain was going to make some prisoners he had walk overboard. Captain Reeves, in great anger, ordered the privateer to place a light on her maintop, instead of which he placed one on a float, and cast it adrift.

The voices again hailed, and let us know what had been done. Captain Reeves called to the American that he would sink her in a moment, if he did not do as desired, and come close under our lee. Towards morning the weather moderated, and we brought Revel and his prisoners on board the *Surprise*. He was a coarse, ill-looking fellow; his treatment of the prisoners made his own treatment the worse: while Manly dined every day at the captain's table, Revel messed by himself, or where he chose with the prisoners.

## LOSS OF H.M.S. *PHŒNIX* (CAPT. SIR HYDE PARKER), OCT. 4TH, 1780.

MY DEAR MADAM,—I am now going to give you an account of our last cruise in the *Phœnix*, and must premise that should anyone see it besides yourself, they must put this construction on it—"That it was originally intended for the eyes of a mother, and a mother only," as upon that supposition my feelings may perhaps be tolerated. You will also meet with a number of sea terms, which, if you don't understand, why, I cannot help you, as I am unable to give a sea description in any other words.

To begin then:—On the 2nd of August, 1780, we weighed, and sailed from Port Royal, bound for Pensacola, having two store ships under convoy, which we were to see safe in; and then cruise off the Havannah and in the Gulf of Mexico for six weeks. In a few days we made the two sandy islands, that look as if they had just risen out of the sea, or fallen from the sky, inhabited, nevertheless, by upwards of three hundred English, who get their bread by catching turtle and parrots, and raising vegetables, which they exchange with ships that pass, for clothing and a few of the luxuries of life, as rum, etc. About the 12th, we arrived at Pensacola, without anything remarkable happening,

except our getting a vast quantity of fish, sharks, dolphins, and bonetos. On the 13th sailed singly, and on the 14th had a very heavy gale of wind at north, right off the land, so that we soon left that sweet place, Pensacola, a distance astern. We then looked into the Havannah, saw a number of ships there, and knowing that some of them were bound round the bay, we cruised in their track; a fortnight, however, passed, and not a single ship hove in sight to cheer our spirits. We then took a turn or two round the gulf, but not near enough to be seen from the shore. Vera Cruz we expected would have made us happy, but the same luck still continued, day following day and no sail. The dollar bag began to grow a little bulky, for every one had lost two or three times, and no one had won; this was a small gambling party entered into by Sir Hyde and ourselves; everyone put a dollar into a bag, and fixed on a day when we should see a sail; but no two persons were to name the same day, and whoever guessed right first had the bag. We were now tired of our situation, and glad the cruise was almost out, for we found the navigation very dangerous, owing to unaccountable currents, so shaped our course for Cape Antonio. The next day the men at the mast-head, at about one o'clock in the afternoon, called out, "A sail upon the weather-bow! Ha, ha, Mr. Spaniard, I think we have you at last. Turn up all hands! make sail! all hands give chase!" There was hardly any occasion for that, for the sound of a sail being in sight, flew like

wildfire through the ship, and every sail was set in an instant, almost before the orders were given. A lieutenant at the mast-head with a spy-glass—"What is she?" "A large ship scudding athwart right before the wind; p-o-r-t; keep her away; set the studding-sails ready!" Up comes the little doctor, rubbing his hands: "Ha, ha, I have won the bag!" "The devil take you and the bag! look, what's ahead will fill all our bags." Mast-head again. "Two more sail on the larboard beam." "Archer, go up and see what you can make of them." "Upon deck there; I see a whole fleet, upwards of twenty sail, coming right before the wind. Confound the luck of it, this is some convoy or other, but we must try if we can't pick some of them out. Haul down the studding-sails. Luff, bring her to the wind. Let us see what we can make of them." About five we got pretty near them, and found them to be twenty-six sail of Spanish merchantmen under convoy of three line-of-battle-ships, one of which chased us; but when she found we were playing with her (for the old *Phœnix* had heels) she left chase, and joined the convoy, which they drew up into a lump, and placed themselves at the outside of, but we still kept smelling about till after dark. Oh, for the *Hector*, the *Albion*, and a frigate, and we should take the whole fleet and convoy, worth some millions! About eight o'clock, perceived three sail at some distance from the fleet; dashed in between them and gave chase, and was happy to find they steered from the fleet—about twelve came up with a large ship

of twenty-six guns. "Archer, every man to his quarters; run the lower deck's guns out, and light the ship up; show this fellow our force, it may prevent his firing into us, and killing a man or two." No sooner said than done. "Hoa, the ship ahoy! lower all your sails and bring to instantly, or I'll sink you." Clatter, clatter, went the blocks, and away flew all their sails in proper confusion. "What ship is this?" "The *Polly*." "Whence come you?" "From Jamaica." "Where are you bound?" "To New York." "What ship is that?" "The *Phœnix*." Huzza three times by their whole ship's company. An old, grim fellow of a sailor standing close by me—"Oh, d—n your three cheers, we took you to be something else." Upon examination we found it to be as he reported, and that they had fallen in with the Spanish fleet that morning, and were chased the whole day, and that nothing saved them but our stepping in between; for the Spaniards took us for three consorts, and they, for a Spanish frigate, till we hailed them; the other vessels in company were likewise bound to New York. Thus was I, from being worth thousands in idea, reduced to the old 4s. 6d. a day again; for the little doctor made the most prize-money of us all that day, by winning the bag, which contained between thirty and forty dollars; but this is nothing to what we sailors sometimes undergo.

After parting company, we steered S.S.E. to go round Antonio, and so to Jamaica (our cruise being out), with our fingers in our mouths, and all as green as you please.

It happened to be my middle watch, and about three o'clock, when a man upon the forecastle bawls out, "Breakers a-head, and land upon the lee-bow"; I looked out, and 'twas so, sure enough. "Ready about! put the helm down!—Helm-a-lee!" Sir Hyde hearing me put the ship about, jumped upon deck. "Archer, what's the matter? you are putting the ship about without my orders." "Sir, 'tis time to go about, the ship is almost ashore; there's the land." "Good God! so it is; will the ship stay?" "Yes, sir, I believe she will, if we don't make any confusion—she's all aback—forward now." "Well," says he, "work the ship, I will not speak a single word." The ship stay'd very well. "Then heave the lead! see what water we have." "Three fathom." "Keep the ship away! W.N.W." "By the mark three." "This won't do, Archer." "No, sir, we had better haul more to the northward; we came S.S.E., and had better steer N.N.W." "Steady, and a quarter three." "This may do, we deepen a little." "By the deep four." "Very well, my lad, heave quick." "Five fathom!" "That's a fine fellow; another cast nimbly." "Quarter less eight." "That will do; come, we shall get clear by and by." "Mark under water five." "What's that?" "Only five fathom, sir." "Turn all hands up, bring the ship to an anchor." "All hands bring the ship to an anchor, boy!" "Are the anchors clear?" "In a moment, sir." "All clear." "What water have you in the chains now?" "Eight half nine." "Keep fast the anchors till I call to you." "Aye, aye, sir, all fast?"

"I have no ground with this line." "How many fathom have you out? pass along the deep sea line." Aye, aye, sir." "Come, are you all ready?" "All ready, sir." "Heave away, watch! watch, bear away, veer away; no ground, sir, within a hundred fathom." "That's clever! Come, Madame Phœnix, there is another squeak in you yet—all down but the watch—secure the anchors again—heave the main topsail to the mast; luff, and bring her to the wind."

You see, madam, I told you, you should have a little sea jargon; if you can understand half of what has already been said, I wonder at it, though it is nothing to what is to come yet, when the old hurricane begins. As soon as the ship was a little to rights, and all quiet again, Sir Hyde came to me, and taking my hand in the most friendly manner—"Archer (and tears almost starting from his eyes), we ought all to be much obliged to you for the safety of the ship, and, maybe, ourselves and lives. I am particularly so; nothing but that instantaneous presence of mind and calmness saved her. Another ship's length, and we were fast ashore. Had you been the least diffident, or had made the least confusion, so that the ship would have baulk'd in her stays, she must have been inevitably lost." "Sir, you are very good, but I have done nothing that I suppose anybody else would not have done in the same situation. I did not turn all the hands up, knowing the watch were well able to work the ship; besides, had it spread immediately about the ship that she was almost ashore, it might

have created a confusion that was better avoided." "Well," says he, "'tis well indeed." At daylight we found that the current had set us between the Colladera's rocks and Cape Antonio, and that we could not have got out any other way than what we did; there was a chance, but Providence is the best pilot. We had sunset that day twenty leagues to the S.E. of our reckoning, by the current.

After getting clear of this scrape we thought ourselves well off, and made sail for Jamaica, but misfortune seemed to follow misfortune. The next night, my watch upon deck, too, we were taken with a squall, like a hurricane while it lasted; for though I thought I saw it coming, and was prepared for it, yet, when it took the ship, it roared and laid her down so, that I thought she would never get up again. However, by keeping her away, and clewing up everything, she righted. The remainder of the night we had very heavy squalls, and in the morning found the mainmast sprung half-way through: one hundred and twenty leagues to the leeward of Jamaica, the hurricane months coming on, and the head of the mainmast almost off, and at short allowance; well, we must make the best of it. The mainmast was well fished, but we were obliged to be very tender of carrying sail. Nothing remarkable happened afterwards for ten days, when we chased a Yankee man-of-war for six hours, but could not get near enough to her before it was dark, to keep sight of her; so that we lost her for want of being able to carry any

sail on the mainmast. In about twelve days more we made the Island of Jamaica, having weathered all the squalls, and put into Montego Bay for water; so that we had a strong party for kicking up a dust on shore, having found three men-of-war lying there. Dancing, etc., etc., till two o'clock every morning, little thinking what was to happen in four days' time; for out of the four men-of-war that were there, not one of them was in being at that time, and not a soul of them alive, but what was left of our crew; and many of the houses where we had been so merry were so completely destroyed that hardly a vestige remained to mark where they stood. Thy works are wonderful, O God! praised be Thy holy name!

September the 30th, weighed; bound for Port Royal, round the eastward of the island. The *Barbadoes* and *Victor* had sailed the day before, and the *Scarboro'* was to sail the next. Moderate weather until October 2nd. Spoke to the *Barbadoes* off Port Antonio in the evening —at eleven at night it began to snuffle, with a monstrous heavy appearance from the eastward; close-reefed the topsails. Sir Hyde sent for me. "What sort of weather have we, Archer?" "It blows a little, and has a very ugly look; if we were in any other country but this, I should say we were going to have a gale of wind." "Aye, it looks so very often here, when there is no wind at all; however, don't hoist the topsails till it clears a little—there is no trusting any country." At twelve I was relieved; the weather had the same grim

look: however, they made sail upon her, but we had a very dirty night. At eight in the morning I came up again, found it blowing hard from the E.N.E., with close-reefed topsails upon the ship, heavy squalls at times. Sir Hyde came upon deck. "Well, Archer, what do you think of it?" "Oh, sir, it's only a touch of the times; we shall have an observation at twelve o'clock. The clouds are beginning to break; it will clear up at noon, or else—blow very hard afterwards." "I wish it would clear up, but I doubt it much. I was once in a hurricane in the East Indies, and the beginning of it had much the same appearance as this. So take in the topsails; we have plenty of sea room." At twelve, the gale increasing still, we wore ship to keep as near mid-channel, between Jamaica and Cuba, as possible. At one, the gale increasing still; at two, harder yet: it still blows harder! Reefed the courses, and furled them; brought to under a foul mizen stay-sail, head to the northward. In the evening, no sign of weather taking off, but every appearance of increasing, prepared for a proper gale of wind; secured all the sails with spare gaskets; good rolling tackles upon the yards, spanned the booms; saw the boats all made fast; new lashed the guns; double breech'd the lower deckers; saw that the carpenters had the tarpaulins and battens all ready for hatchways; got the top-gallant-masts down upon the deck; jib-boom and sprit-sail-yard fore and aft; in fact, everything we could think of to make a snug ship.

The poor devils of birds now began to find the uproar

in the elements, for numbers came on board of us, both of sea and land kinds. Some I took notice of, which, happening to be to leeward, turned to windward like a ship, tack and tack; for they could not fly against it, and when they have come over the ship, dash themselves down on the deck, and never attempt to stir till picked up; and when let go again, would not leave the ship, but endeavour to hide themselves from the wind. At eight o'clock, a hurricane! the sea roaring, but the wind still steady to a point; did not ship a spoonful of water. However, got the hatchways all secured, expecting what would be the consequence should the wind shift; placed the carpenters by the mainmast with broad axes, knowing from experience that at the moment you may want to cut it away to save the ship an axe may not be found. Went to supper; bread, cheese, and port. The purser frightened out of his wits about his bread bags; the two marine officers as white as sheets, not understanding the ship's working so much, and the noise of the lower-deck guns—which by this time made a pretty screeching. To people not used to it, it seemed as if the whole ship's side was going at each roll. Wooden, our carpenter, was all this time smoking his pipe and laughing at the doctor; the second lieutenant upon deck, the third in his hammock. At ten o'clock I thought to get a little sleep; came to look into my cot; it was full of water, for every seam, by the straining of the ship, had begun to leak; stretched myself therefore upon deck between two chests, and left orders to be called should

the least thing happen. At twelve, a midshipman came to me. "Mr. Archer, we are just going to wear ship, sir." "Oh, very well, I'll be up directly; what sort of weather have you got?" "It blows a hurricane." Went upon deck, found Sir Hyde there! "It blows d—d hard, Archer." "It does indeed, sir." "I don't know that I ever remember its blowing so hard before, but the ship makes a very good weather of it upon this tack, as she bows the sea; but we must wear her, as the wind has shifted to the S.E., and we are drawing right upon Cuba; so do you go forward and have some hands stand by; loose the leeyard-arm of the foresail, and when she is right before the wind, whip the clue garnet close up and roll the sail up." "Sir, there is no canvass can stand against this a moment. If we attempt to loose him, he'll fly into ribands in a moment, and we may lose three or four of our people; she'll wear by manning the fore shrouds." "No, I don't think she will." "I'll answer for it, sir; I have seen it tried several times on the coast of America with success." "Well, try it; if she does not wear, we can only loose the foresail afterwards." This was a great condescension from such a man as Sir Hyde. However, by sending about two hundred people into the fore-rigging, after a hard struggle she wore; found she did not make so good weather on this tack as the other, for as the sea began to run across, she had not time to rise from one sea before another lashed against her. Began to think we should lose our masts, as the ship lay very much along,

by the pressure of the wind constantly upon the yards and masts alone; for the poor mizen stay-sail had gone in shreds long before, and the sails began to fly from the yards, through the gaskets, into coach-whips. My God! to think that the wind could have such force.

Sir Hyde now sent to see what was the matter between decks, as there was a good deal of noise. As soon as I went below, one of the marine officers calls out, "Good God! Mr. Archer, we are sinking; the water is up to the bottom of my cot." "Poh, poh, as long as it is not over your mouth, you are well off; what the devil do you make this noise for?" I found there was some water between decks, but nothing to be alarmed at; scuttle the deck, and let it run into the well; found she made a great deal of water through the sides and decks; turned the watch below to the pumps, though only two feet of water in the well; but expected to be kept constantly at work now, as the ship laboured much, with hardly a part of her above water but the quarter-deck, and that but seldom. "Come, pump away, my boys; carpenters, get the weather chain pump rigged." "All ready, sir." "Then man it, and keep both pumps going." At two o'clock the chain-pump was choked; set the carpenters at work to clear it; the two head pumps at work upon deck; the ship gained upon us while our chain-pumps were idle; in a quarter of an hour they were at work again, and we began to gain upon her. While I was standing at the pumps, cheering the people, the carpenter's mate came

running to me with a face as long as my arm—"Oh, sir! the ship has sprung a leak in the gunner's room." "Go, then, and tell the carpenter to come to me, but don't speak a word to any one else. Mr. Goodinoh, I am told there is a leak in the gunner's room; go and see what is the matter, but don't alarm anybody, and come and make your report privately, to me." A little after this he returned: "Sir, there's nothing there, 'tis only the water washing up between the timbers that this booby has taken for a leak." "Oh, very well, go upon deck, and see if you can keep any of the water from washing down below." "Sir, I have had four people constantly keeping the hatchways secure, but there is such a weight of water upon deck, that nobody can bear it when the ship rolls." Shortly afterwards the gunner came to me; "Mr. Archer, I should be glad if you would step this way into the magazine for a moment." I thought some d—d thing was the matter, and ran directly: "Well, what's the matter here?" "The ground tier of powder is spoiled: and I want to show you that it is not out of carelessness in me in stowing it, for no powder in the world could be better stowed. Now, sir, what am I to do? if you don't speak to Sir Hyde he will be angry with me." I could not but smile to see how easy he took the danger of the ship, and said to him, "Let us shake off this gale of wind first, and talk of the damaged powder afterwards." At four we had gained upon the ship a little, and I went upon deck, it being my watch. The second

lieutenant relieved me at the pumps. Who can attempt to describe the appearance of things upon deck? If I was to write for ever, I could not give you an idea of it —a total darkness all above—the sea on fire—running, as it were, in Alps, or Peaks of Teneriffe; mountains are too common an idea: the wind, roaring louder than thunder (absolutely no flight of imagination); the whole made more terrible, if possible, by a very uncommon kind of blue lightning. The poor ship very much pressed, yet doing what she could; shaking her sides, and groaning at every stroke. Sir Hyde upon deck, lashed to windward! I soon lashed myself alongside of him, and told him the situation of things below; the ship not making more water than might be expected with such weather; that "I was only afraid of a gun breaking loose." "I am not in the least afraid of that: I have commanded her for six years, and have had many a gale of wind in her; so that her iron work is pretty well tried, which always gives way first—hold fast, that was an ugly sea; we must lower the lower yards, I believe, Archer: the ship is much pressed." "If we attempt it, sir, we shall lose them, for a man aloft can do nothing; besides, their being down will ease the ship very little; the mainmast is a sprung mast; I wish it was overboard without carrying anything else along with it; but that can soon be done, the gale cannot last for ever, 'twill soon be daylight now." Found by the master's watch it was five o'clock, though but a little after four by ours; glad it was so near day-

light, and looked for it with much anxiety. Cuba, thou art much in our way! another ugly sea: sent a midshipman to bring news from the pumps; the ship was gaining on them very much, for they had broke one of their chains, but 'twas almost mended again. News from the pump again, she still gains! a heavy lee! Back water from leeward half-way up the quarter-deck, filled one of the cutters upon the booms and tore her all to pieces; the ship lying almost upon her beam-ends, and not attempting to right again. Word from below that the ship still gained on them, as they could not stand to the pumps, she lay so much along. Said to Sir Hyde, "This is no time, sir, to think of saving the masts, shall we cut the mainmast away?" "Aye, as fast as you can." I accordingly went into the weather chains with a pole-axe to cut away the lanyards; the boatswain went to leeward, and the carpenters stood by the mast: we were all ready, when a very violent sea broke right on board of us, carried everything upon deck away; filled the ship full of water; the main and mizen-masts went; the ship righted, but was in the last struggle of sinking under us. As soon as we could shake our heads above water, Sir Hyde exclaimed: "We are gone at last, Archer! foundered at sea!" "Yes, sir, farewell, and the Lord have mercy on us!" I then turned about to look forward at the ship, and thought she was struggling to get rid of some of the water; but all in vain: she was almost full below. God Almighty! I thank thee that now I am leaving

this world, which I have always considered as only a passagé to a better, I die with a full hope of thy mercies, through the merits of Jesus Christ thy Son, our Saviour. I then felt sorry that I could swim, as by that means I might be a quarter of an hour longer dying, than a man who could not, as it is impossible to divest ourselves of a wish to preserve life. At the end of these reflections, I thought I felt the ship thump, and grinding our feet; 'twas so! "Sir, the ship is ashore." "What do you say?" "The ship is ashore, and we may save ourselves yet." By this time the quarter-deck was full of men that had come up from below, and the "Lord have mercy on us," flying about from all quarters. The ship made everybody sensible now that she was ashore, for every stroke threatened a total dissolution of her whole frame; found she was stern ashore, and the bow broke the sea a good deal, though it was washing clean over at every stroke. Sir Hyde: "Keep to the quarter-deck, my lads, when she goes to pieces, 'tis your best chance." A providential circumstance, got the foremast cut away, that she might not pay round broadside; lost five men cutting away the foremast, by the breaking of a sea on board, just as the mast went; that was nothing; every one expected it would be his own fate next; looked for daybreak with the greatest impatience; at last it came, but what a scene did it show us: the ship upon a bed of rocks, mountains of them on one side, and cordeliers of water on the other; our poor ship grinding, and crying out at every stroke between them, going away

by piece-meal; however, to show the unaccountable workings of Providence, that often what appears to be the greatest evil, proves to be the greatest good—that unmerciful sea lifted, and beat us up so high among the rocks, that at last the ship scarcely moved. She was a very strong ship, and did not go to pieces at the first thumping, though her decks tumbled in. We found afterwards, that she had beat over a ledge of rocks, almost a quarter of a mile without us; where, if she had struck, every soul of us must have perished. I now began to think of getting on shore; so stripped off my coat and shoes for a swim, and looked for a line to carry the end with me. I luckily could not find one, which gave time for reflection. This won't do for me, to be the first man out of the ship, and first lieutenant; we may get to England again, and people may think I paid a great deal of attention to myself, and did not care for anybody else. No, that won't do; instead of being first, I'll see every man, sick and well, out of her before me.

I now thought there was not a probability of the ship's going soon to pieces, therefore had not a thought of instant death; took a look round with a sort of philosophic eye, to see how the same situation affected my companions; and was not surprised to find the most swaggering, swearing bullies in fine weather, were now the most pitiful wretches on earth, when death appeared before them: several people that could swim went overboard to try for the shore; nine of them were

drowned before our eyes. However, two got safe; by which means, with a line, we got a hawser on shore and made fast to the rocks, upon which many went, and arrived safe. There were some sick and wounded on board, who could not go this way; so we got a spare topsail-yard from the chains, and got one end ashore, and the other into the cabin window, so that most of the sick got ashore this way. As I had determined, so I was the last man out of the ship, which was about ten o'clock. The gale now began to break. Sir Hyde came to me, and taking me by the hand, was so affected as to be hardly able to speak. "Archer! I am happy beyond expression to see you on shore! but look at our poor *Phœnix!*" I turned about, but could not say a single word, being too full: my mind had been too actively employed before, but everything now rushed upon me at once, so that I should not contain myself; and I indulged for a full quarter of an hour. By twelve it was pretty moderate: got some sails on shore, and made tents; found great quantities of fish, drove up by the sea, in holes amongst the rocks: knocked up a fire, and had a most comfortable dinner. In the afternoon we made a stage from the cabin-windows to the rocks, and got out some provisions and water, lest the ship should go to pieces, and then we must all perish with hunger and thirst, for we were upon a desolate part of the coast, and under a rocky mountain, which could not supply us with a single drop of water.

Slept comfortably this night; and next day, the idea-

of death vanishing by degrees, the prospect of being prisoners, perhaps during the war, at the Havannah, and walking three hundred miles to it through the woods was unpleasant; however, to save life for the present, employed this day in getting more provisions and water on shore, which was not an easy matter, on account of decks, guns, and rubbish, that lay over them, and ten feet of water besides. In the evening I proposed to Sir Hyde, to repair the remains of the only boat left; and that I would venture to Jamaica myself; and if I got safe, would bring vessels to take them all off—a proposal worth thinking of. It was next day agreed to, so got the cutter on shore and set the carpenters to work on her; in two days she was ready, and at four o'clock in the afternoon I embarked, with four volunteers, and a fortnight's provisions; hoisted English colours as we put off from the shore, and received three cheers from the lads left behind, which we returned, and set sail with a light heart, having not the least doubt, that with God's assistance, we should soon come back and bring them all off. Had a very squally night, and a very leaky boat; so as to keep two buckets constantly bailing. Steered her myself the whole night by the stars, and in the morning saw the Island of Jamaica, distant about twelve leagues. At eight in the morning arrived in Montego Bay.

I must now begin to leave off, particularly as I have but half-an-hour to conclude, else my pretty little short letter will lose its passage, which I should not like after

being ten days at different times writing it, beating up with the convoy to the northward, which is a reason that this epistle will never read well; for I never sat down with a proper disposition to go on with it; but as I knew something of the kind would please you, I was resolved to finish it: yet it will not bear an overhaul; so don't expose your son's nonsense. But to proceed: I instantly sent off an express to the admiral; another to the *Porcupine* man-of-war; and went myself to Martha Bay to get vessels; for all their vessels here, as well as many of their houses, were gone to Moco. Got three small vessels, and set out back again to Cuba, where I arrived the fourth day after leaving them. I thought the ship's crew would have devoured me on my landing: they whisked me upon their shoulders presently, and carried me to the tent where Sir Hyde was. I must omit many little anecdotes that happened on shore, for want of time, but I shall have a number of stories to tell when I get alongside of you; and the next time I visit you, I shall not be in such a hurry to quit you as I was the last, for then I hope my nest will have been pretty well feathered; but my tale is forgot. I found the *Porcupine* had arrived that day, and the lads had built a boat almost ready for launching, that would hold fifty men, which was intended for another trial, in case I should have foundered. Next day embarked all our people that were left, amounting to two hundred and fifty; for some had died of the wounds they got coming on shore; others by drinking rum; and others had

straggled into the country. All our vessels were so full of people, that we could not take away the few clothes that were saved from the wreck; that was a trifle, since our lives and liberties were saved. To make short of my story, we all arrived safe at Montego Bay, and shortly after at Port Royal, in the *Janus*, which was sent on purpose for us, and were all honourably acquitted for the loss of the ship. I was made admiral's aide-de-camp, and a little after sent down to St. Janus, captain of the *Resource*, to bring what were left of the poor devils, to Blue-fields on the Musquito shore; and then to Jamaica, where they arrived after three months' absence, and without a prize, though I looked out hard, off Porto Bello and Carthagena. Found in my absence that I had been appointed captain of the *Tobago;* where I remain his Majesty's most true and faithful servant, and my dear mother's most dutiful son,

—— ARCHER.

## HIRING THE STAGE COACH

ON the return of Admiral Rodney from the defeat of Count de Grasse, the British seamen received their first payment of prize-money, amounting to upwards of eighty pounds per man.

During their leaves of absence the most ludicrous scenes took place on shore. One of the seamen hired the London stage coach, intending to take a trip to London with his lady.

At this time there were not many public conveyances, and Jack having taken the entire coach to himself, it was natural to suppose that there would be a deficiency in the number of conveyances for passengers on that day. Just as the coach was about to start, an officer came up and requested the coachman to open the coach door.

"The coach is full, sir," said the coachman, as he touched his hat and smiled.

"How can that be?" said the officer. "You have only *two* passengers."

"True, your honour," replied the coachman. "It is one of the crew of the *Magnificent*, and he has engaged the entire coach for himself and his party."

"Oh, if that's the case," said the lieutenant, "only let

## THE *MEDIATOR* AND AN ENEMY'S SQUADRON

### 1782

THE Hon. Captain James Luttrell, in the *Mediator* of 44 guns, being on a cruise in the Bay, at seven o'clock in the morning of December 12th, discovered five sail of large vessels to leeward. He immediately bore up and gave chase. These vessels, on his approach, shortened sail, and stood under their topsails, formed in a line of battle ahead, waiting to receive the *Mediator*. The headmost was *L'Eugene*, frigate-built, of 36 guns, and 130 men, commanded by Mons. Le Capitaine Baudin, laden for the French king, and bound to Port-au-Prince. She lay with a French pendant and ensign flying; next to her was an American brig, of 14 guns, and 70 men, with American colours; next to her a two-decked ship, the length of a 64, armed *en flute*, called the *Menagere*, French pendant and ensign flying, commanded by Mons. De Foligne, Capitaine de Brutot of the Department of Rochfort, mounting on her main-deck 26 long twelve-pounders, and four six-pounders on her quarter-deck and forecastle, with a complement of 212 men, laden with gunpowder, naval stores, and bale goods, for the French king's service, at Port-au-Prince. Next to her lay the *Alexander*, of 24 nine-

pounders, and 102 men, with a French pendant and an American ensign flying, commanded by a Captain Gregory, who appears to have been an Irishman, but had a Congress commission, laden with stores, provisions, etc., for the French king's use, at Port-au-Prince; next to her lay the *Dauphin Royal*, of 28 guns, and 120 men, bound to the East Indies, having a French pendant and ensign flying. Captain Luttrell, not intimidated by their formidable appearance, stood resolutely on till ten o'clock, when the enemy opened their fire as he passed along their line, which was returned from the *Mediator* with such steadiness and effect that in half-an-hour their line was broken.

The three largest of the ships wore under an easy sail, and continued to engage the *Mediator* with much briskness till eleven, when, by a skilful manœuvre, and superior fire, Captain Luttrell cut off the *Alexander*, and compelled her to strike. Her companions instantly went off under a crowd of sail before the wind. At half-past twelve, Captain Lutterell, having secured his prize, renewed the chase, upon which they separated. At five in the evening he got within gun-shot of the *Menagere*, and commenced a smart running fight, which continued until nine,[1] when, having ranged close up

[1] The *Menagere* would have been taken much sooner, but the *Mediator*, carrying on through a sudden squall, with three of her lee lower-deck guns run out, the water rushed in through the open ports until it was knee-deep on the deck. In order to rid her of the water, it was necessary to put up the helm and run off the wind for some considerable time.

alongside of her, she hauled down her colours. The next morning at daybreak the brig and *Dauphin Royal* were seen in the offing, but Captain Lutterell, being close in with the Spanish coast, and having on board 340 prisoners, with only 190 of his own men to guard them, judged it most prudent to steer for England with his prizes. In this action the *Alexander* had six men killed, and nine wounded; the *Menagere* four killed and eight wounded. The enemy having directed their fire chiefly at the masts and rigging of the *Mediator*, not a man was hurt.

In the night of the 14th, Captain Luttrell was alarmed by a violent explosion, of which he gives the following account:—

"Captain Stephen Gregory, of the *Alexander*, laid a plot to occasion the prisoners to rise, and hoped to have taken the *Mediator* from me, but through the indefatigable attention of Lieutenant Rankin, of the marines, in the disposal and regulation of sentries, etc., as a guard, and the lucky precaution we had taken of ordering the gratings of all the hatches in the lower gun-deck to be battoned down with capstan-bars, leaving room for only one man at a time to come up abaft, where, in case of an alarm, we had fixed our rendezvous, the desperate scheme of Gregory was prevented, without bloodshed, the prisoners finding no passage where they could get up. The alarm he fixed on was to fire an eighteen-pounder in the gun-room, where he lay, for he messed with my lieutenants, and had received every

friendly attention. At ten at night I felt a terrible shock from some explosion, and heard a cry of 'fire!' I was soon after informed that the leeport was blown away by the gun into the sea, and the water making in. As soon as I had wore ship on the other tack, to get the porthole covered with tarpaulins, and secured, I went down, found the gun-room on fire, and everything shattered that was near the explosion; Gregory, with his accomplices, dressed, though they had pretended to go to bed; and in their cot was found gunpowder, which they had provided to prime the gun with; and in short, every proof necessary for a conviction of Gregory's having fired it for an alarm to make the prisoners rise. He had also endeavoured to provide himself with a sword, but being disappointed in his project, he begged his life. A cry of fire forwards was heard among the prisoners when the signal gun was fired; but all being discovered and settled, I ordered Gregory, together with those of his officers and men whom I suspected concerned in the plot, to be put in irons, and kept on bread and water."

## A PORTSMOUTH SLOP-SELLER'S SIGN, 1790

MORGAN. Mercer and sea-draper, No. 85, opposite the Fountain Inn, High Street.

Sailors rigged complete from stem to stern, *viz.*, chapeau, mapeau, flying-jib and flesh-bag; inner pea, outer pea, and cold defender; rudder-case, and service to the same, up-haulers, down traders, fore-shoes, lacings, gaskets, etc.

With canvas bags,
To hold your cags,
And chests to sit upon;
Clasp-knives your meat
To cut, and eat,
When ship does lay along.

## JACK ABOARD A PORTUGUESE INDIAMAN

### 1793

THERE was a great number of Portuguese vessels lying at Rio Janeiro at this time. No accounts had been received from Lisbon for six months, and it was believed the French had taken Portugal.

At length a ship arrived from Lisbon, and all the Portuguese prepared to sail. The governor's linguist came on board the *Amelia*, and requested, as a personal favour, that Captain Shiels would allow four of his men to go on board the *Commodore*, to assist in the voyage home, as it would be a winter's passage.

I immediately volunteered, as I hoped by this means to reach England sooner. Had I known the delays, the fatigue, and vexations I was to endure from these execrable, superstitious Portuguese sailors, I never would have left the *Amelia* for any reward the commodore could have given me; and he was very kind to us. He knew our value, and his whole reliance was upon us. We were to work the ship, and fight the ship, should an enemy lay us alongside. He had been forty years trading between Lisbon and Rio Janeiro, and in all that time never had made a winter's voyage. The Portuguese are the worst sailors in the world, in rough

or cold weather, and we had plenty of both ; but, worse than all, we had a black fellow of a priest on board, to whom the crew paid more attention than to the captain. He was for ever ringing his bell for mass, and sprinkling holy water upon the men. Whenever it blew harder than ordinary, they were sure to run to the quarter-deck to the black priest. We were almost foundered at one time by this unseaman-like conduct. The whole crew ran to the quarter-deck, kneeling down, resigned to their fate, the priest sprinkling holy water most profusely upon them, while we four Englishmen were left to steer the vessel, and hand the sails. It required two of the four to steer, so that there were only two to hand the sails. The consequence was, she broached to. William Mercer and I ran and cut the fore-geers, and allowed the yard to swing; at the same time, the captain, mate, and boatswain, hauled in the fore-brace, and she righted in a moment. Had her combings not been very high, she must have filled while she lay upon her beam ends. The sea was all over her deck round the hatch, but so soon as she righted, and we were going to make sail, the Portuguese left their priest, and lent us a hand.

We were wrought almost to death; and never could have made out the voyage, had we not been well fed, and the captain given us plenty of liquor. The black priest rung his bell at his stated time, whatever we were doing ; and the Portuguese would run to their berths for their crosses. Often the main-tack was left half hauled aboard at the sound of his bell, and the vessel

left to drift to leeward until prayers were over. As two men could do nothing to the sail when the wind was fresh, after prayers they would return, and begin bawling and hauling, calling upon their saints, as if they would come to assist. We were thus almost driven to distraction by them; and could scarce keep off our hands from boxing their ears. Many a hearty curse they and their saints got. Then they would run to the captain or priest, and make complaint that the Englishmen had cursed Saint Antonio, or some other of their saints. I often wondered the captain did not confine the priest to his cabin in foul weather, as he was sure to be busiest then. When they complained, the captain took our part, and overawed the Portuguese, or I really believe they would have thrown us overboard. They often looked at us as if they could have eat us without salt, and told us to our face we were "Star pork"—that is all the same as swine—that we knew nothing of God or the saints. I showed them my Bible, and the names of the saints. They were quite surprised. I was baldheaded, and they called me an English padre. Often the bell rang while we were at dinner. They inquired why I would not go to mass. "I mess with the Coussinero," I replied. They began to think I had the best religion. They seemed to think the foul weather was all upon our account, and the virgin and saints sent it because they employed heretics on board.

We had a supercargo on board as passenger, who had made his fortune in the slave trade, and was returning

home to Portugal. He took unwell, and died. At his funeral there were the following manœuvres gone through: every one had a candle in his hand; and all stood in a double line upon the deck; there were even lanthorns hung over the ship's side to light him to the bottom. The body was carried along the double line, the priest chanting, and every one touched him before he was thrown overboard. The captain requested us to do as the others did. Says Will Mercer, "Captain, I will throw him overboard for you, if you please."

At length, after a tedious voyage of three months, I got out of this vile crew. When we reached the Tagus, the Portuguese began to quarrel and knock us about. We stood our ground the best way we could, until the captain got five of them sent on shore under a guard of soldiers. We remained at the captain's house until we got our wages. The owners gave us a doubloon a-piece, over and above our agreement, for saving the ship, as the captain did us every justice to the owners at the time, saying, "If the English were as careful of their souls as they are of their bodies, they would be the best people in the world." I had many conversations with the captain concerning the ignorance of the Portuguese people in general, and asked why the priest did not inform them better. He said, "Were we to inform them, they would soon turn the priest about his business, and rise against the government. They must only get knowledge by little and little."

We assisted at a religious ceremony before we came

away, at the special request of our kind friend, the captain. The fore-sail that was set when she broached to, was given as an offering to the church, as the black priest told them it was through it they were saved. Although the worst sailor in the ship knew it was the sail that would have sunk us, they dared not contradict the priest. The whole ship's crew carried it through the streets of Lisbon upon handkerchiefs, to the church, where it was placed upon the altar with much mummery. We came away and left them; but the owners of the vessel bought back the sail again, after the priests had blessed it to their minds, as the church had more use for money than fore-sails.

William Mercer and I entered on board a brig bound for London, which was to sail in a few days; during which time we rambled about through the filthy streets of Lisbon. The higher orders of the Portuguese are very kind and civil. I was too late one evening to get on board the brig; a Portuguese merchant noticed my perplexity, for it is no pleasing thing to have a lodging to seek in Lisbon at a latish hour. Without my requesting him, he took me to his own house; gave me an excellent supper and bed. Had I been a gentleman of his acquaintance, he could not have been kinder, or paid me more attention. He ordered his servant to call me at any hour in the morning I chose.

As war was now looked for, we were afraid for the press. The Portuguese captain, at our request, got each of us a protection from the British Consul at

Lisbon. With a joyful heart I set sail for London to look out for an Indiaman.

When we arrived at Gravesend a man-of-war's boat came on board to press any Englishmen there might be on board. William and I did not choose to trust to our protections, now that we were in the river. So we stowed ourselves away among some bags of cotton, where we were almost smothered, but could hear every word that was said. The captain told the lieutenant he had no more hands than he saw, and they were all Portuguese. The lieutenant was not very particular, and left the brig without making much search. When the boat left the vessel we crept from our hiding hole, and not long after a custom-house officer came on board. When we cast anchor, as I had a suit of long clothes in my chest, I put them on immediately, and gave the custom-house officer half-a-guinea for the loan of his cocked hat and powdered wig; the long gilt-headed cane was included in the bargain. I got a waterman to put me on shore. I am confident my own father, had he been alive, could not have known me with my cane in my hand, cocked hat, and bushy wig. I inquired of the waterman the way to the inn, where the coach set out for London; I at the same time knew as well as he. I passed for a passenger. At the inn I called for a pint of wine, pens and ink, and was busy writing any nonsense that came in my head until the coach set off. All these precautions were necessary. Had the waterman snspected me to be a sailor, he would have informed

the press-gang in one minute. The waiters at the inn would have done the same.

By these precautions I arrived safe in London, but did not go down to Wapping until next day, where I took up my old lodgings, still in my disguise. My landlord went on board, and brought on shore my bedding and chest.

I found there was not a berth to be got in any of the Indiamen. They were all full. Then as my next best my landlord took me to be impressed. He got the six guineas allowed the bringer which he returned to me. He was from Inverness, as honest a man as ever lived. I had always boarded in his house when in London. A curious scene happened at my entry. There were a few more impressed on the same day, one an old tar. When asked by Captain Rogers, in his examination, how they hauled the main-tack aboard? he replied, "I can't tell you, your honour, but I can show." He clapped his foot into Captain Rogers pocket, at the same instant leaped on his shoulders, tore his coat to the skirts, saying, "Thus we haul it aboard." Captain Barefoot of the *Nottingham*, and the other captains laughed heartily, as well as Rogers, who said rather peevishly, "You might have shown, without tearing my coat." "How could I, your honour?" was the reply.

## THE GLORIOUS FIRST OF JUNE, 1794

*(Copy of a letter written by a Seaman on board the "Queen")*

WE left Spithead the end of April, 1794, with forty sail of East Indiamen, Newfoundland, Straits, and Lisbon convoys; we were obliged to put back to St. Helen's twice, and on the 2nd of May we sailed, with a fair wind. Our fleet consisted of thirty-two battle-ships of the line, ten frigates, hospital, and fire-ships and a cutter. On Saturday the 4th, we parted company with all the convoys, and sent Admiral George Montague, with six ships of the line and a cutter, to escort them clear of the Channel. We then steered across the next day, looked into Brest, and saw the fleet at anchor, apparently ready for sea. We then put to the westward, in hopes of falling in with a large convoy of vessels, loaded with provisions, from America. We cruised to the westward for a fortnight, in the latitude from 46 to 49, and in 8 longitude. We looked out and took one French merchant brig, and two English vessels, which the French had captured. We sent them to England; and on the 19th, again looked into Brest, and found the French fleet were gone. In the entrance of Brest we

retook an English brig, who gave us information that the fleet could not be far off, she having been captured by them a few days ago, and all the Newfoundland convoy, with the *Castor* frigate. We directly steered to the westward, in hopes of falling in with them, and on the 21st we retook nine sail of that convoy, and burnt them. On the 23rd we took a ship, a brig, and a galliot, and burnt them. On the 24th took a French national cutter, and sunk her. On the 26th we took a national ship and a brig, which came into our fleet, which they had, fortunately for us, mistook for their fleet: they had dispatches on board for their fleet, and might have been of great service and consequence to them. We burnt them on the same day, and gave chase to a French line-of-battle-ship, with another in tow, which she let go; the ship she had in tow we took and burnt; but the battle-ship got off, as she was a swifter sailer than ours. By that ship we found that the French fleet could not be far off, for they expected to find them in that latitude and longitude. On the 28th, at eight o'clock in the morning, we saw, to the great joy of us all, the French fleet to the windward of us, all sails set; they came within six miles, or thereabout of us, and then hauled their wind; we gave chase to them, and about six o'clock in the evening, our weathermost ship brought them to action; but, however, we managed to take one of their three-deckers, with which the *Audacious* drove up for England. It came on a thick fog that night, and we lay to our quarters; we did not come to action in the *Queen* owing

to our being far astern ; we carried a press of sail all night, and in the morning, found, that instead of being the sternmost ship in our line, we were the headmost and weathermost ship in it. The signal was made to form the line for battle, as soon as possible ; at eight o'clock tacked, and wore on the contrary tack to the enemy, and expected to tack and fetch above the middle of the enemy's line ; but owing to the wind, could not weather any one of their ships. The signal was made to engage the enemy at coming up with them. At about a quarter past ten, the French wore, and bore down to us ; the *Cæsar* was the only ship ahead of us. The French van had got within about one mile of us, and begun to engage us ; they are famous at fighting with long balls ; we gave them as good as they brought, and a heavy fire commenced between the two fleets, which were both equal, twenty-five each. There was only our van that was near enough to make the balls tell, and that only now and then.

As we were a long distance for engaging, the signal was made to tack, and the *Cæsar*, the leading ship, made the signal of inability. We wore, and tacked up for the middle of the enemy's van ; we became the leading ship, and passed within musket shot of every ship in the French line. I did not suppose it possible to keep up such a fire as we received and gave from every ship in the line. Admiral Gardiner wished to break their line, but could not effect it owing to the south wind. The last six ships in the French line we wore within pistol

shot of, and gave them all as complete a drubbing as they ever experienced ; there were only a few ships in our line that followed us, the last being too far to the leeward. About four o'clock we had got through their line ; we lay a complete wreck ; we had not a single stay left standing in the ship ; our shrouds were all shot and cut to pieces ; we had not a single cloth left in our sails, but what was shot and shattered in such a manner as to oblige us to unbend and bend new ones ; our lower masts were shot through. I must not omit mentioning the courage of our admiral ; he seemed quite delighted the whole of the action ; and, in short, you would suppose, could you have seen him, that he was amusing himself at an opera. I was quartered on the poop, to observe signals ; but owing to the smoke, could not see our bowsprit end ; so that in fact I had nothing to do, but to stand like a crow to be shot at : there were several poor fellows shot close to me ; and if I was daunted or disheartened at that, I had nothing to do but to look at the admiral, and his very appearance put fresh courage and life into me. In this action our captain lost his leg, the master was killed, twenty seamen killed, and twenty-six wounded.

By twelve o'clock that night, we had repaired all our damage, and were as ready to renew the action as ever. The French lost masts, yards, etc., in abundance ; we fairly fought them out of the weather gage. I forgot to mention, that after we had got through their line, their van ship wore, with an intention to cut us off, being so

far to the leeward, not being able to make sail; but fortunately the *Royal Sovereign* and *Royal George* covered us, so that they again wore, and stood to the leeward. Lord Howe thought it the best for our ship to lay by and repair our damage, which we did.

On the 30th of May, 1794, the ships of our fleet, as they passed us, gave us marks of approbation by cheering us. Admiral Gardiner said the 12th of April fire was nothing to the fire we kept up. We saw no more of the French till the 31st, at twelve o'clock, to the leeward of us. We bore down to them, but it was too late to engage that night. Next morning, the glorious 1st of June, we saw them to the leeward, a long way off us. We made sail down to them; they were laying, to, to form the line of battle. Admiral Gardiner told us it was his intention to break the French line; we were the eighth ship in the rear of our line. The signal was made for our ship to engage her opponent. At nine o'clock we got down to our ship, an eighty-four gun, and began to engage her; as we were bearing down to them, they kept up a continual fire at us. I was very much afraid of our masts; but we soon got down to them, and engaged, as I said before, we got within pistol-shot of them, and such a fire was kept up as astonished everybody. The Frenchmen made sail, and run out of the line. We dropped down to the next ship, an eighty-four gun also, and began on her. We so raked her and peppered her together that in one hour she had not one single mast standing. We shot her

colours away so often that she had none left to hoist; and at last an officer came on deck and waved his hat and we left off firing.

At the same time there were four ships engaging their opponent to the windward, and all of them at us to the leeward; our mainmast was shot away. When the smoke cleared up, we had the pleasure of seeing ten of their ships without a single stay standing, and their colours all struck. One, an eighty-four gun, engaged the *Royal George* so long that she afterwards sunk, and absolutely fired her upper guns when her lower deck was under water, and went down with colours flying.[1] The van had not so much share in this action as the centre and rear. The *Queen Charlotte* gave the *Mountain*, the French admiral's ship, one broadside. She hauled out of the line and went off; then the *Charlotte* engaged another. We were so damaged and disabled that we made much draft to the leeward, which the French seeing, made sail with twelve sail of their line, which had been but little damaged. They made sail with an effort to cut us off, which was an easy matter, as Lord Howe declared he gave us up, for being so far to the windward as not to be able to assist us in time. We had only an old sail up forward, but luckily the wind favoured us a little, and the twelve sail, all but one —their admiral—began firing on us, and we gave them an equal return. They passed within half-a-mile of us,

[1] An inaccurate statement. The writer refers to *Le Vengeur*, which struck to the *Brunswick*.

and truly a mortifying sight. They got away four of their own ships which had struck their colours, and we, owing to our disabled state, could not prevent them; they then bore away, and we saw them no more. We had seven of their ships left, and about half-an-hour after the action was over, an eighty-four gun, which we had taken, the *Le Vengeur*, sunk, with five hundred men on board. Not one of them could we assist, having nothing to get our boat out with.

It would be needless to mention every accident that happened to our fleet, only that there is not a ship but has evident marks of the enemy's fire. Thus may I close my account, though a dreadful one, of the most glorious day England ever saw—the first of June, 1794.

I forgot to mention that four line-of-battle-ships joined the *Le Jacobin* after the first action, so that they were four ships ahead of us. It grieves me to say that on the first of June we had seventeen killed and sixty wounded. Amongst the former a gallant fellow, our second lieutenant, and among the latter three midshipmen, who are in a fair way of recovery.

So near as I can recollect, our expense in powder was twenty-five tons, and sixty tons of shot, equal to, and was, one hundred and thirty broadsides, which, though true, is almost past belief.

When we were within sight of the French fleet, before the last action, Admiral Gardiner called all the seamen and officers on the quarter-deck and said, "he had been in many actions, but none, or ever saw anything, to

equal the last; that their coolness and determination exceeded anything of the kind he ever saw, and if they went on in the same manner, he was sure the French could not stand us half-an-hour." One of the sailors said, "Never fear, admiral, only lay us close enough."—"That I will," says he, "and will be bound we will singe their beards."—He could hardly get an opportunity of speaking for the great repeated huzzas and symptoms of joy and determination that seemed to glow in each breast of every jolly lad. They were determined to follow and die with their admiral. We arrived at Plymouth the date before mentioned, and brought six of their ships—a sight such as never was seen in England before by the oldest man ever living.

# NARRATIVE OF AN OFFICER'S IMPRISONMENT IN FRANCE, 1794

ON the 26th May, in the morning the fog cleared, and a squadron appeared to windward, standing towards us with all sail, commanded by Admiral Nielly, with the following ships: the *Sans Pareil*, of 80 guns, and 800 men; *Le Trajon*, of 80 guns, and 800 men; *Le Patriot*, of 74 guns, and 700 men; *Le Temeraire*, of 74 guns, and 700 men; *Le Bellone*, of 36 guns, and *La Duct*, of 20 guns. On seeing this force, Captain Trowbridge made signals for the convoy to disperse; but the enemy, having the advantage of the breeze, there appeared very little probability of escaping, and the greatest part of the convoy was captured by the squadron. Here I must beg leave to observe, from the assertion of one of the officers of Captain Trowbridge, that his conduct on this occasion was highly meritorious, and will do honour to the character of a naval officer; he would have at that time kept up a running fight, had there been any probability of protecting the convoy he had under his command: and said, "If I can save the convoy, the loss of his Majesty's ship will be but trivial; but I value the lives of every individual, and those of my officers." My readers may form some idea of his true merit, when

I add that he did not rely on his own opinion merely; he summoned all his officers, and requested them to give their advice on the subject; and in a resolute tone said, "Let us not give his Majesty's ship up easily." But the whole jointly agreed in one opinion, that situated as they then were, and suddenly surrounded by an enemy's squadron of such a superior force, it would be of no advantage to sacrifice many brave men who might thereafter be of service to their King and country. Under these unpleasant circumstances he was obliged to strike; the commodore was sent on board the *Sans Pareil*, his officers on board different ships. I was sent on board *Le Trajon*, where some of Captain Trowbridge's officers were likewise; we joined the French fleet on the 28th, and were in the engagement of Lord Howe, on the 1st of June; during the combat we were put in the hole, but I could distinctly hear them say, that the English must have a vast number of Royalists with them, or they would never fight so furiously. Immediately after the engagement we were dispatched for Brest; and, during the time we remained on board *Le Trajon*, the captain, officers, and company of that ship treated us with the greatest humanity. This coming to the knowledge of Jean Bon St. Andre, he actually preferred a complaint against them, and on their arrival at Brest the captain and the officers were taken out of the ship and actually guillotined. The subsequent part of my narrative will plainly show to what an extent the French carried their resentment; in short, they still

preserve the same vindictive spirit of cruelty which has been interwoven in their disposition from the commencement of the Revolution to the present period.

To refer to our landing—it will, I hope, be sufficient for every one to remember, that in England the life of a prisoner of war is as sacred as one of his Majesty's subjects; but it will be here sufficient to convince my reader what different treatment we received. Having therefore so far stated the particulars respecting my second captivity, I proceed to detail the circumstances subsequent to our landing. The crews of the captured ships, and those of his Majesty's ship *Castor*, with their baggage, were landed at the arsenal at Brest, where the revolutionary traitors to their King and country acted like savages; for, on our landing, all our lives were in immediate danger; the French rabble flocked round us, vociferating, "Shoot the vagabonds!" together with every vile expression it was possible to express; and when the boatswain of the *Castor* requested that his officer's baggage might be put by itself, an impertinent French officer said, "No, for in this free country there is no distinction between a King's officer and a common seamen." This indeed was too soon verified; for, if possible, the officers were treated worse than the seamen and marines. After we were all landed, we were marched out of the arsenal into the town, surrounded by a strong guard, and marched round it in order to make a public spectacle of us. Our number was upwards of 500. The guard conducted us through the different

streets in triumph, the mob exclaiming "Here is fine work for the hangman! Let the people have their revenge! Fine work for our national razor! Here are the slaves of George and Pitt!" Through the streets of Brest the mob became immense, pelting us with sticks, dirt, and every kind of filth on which they could lay their hands; and I am sorry to repeat that men, who call themselves soldiers, encouraged the brutality of the populace, by crying out, "Bravo!" Here I cannot but remark how this nation had degenerated, in so short a time from the commencement of the Revolution to that period. Indeed I had every reason to suppose that the soldiers would have even given us up to the populace, particularly when we were halted at the door of the National Tribunal; as the officer who commanded the troops was summoned to appear before them, and remained somewhat more than twenty minutes. The mob during that time was furious, even beyond my feeble talents to express; and when he reappeared, the air resounded with "Long live the Republic!" He gave orders, however, that we should be marched from thence to the hospital. In this place we were confined somewhat more than an hour, then brought out, and surrounded by the same guard, who conducted us back to the Tribunal. Here again we were surrounded by the brutal populace, several of whom attempted to stab some of the prisoners.

Before I proceed in my narrative, justice requires that I give to one of the members of the Tribunal some merit

which he highly deserves. On his being informed of the conduct of the mobs, he came out and addressed himself to the commanding officer; "Disperse that rabble, and do your duty; these men are prisoners of war, and I expect you will treat them as such, and take care that you escort them immediately out of town to Pontivey" (a prison situated at some distance from Brest); but on our arrival at the outer gate, every prisoner that had money, was obliged to pay ninety livres for the carriage of his baggage. We soon found that it was the money or our lives which were required, and were obliged to submit; those who had no money, were unmercifully beaten. I had the good fortune to conceal my money from them at the outer gate, but was unmercifully beaten by one of the French officers; and on our arrival at the inner gate, to our astonishment and mortification, every man was stripped and plundered of all he had. By this act of extortion I was once more left pennyless. How wide a difference was there between my deliverer, who was only a turnkey in a common gaol, and those officers who were at the head of this robbing banditti. Such of the prisoners as had baggage were given to understand that they could not have it until the following day. One particular circumstance, however, I cannot suffer to go unnoticed, which was peculiarly striking. An aged master of a merchant vessel, had concealed some Spanish money in his clothes; this being discovered, the poor man was compelled to strip himself quite naked; and such was the

brutality of the soldiers, that they even pricked him with the bayonets. At length they carried their brutality to a height that decency will not allow me to mention. One of the prisoners, who spoke French, asking why such infamous treatment was inflicted on Englishmen, was answered with a blow from a musquet, together with the most abusive language.

When this scene of cruelty was over, we were all turned into the prison, and the whole of us nearly stripped naked; and we found by those who were then confined, that they had all been plundered in the like manner. That night we slept on a damp floor; the filthy situation of the prison was beyond description horrible. The next day the prisoners were called to receive their baggage, but all the chests, trunks, and bundles, had been pillaged of everything valuable. The prisoners remonstrated with the commanding officer of the troops respecting their cruel treatment, but received no other answer than, "You vagabonds of the English nation ought not to expect anything better." As, upon a moderate calculation, the whole property taken, or otherwise robbed of the prisoners at that particular period, amounted to three thousand pounds, the reader may conceive that the distress of all ranks confined in that prison was great. The officers, seamen, and marines, as well as those captured in merchant ships—all were destitute of money and clothes, and continually ill treated by the soldiery. In this prison we found Lieutenant Bolton, Lieutenant Cotgrave, late com-

mander of the *Ranger* cutter, Mr. Clift, his master, Mr. Bellamy, his surgeon, the captain and officers of a Dutch frigate, and a great number of officers whose names are not at this moment familiar to me, all in the most horrible distress imaginable. One thing greatly alarmed me; the gaol fever made its appearance, and the prisoners died from four to five daily. Two poor men, who begged a little wine in their illness, were answered by the medical men in these words, "No, you English dogs, wine is not for you; it is given only to true Republicans."

A circumstance that added much to our misery was that this prison was so small that there was not room for the prisoners to lie down on the floor; and each succeeding day brought new instances of atrocious cruelty. One in particular I cannot omit to mention. A seaman who had belonged to the *Thames* frigate was looking through a hole of the gates of the prison. The soldiers, on seeing this, in their wanton ferocity levelled their piece and shot him dead. One of the officers immediately remonstrated with the commander on the subject, and requested he would make inquiry into the subject; but the only answer he returned was, "*We should be happy to serve you all the same*"; and they even allowed the body to lie two days before it was removed. The allowance of provision consisted of black bread, and sometimes a small quantity of meat. Of water we were oftentimes kept destitute for twelve hours and upwards, and were even refused the indul-

gence of fetching any from a well that was contiguous to the prison. The general cry of the soldiers was, "Die, you English dogs, or rascals!"

After we had been confined in this prison for several months, a party of prisoners (of which number I was one) was sent off to Quimper, and, on our quitting the prison, the sailors within, agreeable to their custom, gave three cheers, which were answered by us on the outside. The French soldiers who were our guard construed this into a menace, and they immediately threatened to fire on us. The captain of the guard then addressed us as follows: "You English dogs, or citizens, or gentlemen, who understand the French language, tell your comrades, that if in the course of this journey any noise is made, such as singing 'God save the King,' menacing, or any other riot, we have orders, and shall fire on you immediately; and we now load before you for that purpose," which they actually did.

My fellow companions in misery were then marched off with an hungry stomach, almost naked, and nearly the whole of us destitute of shoes. We were halted at a village about seven miles distant from Pontivey, where we were allowed to sit down under some trees. The peasantry brought us some water and milk for sale; but how was it possible for us to purchase the least comfort, as we had already been plundered on our entering the prison at Pontivey? We exclaimed to those good people that we had no money, and they

liberally bestowed upon us what they brought for sale, as an act of charity.

After an hour's rest we recommenced our march, and arrived at Landarneau about three o'clock. At this place the prison which was allotted for us was a stable. Here we had some good clean straw to lie upon, which was a luxury indeed to us, who had so long slept on the bare floor. My second captivity, however, did not excite in me a disposition to complain. After the sufferings I had endured in the conciergerie, no hardships were equal to them, as every day gave me some hopes of seeing my native land. Further, the kind attention we here received displayed a new scene of beneficence. We were given a dinner, consisting of good meat soup, bread, and a pint of wine each. Such nourishment we had not seen for many months before. But here I must give the reader to understand that this comfortable treatment was derived from charity of the inhabitants of the town, who distributed our provisions themselves ; the soldiers would otherwise have deprived us of their bounty.

The following day we received orders to proceed to La Force. On our arrival at that place, we were all driven into a church, and some straw given us. Such a building a few years back was devoted solely to worship, yet those people not only deserted their king, but even renounced their religion, and have been guilty of the most atrocious sacrilege. They have plundered their churches ; not even the dead have been allowed to rest.

It is a general remark that there is no rest upon earth; but in France there is no rest even in the grave. The church that was allotted us for our prison for the night, I could not but reflect, that it would some years before have been almost deemed a sacrilege for a Protestant to enter; but now it was stripped of all its ornaments and left in ruins.

The people here were much inclined to render us some assistance, and to contribute such comforts as were in their power to afford. One particular circumstance, however, which I shall relate, was beyond the greatest brutality I had ever seen or heard of. A poor woman, with her two children, came with some soup and bread as her charitable mite. The brute of a sentinel endeavoured to take it from her, but on her refusing to deliver it up to him he instantly stabbed her with his bayonet, though she was evidently far gone in pregnancy. Here I must beg leave to remark that had a soldier in England been guilty of such a crime, death would have been his lot; yet so far was the atrocious villain from being censured, that the officer of the guard exclaimed, "You have done right!" I have not the least doubt but this poor creature lost her life, as she was taken away by two females present.

At this place we were treated very ill; nothing but bread and water were given us. Such was their character then, and they no ways deviate from their brutality, although they presume to call themselves the *Great Nation!*

On our arrival at Quimper we found fifteen hundred prisoners. Amongst them were some persons of high distinction, particularly Lady Ann Fitzroy, and the honourable Mr. Wesley, her brother, who had been captured on their passage from Lisbon. Instances of this lady's goodness will be found in the course of my narrative, and the kind attention of Mrs. Stidder will ever do honour to the female sex; and at Quimper were Admiral Bligh, captured in the *Alexander*, Captain Kiltoe of the *Espion;* Lieutenant Robinson of the *Thames* was then in the hospital, having lost his leg in action. This unfortunate officer was totally neglected, and I am not quite certain but he died *actually for want of nourishment.*

The prison of Quimper was originally a convent, composed of two distinct buildings, surrounded by a high wall, within which there was a garden, wherein Lady Ann, and some other ladies, were allowed to walk a few times: and although her ladyship had permission to lodge in a house contiguous to the prison, to such a height did our captors carry their brutality, as to have sentinels to guard them night and day. I have, indeed, every reason to believe that they exercised their cruelty on *her* the more, on account of her unparalleled virtues, and continued attentions to her distressed fellow-countrymen. From the commencement of our imprisonment at Quimper, the allowance of provisions had been small, and of the worst quality. At the expiration of three months they began to decrease, the allowance was then

reduced to three small loaves, (weighing about two pounds) *for seven people*, for which they sometimes substituted rice, or horsebeans—the whole of which, however, was barely sufficient to subsist one man. To add to our punishment, they would not allow any fire in the prison, so that we were obliged to eat the rice and horsebeans in a dry state. Here her ladyship extended her charity, and purchased us some bread and meat, but the soldiers would often even stop that, and appropriate it to their own use. If any complaint was made, the only satisfaction that could be obtained was the epithets of "*English dogs*," and "*English rascals, let them die!*" In short, every filthy and obscene expression, which it was possible for them to utter, was most liberally bestowed upon us.

Further, to augment our sufferings, they frequently made it a point, the moment the provisions were served out, immediately to drive us into the courtyard to muster, during which interval they plundered us of all our miserable allowance, so that we were left in a state of starvation; and when any remonstrance was made of the soldiers' conduct, the person, or persons so complaining, was immediately confined in the black-hole, for the space of forty-eight hours. In this wretched state we lingered, expecting to perish; and what contributed yet more to increase our misery was the arrival of more prisoners to participate in our distresses. At the period now referred to there were confined in the prison of Quimper, 3678 English prisoners, besides Dutch, Portu-

guese, and Spaniards, all in a state of starvation, and having scarcely any clothes to cover them. At length we began to feel the effects of the gaol distemper; so that from the accumulated pressure of hunger disease, and nakedness, from eight to ten and upwards died daily. Lady Fitzroy frequently remonstrated with the commissary respecting his inhuman conduct and treatment of her fellow-countrymen, but he was deaf even to her supplications. As an instance of the powerful influence of female virtue over a tyrannical mind, it may not be amiss to remark, that he at length promised, in consequence of her repeated entreaties, that he would make some efforts, as far as lay in his power to relieve us; but, shocking to relate, with that promise it ended, so that the disease extended its devastations, and became general.

Notwithstanding the renewed discouragements thrown in her way, Lady Ann Fitzroy determined, if possible, to relieve our distress. She then applied for leave to purchase medicines for the sick; but that consolation was even refused to her benevolent attachment to her countrymen. In short, orders were issued that none should be sold to her ladyship, nor to the English, *on pain of death.* This order was actually proclaimed by the sound of drum, through the streets of Quimper; but the spirited conduct of Captain Kiltoe threatened him severely for his notorious conduct; and the brutal commissary, at length seeing the disease become general, permitted her ladyship to bestow her beneficent bounty

on us, till, however, when anything occurred in the prison that did not please him, he loaded us with the vilest epithets, calling us English rascals publicly in the prison ; when conversing with his own people, his usual words were, " Damn them, let them die."

At this period it was reported to him that a cannonading was heard at sea. He gave orders that we should be closely confined in the prison, and placed a double guard over us, adding that if he received any advices of the least advantage gained by the English, he should put every prisoner to death, without distinction; and the soldiers publicly rejoiced on the occasion during the time we were shut up in our prison. Books were written and distributed in favour of the Great Nation, in order to bias the minds of the prisoners, and induce them to enlist into the Republican service. On this occasion my fellow-countrymen, who had already tasted sufficiently of French liberty, assembled together, when the whole unanimously agreed to throw the books over the wall the following day in the commissary's presence, should he visit the prison according to his daily custom. Our plan succeeded, we tore the books in his presence, and threw them over the wall; immediately after my brave comrades sang "God save the King," and with firmness told him that they would rather starve than forsake their Sovereign and country.

But we very soon paid most dearly for this bold attempt, as he kept us *nearly thirty hours* without a morsel of food, or even a drop of water. In the mean-

time Lady Ann Fitzroy, with a spirit that is truly characteristic of the noble family of Mornington, of which she is a branch, blended with her well-known humane disposition, was particularly interested in behalf of the prisoners. She then insisted that she might be allowed to purchase provisions for them, and she promptly demanded that surgeons should be appointed to attend the sick. She gave sums of money to the medical men to purchase medicines, which were allowed then by the commissary, after the noble exertions of her Ladyship. At this time the last stage of the dreadful distemper prevailed to such a height, that even the inhabitants were terrified lest a plague would be the consequence. In this extremity her Ladyship did not desert us; she purchased clothes, and every other article necessary for our comfort, and she nobly distributed them with her own hands. Still further to mortify us, the commissary shut us up in the prison, and we were reduced to such a degree by hunger, that we killed all the rats, mice, dogs and cats, we could lay our hands on, and actually ate them in a raw state. Nor did his brutal ferocity terminate here: to augment our sufferings he removed us into the grand prison, the rooms of which were more damp than those in the prison we had lately occupied, and closely blocked with iron bars; our tyrant having removed all the windows, broke down the shutters, and proclaimed likewise by the sound of drum, that no wood should be given, or sold, to the prisoners, on *pain of death.* During this dreadful period,

advice was brought to Quimper, that the Royalists were in great force near us; and again the dreadful sentence of death was once more pronounced against us, should there be any probability of their gaining success.

We remained shut up twenty-seven days, without being once released: during which interval two men were shot by the sentinels, for only looking out of one of the windows; *the surgeon of the "Alexander" was actually starved to death, during a long fit of illness;* and also a Lieutenant of the *Daphne*, whose name I cannot at this distance recollect.

Signal for cruelty as most of the preceding circumstances were, the following instances are not inferior to any of them in point of atrocity. Several officers had obtained leave to go to L'Orient, in hopes of procuring their exchange; but on their arrival the whole of them were arrested; their passports and money were taken from them; and they were actually confined in the black-hole for seven days and nights; and had not some considerate American merchants relieved their distresses, they must have perished! They were sent back to Quimper, and it was discovered that the commissaries of Quimper and at L'Orient, had agreed to share their property.

Another instance of the most depraved cruelty happened at that time: two men, who were in a very infirm state, in consequence of the distemper became delirious, and demanded of the soldiers some water; *when, without giving time to ascertain the cause of their demand, the*

*soldiers immediately shot them, and threw their bodies into a well; no notice whatever being taken of this sanguinary transaction, nor any inquiry instituted into the conduct of the murderers!* Such were the cruelties inflicted by these revolutionary assassins, that parents were deprived of their children, wives of their husbands. In this dreadful state parties were sent off to Rheims by fifty at a time, who were pushed on by the soldiers with charged bayonets,—*sick—naked—starving;*—and if any of them could not, through weakness, proceed at the pace required by their remorseless conductors, the bayonet was their doom. In consequence of such treatment numbers were left dead on the road: the surviving few who reached Rheims, were supplied, on their arrival there, with a kind of soup, into which were put some mouldy scraps of bread, stinking fat and greens, as food for sick people—"an allowance good enough for English dogs," for so it was considered by the commissary of the Great Nation, and such was his expression.

At this period advice came to Quimper that an exchange of prisoners had actually taken place; and orders were sent off to Rheims for those poor wretches to march back to Quimper without loss of time: and, on their arrival, never did any human being personify death more than those poor creatures did. I have, indeed, every reason to suppose, that if the commissary had had it in his power, he would have ordered them to proceed on their march. Five days after, he received orders to send some to Brest, and some to L'Orient: I

was one of the number sent to the latter place. On the road we were treated extremely ill; and on our arrival in that town, we were confined in a dungeon, originally built for the reception of condemned criminals. The entrance to this place was by a descent of twelve steps; it was totally dark, without the least admission of air, except through a small iron gate in the centre of the door. In the course of our confinement here, *thirteen of my unhappy comrades expired!* At length we, the survivors, were summoned into the square of the prison; and, the artillery and soldiery being drawn up in front of us, the commissary addressed his soldiers in the following terms, and pointing to us, said, "These prisoners here are the slaves of George and Pitt; but we will now teach them that they are our victims, and that nothing would save them from our national vengeance, for we abhor them. Nothing saves them at present, but that they have many brave Frenchmen in their own despisable country: and you, my brave soldiers, would, I am thoroughly convinced, think yourselves well employed in exterminating such tyrants from the face of the earth; should they ever dare to put their feet on our ground again, we will take care that they shall not go unpunished, and we will convince them that we are true Republicans, and will remain so to the end of the world."

When the commissary had finished his inhuman address to us, we were again ordered to our dismal abode. Mr. Jones (one of my fellow prisoners) having providen-

tially discovered that the commissary had ordered an old rotten ship to be got ready to take us to England, he peremptorily demanded to inspect her: for this request he was thrown into a dungeon, but through the humanity of the commissary's wife, he was released after two days confinement, and was then allowed to go on board the cartel. His information proving correct, he immediately went to the monster Dubôis, whom he had requested to explain why he had ordered such a vessel, the answer was, "*Pour envoyer vos Anglois au fond de la mer*,—to send you English to the bottom of the sea."—To this he added the following brutal expression: "*Tout est trop bon pour vous monstres L'Anglois: si vous n' aviez pas plusieurs braves Republicains en Angleterre, vous seriez tous traités avec cela*," (shewing the guillotine). In consequence of this providential discovery we were detained for twelve days; during which interval that brave and generous officer superintended the fitting out of another cartel, and when it was completed we were all summoned again before the monster Dubôis. We embarked on the 14th of October, 1796. I then had some hopes of seeing my native land once more. In the evening of the same day we sailed, and fell in with Admiral Bridport, who sent a lieutenant on board; and who, on learning our distresses, humanely supplied us with bread, and some other refreshments, and allowed us to proceed on our passage; but through contrary winds, we were one and twenty days before we made the Cove of Cork. We had *thirty-six* nearly on the point of death; at which

time a lieutenant was sent from the flag-ship, the *Polyphemus*, Admiral Kingsmill; who, on the lieutenant reporting our distress, kindly gave us every comfort in his power, and granted us protection, that we might proceed to our friends. The reader may conceive the joy I felt when I once more put my foot on the soil of my native country; nor could I do less than fall on my bended knees to return God my fervent thanks for his protection on various occasions. That day was one of the happiest I had ever seen, although I was utterly destitute of money and clothes, and knew not that I had a single friend living; so that in fact I had to begin the world again.

## BATTLES OF ST. VINCENT AND THE NILE

*(By one of the gunner's crew of the "Goliah," 74)*

IN 1796 the *Goliah* 74 sailed to join Sir John Jervis in the blockade of Toulon. On our way we boarded a Spanish ship, and found on board thirty Austrian prisoners. They every man entered with us as marines. We next sailed for St. Forensa Bay, in the Island of Corsica, to water, but found the French in possession of the watering-place, and could get none. I belonged to the launch, and had charge of the powder and match. I was constantly on shore when any service was to be done in destroying stores, spiking guns, blowing up batteries, and enjoyed it much. We carried off all the brass guns, and those metal ones that were near the edge of the rocks we threw into the sea. This was excellent sport to us, but we were forced to leave it, and sail to Gibraltar for water and provisions, but could obtain no supplies, and sailed for Lisbon, where we got plenty, having been on short allowance for some time before.

While we lay at Lisbon we got private intelligence overland that the Spanish fleet was at sea. We with all despatch set sail in pursuit of them. We were so

fortunate as come in sight of them by break of day, on the 14th of February, off Cape St. Vincent. They consisted of twenty-five sail, mostly three-deckers. We were only eighteen; but we were English, and we gave them their Valentines in style. Soon as we came in sight a bustle commenced, not to be conceived or described. To do it justice, while every man was as busy as he could be, the greatest order prevailed. A serious cast was to be perceived on every face; but not a shade of doubt or fear. We rejoiced in a general action; not that we loved fighting, but we all wished to be free to return to our homes, and follow our own pursuits. We knew there was no other way of obtaining this than by defeating the enemy. "The hotter war the sooner peace," was a saying with us. When everything was cleared, the ports open, the matches lighted, the guns run out, then we gave them three such cheers as are only to be heard in a British man-of-war. This intimidates the enemy more than a broadside, as they have often declared to me. It shows them all is right; and the men in the true spirit baying to be at them. During the action, my situation was not one of danger, but most wounding to my feelings, and trying to my patience. I was stationed in the after magazine, serving powder from the screen, and could see nothing; but I could feel every shot that struck the *Goliah;* and the cries and groans of the wounded were most distressing, as there was only the thickness of the blankets of the screen between me and them. Busy as

I was, the time hung upon me with a dreary weight. Not a soul spoke to me but the master-at-arms, as he went his rounds to inquire if all was safe. No sick person ever longed more for his physician than I for the voice of the master-at-arms. The surgeon's mate, at the commencement of the action, spoke a little; but his hands were soon too full of his own affairs. Those who were carrying ran like wild creatures, and scarce opened their lips. I would far rather have been on the decks, amid the bustle, for there the time flew on eagle's wings. The *Goliah* was sore beset; for some time she had two three-deckers upon her. The men stood to their guns as cool as if they had been exercising. The admiral ordered the *Britannia* to our assistance. Iron-sides, with her forty-twos, soon made them sheer off.[1] Towards the close of the action, the men were very weary. One lad put his head out of the porthole, saying, "D—n them, are they not going to strike yet?" For us to strike was out of the question.

At length the roar of the guns ceased, and I came on deck to see the effects of a great sea engagement; but such a scene of blood and desolation I want words to express. I had been in a great number of actions with single ships in the *Proteus* and *Surprise*, during the seven years I was in them. This was my first action in a fleet, and I had only a small share in it. We had destroyed a

[1] The *Britannia*, first-rate, carrying 110 guns. She was the only ship that carried 42 pounders on her lower deck, and 32 on her middle deck. She was the strongest built ship in the navy; the sailors upon this account called her "Iron-Sides."

great number, and secured four three-deckers. One, they had the impiety to call the Holy Ghost, we wished much to get; but they towed her off. The fleet was in such a shattered situation, we lay twenty-four hours in sight of them, repairing our rigging. It is after the action the disagreeable part commences; the crews are wrought to the utmost of their strength. For days they have no remission of their toil, repairing the rigging, and other parts injured in the action; their spirits are broke by fatigue; they have no leisure to talk of the battle; and, when the usual round of duty returns, we do not choose to revert to a disagreeable subject. Who can speak of what he did, where all did their utmost? One of my messmates had the heel of his shoe shot off. The skin was not broke, yet his leg swelled and became black. He was lame for a long time. On our return to Lisbon we lost one of the fleet, the *Bombay Castle*. She was stranded, and completely lost. All her crew were saved. We were in great danger in the *Goliah*. Captain Sir C. H. Knowles was tried for not lending assistance, when he needed it himself. The court-martial honourably acquitted him. Collis, our first lieutenant, told us not to cheer when he came on board; but we loved our captain too well to be restrained. We had agreed upon a signal with the coxswain, if he was, as he ought to be, honourably acquitted. The signal was given, and in vain Collis forbade. We manned the yards, and gave three hearty cheers. Not a man on board but would have bled for Sir C. H.

Knowles. To our regret we lost him to our ship at this very time. He was as good a captain as I ever sailed with. He was made admiral, and went home in the *Britannia.*

Captain Foley took command of the *Goliah*, and we joined the blockade of Cadiz, where we remained, sending our boats to assist at the bombardments, and covering them until Admiral Nelson came out again, and picked out thirteen seventy-fours from the fleet; the *Goliah* was one. She was the fastest sailing ship in the fleet. We did not stay to water, but got a supply from the ships that were to remain, and away we set under a press of sail, not knowing where. We came to an anchor in the Straits of Messina. There was an American man-of-war at anchor; Captain Foley ordered him to unmoor, that the *Goliah* might get her station, as it was a good one, near the shore; but Jonathan would not budge, but made answer, "I will let you to know I belong to the United States of America, and will not give way to any nation under the sun, but in a good cause." So we came to an anchor where we could. We remained here but a short time, when we got intelligence that the French fleet were up the Straits. We then made sail for Egypt, but missed them, and came back to Syracuse, and watered in twenty-four hours. I was up all night filling water. The day after we left Syracuse we fell in with a French brig, who had just left the fleet. Admiral Nelson took

her in tow, and she conducted us to where they lay at anchor in Aboukir Bay.

We had our anchors out at our stern port with a spring upon them, and the cable carried along the ship's side, so that the anchors were at our bows, as if there was no change in the arrangement. This was to prevent the ships from swinging round, as every ship was to be brought to by her stern. We ran in between the French fleet and the shore, to prevent any communication between the enemy and the shore. Soon as they were in sight, a signal was made from the admiral's ship for every vessel, as she came up, to make the best of her way, firing upon the French ships as she passed, and "every man to take his bird," as we joking called it. The *Goliah* led the van. There was a French frigate right in our way. Captain Foley cried, "Sink that brute, what does he there?" In a moment she went to the bottom, and her crew were seen running into her rigging. The sun was just setting as we went into the bay, and a red and fiery sun it was. I would, if I had had my choice, been on the deck; there I would have seen what was passing, and the time would not have hung so heavy; but every man does his duty with spirit, whether his station be in the slaughter-house or the magazine.[1]

[1] The seamen call the lower deck, near the mainmast, the slaughter-house, as it is amid-ships, and the enemy aim their fire principally at the body of the ship.

I saw as little of this action as I did of the one on the 14th February off Cape St. Vincent. My station was in the powder magazine with the gunner. As we entered the bay we stripped to our trousers, opened our ports, cleared, and every ship we passed gave them a broadside and three cheers. Any information we got was from the boys and women who carried the powder. The women behaved as well as the men, and got a present for their bravery from the Grand Signior. When the French admiral's ship blew up, the *Goliah* got such a shake, we thought the after-part of her had blown up until the boys told us what it was. They brought us every now and then the cheering news of another French ship having struck, and we answered the cheers on deck with heart-felt joy. In the heat of the action, a shot came right into the magazine, but did no harm, as the carpenters plugged it up, and stopped the water that was rushing in. I was much indebted to the gunner's wife, who gave her husband and me a drink of wine every now and then, which lessened our fatigue much. There were some of the women wounded, and one woman belonging to Leith died of her wounds, and was buried on a small island in the bay. One woman bore a son in the heat of the action; she belonged to Edinburgh. When we ceased firing, I went on deck to view the state of the fleets, and an awful sight it was. The whole bay was covered with dead bodies, mangled, wounded, and scorched, not

a bit of clothes on them except their trousers. There were a number of French, belonging to the French admiral's ship, the *L'Orient*, who had swam to the *Goliah*, and were cowering under her forecastle. Poor fellows, they were brought on board, and Captain Foley ordered them down to the steward's room, to get provisions and clothing. One thing I observed in these Frenchmen quite different from anything I had ever before observed. In the American war, when we took a French ship, the *Duke de Chartres*, the prisoners were as merry as if they had taken us, only saying, "Fortune de guerre,"—you take me to-day, I take you to-morrow. Those we now had on board were thankful for our kindness, but were sullen, and as downcast as if each had lost a ship of his own. The only incidents I heard of are two. One lad who was stationed by a salt-box, on which he sat to give out cartridges, and keep the lid close,—it is a trying berth,—when asked for a cartridge, he gave none, yet he sat upright; his eyes were open. One of the men gave him a push; he fell all his length on the deck. There was not a blemish on his body, yet he was quite dead, and was thrown overboard. The other, a lad who had the match in his hand to fire his gun. In the act of applying it a shot took off his arm; it hung by a small piece of skin. The match fell to the deck. He looked to his arm, and seeing what had happened, seized the match in his left hand, and fired off the gun before he went to the cock-pit to have it

dressed. They were in our mess, or I might never have heard of it. Two of the mess were killed, and I knew not of it until the day after. Thus terminated the glorious first of August, the busiest night in my life.

## A RUN ASHORE AND ITS CONSEQUENCES

### 1798

WE were ordered to sail for the Levant, taking Candia in the way, where it was intended we should land some Turkish sailors who had escaped from Mahon, where they had been taken by the Spaniards.

Accordingly, as we neared that island a boat was got ready for their reception. I was ordered to take charge of her and land the men; the ship lying-to in the offing while I performed my task. We rowed into the port, but, on approaching the landing-place, the Turkish authorities came down and warned us not to land, as the plague was raging with great violence, not only in the city, but throughout the island; if, however, I wished to land under these circumstances, I might do so. I gave the Turkish sailors their choice, either to land or be taken back to the frigate, when, without hesitation, they all said, "Land us." I did so, and on leaving the boat they expressed themselves, both by gesture and words, as extremely grateful for having been rescued from slavery. The question I had now to discuss with myself was whether I should land or not. Curiosity prompted me, and I had no fear of the plague; so giving

the most positive orders to my boat's crew that they were to lay off, neither to land nor hold communication of any description with the inhabitants, and having intimated my wish to the Turkish authorities, I landed. A clear and uninterrupted passage was kept for me by the soldiers all the way to the governor's house. A long Turkish pipe was put into my hand on landing, as the means of keeping off the infection, and which I pretended to smoke. I was received by the governor in great state, fresh pipes and coffee were ordered, and he offered me a pinch of snuff out of his box, which set me sneezing violently, a symptom, by the way, said to attend the first appearance of plague. The governor himself accompanied me to the boat, the road being, as before, lined with janissaries; when I got to the beach I offered to return the pipe to the governor's servant, but they insisted on my keeping it, and added a quantity of fruit, etc., in the shape of a present. I took my leave, after hearing repeated the expressions of thanks, which continued as we pulled off from the shore. As we approached the ship, I observed an unusual bustle on board; all hands appeared on deck, and their eyes seemed bent on our boat, with an interest I could not account for. Before we got alongside, and when just within hail, the words, "Keep off, keep off," were shouted by a hundred tongues; "you must not come alongside, keep off." "Why?" "They have the plague on the island." The mystery was now explained in a way not

at all to the satisfaction of either myself or the boat's crew. Laying on our oars at a respectable distance, the following dialogue took place between us:

"They have the plague on shore."

"I know they have."

"You must not come alongside."

"Then what am I to do?"

"We will give you a rope, and tow you astern; here it is. And now make sail."

While towed astern—the ship going five or six knots—the conversation continued by means of a speaking-trumpet.

"Of course you did not land."

"Yes, I did land."

"The captain desires me to say that you must all of you strip off your clothes, and throw them overboard, and others will be sent to you."

I thought to myself, I will see you and the captain hanged before I do any such thing; and I positively refused. The clothes were my own, and I had no hopes of replacing them.

"If you keep me here till I throw my clothes overboard, you may tow away till the day of judgment."

A compromise was then made. The boat's crew stripped off their clothes and threw them overboard, and there I sat, as sulky as a bear, with my boat's crew all naked, who now joined the rest in pressing me to do as they had done; but I still held firm. At last, as night

was approaching, and something must be done, it was proposed to me that my clothes should be fumigated with brimstone and sulphur, and afterwards that I myself should be subjected to the same operation. On this condition, clothes should be sent to the boat's crew, and I should be permitted to come on board. Being nearly tired of the joke, and the night coming on, I thought it better to accept the conditions. The ship was hove-to, the boat hauled up alongside, fresh clothes handed to the crew, and I was allowed to go on board, where I was received much in the same manner as a noxious reptile, every one making clear way for me as I proceeded to the lower deck, where I found the surgeon, his assistant, and loblolly boys, all busy with their stores, and preparing the fumigating apparatus, to purge me of the plague, and convert me into a sort of red-herring. This process of stripping and smoking was anything but agreeable, and, naked as I was, I started off, and left my toggery with the doctor and his mates to do what they pleased with. As I passed along, I observed my servant at a distance looking at me as if I had been a wild beast; making a dart, I caught hold of him, and I believe he would scarcely have been more frightened had he found himself in the grip of the "gentleman in black." He roared out most lustily, but I gave him to understand that if I had got the plague, he could not escape it; on that point, he should make up his mind, and in the meantime, he should provide

me with clothes, and, what I wanted nearly as much something to eat.

The smoking ceremony continued so late in the evening that I did not see the captain that night; but the next morning at breakfast, when relating what had passed the day before, he said, "But what could induce you to land when you knew the plague was raging with such violence?" I gave him my reasons, when he continued, "Of course you did not leave the beach!" When I told him that I had been to the city, and in the heart of the plague, he and all those present increased their distance from me, and their alarm appeared quite ridiculous. Had this been known before, I should probably have been kept with the boat's crew in tow for an indefinite period; as it was, a proposal was made that we should be sent up into the mizen-top, have provisions hoisted up in a bucket, and remain there to perform quarantine; as none of us, however, showed any symptoms of plague, the alarm soon died away.

## SURRENDER OF THE DUTCH SQUADRON IN THE TEXEL TO THE BRITISH SQUADRON UNDER VICE-ADMIRAL MITCHELL, AUG. 30TH, 1799

THE fleet of nine sail of British and two sail of Russian two-deckers having rounded the Helder Point, our course now made the wind fair for us. It increased to a strong gale. But in this inland sea the water was smooth, so we dashed merrily along, although there were not many inches between our keel and the bottom. The British ship *America*, and one of the Russian ships, getting a little out of the deepest part of the channel, stuck fast upon the ground. This reduced the English ships to the same numerical force as the Dutch fleet, with one Russian ship in addition. Soon after this, the masts of the enemy became visible, with their large Dutch revolutionary ensigns flying. These, like the French, were tri-coloured, and bore a cap of liberty in the upper corner. But the blue, white, and red, were ranged horizontally instead of vertically.

Agreeably to the quixotic zeal with which Britain exerted herself to save her friends from the oppression of the French, our declared object in this expedition was

to restore to the good people of Holland their legitimate Prince. But I have mentioned, that our army, at least, had found no great disposition in the good people to receive him. However, in following up this intention, the Prince of Orange's flag was hoisted in our ships, alongside of the English ensigns; one side of which, being thus darkened, it seemed encumbered with its accompaniment, and to want the daring freedom with which it was wont to wave alone.

About noon we had reached within four miles of the Dutch line, and would have been alongside of them in about half an hour. It blew fresh, and it was therefore deemed proper to have a second reef in the topsails, that they might be handy for setting, in case the cables should be shot away after we had anchored alongside of our *friends;* so at this time the fleet took in the second reef of their topsails by signal, and furled the top-gallant sails. This was soon done, and we again resumed a steady course. Already the men began to trim and blow their matches, to take off their jackets, one to tie a handkerchief round his head, another to tie one round his waist; and all began to tuck up their sleeves, and to arrange and rearrange the tackle of their guns; while a chosen portion stood by the stoppers, and attended to the cable, which was let out of the stern in order to anchor in the manner of St. Paul (by the stern). The brief space which now appeared to lie between some of us and eternity seemed too long, and all appeared eager

to span it over. At this time a boat was seen to be rowing towards us from the Dutch admiral's ship. She, as well as the boat, displayed a white flag. Almost simultaneously with the display of this flag, the signal "Prepare to anchor," flew from our admiral's mast-head. In two minutes the preparative was hauled down. The fleet rounded to, shortened sail, and anchored together, retaining their relative positions to each other. These movements acted on the men like the touch of a conjuror's wand. Before—all were full of life and alacrity. After the anchor was let go—the men heard the orders that were given, and obeyed, but without the buoyant spring and the vigorous action which a few minutes before had been so conspicuous. There was one old rough-visaged sailor at my guns who had neither seemed so much excited by our approach to the enemy, nor so much cast down by our halt as the rest. When the ship was anchored, and we had returned to our guns and were standing there idly, waiting for permission to leave them, this old son of Neptune broke out into a kind of soliloquy, the tone and manner of which showed that he fully partook of the general disappointment.

"I knowed that the ——s would not fight."

"Knowed it?" said another, who understood him literally, "how did you know it?"

"How!—why, because they had enough of it two years ago. And, besides, I didn't like that 'ere b——y

Orange flag hung up alongside of ours. I knowed that no good would come on it!"

Our sailor in these opinions had exactly hit upon the causes of the disappointment. The Dutch sailors had, by this time, discovered that the tri-coloured flag, with the cap of liberty in the corner, brought them no more liberty than an Orange flag. And, besides, as our sailor observed, they had had "enough of it two years before." So that they would not fight against the Orange flag. In this dilemma, the Dutch admiral displayed his flag of truce, and despatched a boat to beg twenty-four hours to consult with the authorities at Amsterdam as to what should be done in consequence of our carrying the Orange flag. The answer of Sir Andrew Mitchell we understood to be, that he might have one hour to consult the captains of his fleet; at the end of which, if he did not surrender to the British flag, or hoist the Orange one, we should be alongside of him. Before the hour elapsed, an answer came to say, that he surrendered to the English flag, but had no Orange flag to hoist.

An officer from each of the British ships was forthwith sent with a boat's crew to take charge of the one which had been appointed as her opponent in the enemy's line. Here an anomaly took place which I have never been able to unriddle. These officers took charge of the Dutch ships with the revolutionary colours flying, and they remained up until sunset; at which

time they were hauled down, as were the British ensigns, in the usual manner. I never learned why the Dutch colours were allowed to be kept up so long. Perhaps it was conceded to their admiral for his civility in surrendering with so little trouble, in order to be less offensive to the good people of Amsterdam, whose spires were in sight. Next morning, however, the Orange flag was hoisted by the British authority on board those ships.

## LOSS OF H.M.S. *TRINCOMALEE*

(*Copy of a letter written by Mr. John Cramlington, first officer of the East-India Company's ship "Pearl"*)

MUSKAT, *October, 29th*, 1799.

SHORTLY after my last, Captain Spence of the *Pearl* proceeded to India to purchase a vessel or two more for the Gulph trade. Mr. Joseph Cambridge Fowler, the chief officer, was appointed to the command of the *Pearl*, and I to succeed him in his former station. On the 1st of October we got clear of Bussora River, bound for Bombay, and were proceeding very pleasantly on our voyage until the 7th, when, having got about two-thirds down the Gulph, at nine o'clock at night, we were suddenly surprised by the appearance of a ship close to us. She had been lying under an island called the Great Tomb, and had seen us before sunset, though we had not perceived her. We hailed each other, and to our sorrow we found her to be French. An action commenced; but her fire was so much superior to ours that she soon drove the Lascars from their quarters, and the whole of them ran below. The privateer was at this time about pistol-shot from us, and preparing to

board, and not an armed soul to receive them except myself and five or six Arabs, who had never flinched.

Under such circumstances I was under the disagreeable necessity of striking to her, after throwing three packets of government dispatches overboard. We had previously endeavoured to run, but unluckily our main-topsail tye was shot away. Captain Fowler was shot through the body with an eight-pound shot the second broadside; we had likewise three Lascars wounded, one of whom died shortly after. I had a grape-shot through my trowsers, which grazed the back part of my thigh, and a slight wound on my left by a splinter from the same shot which killed the captain. We did not engage above a quarter of an hour. I was taken on board the privateer; she had nobody killed on board, and only some shot through her sails. She was named *La Iphiginie*, Captain Maltoix, from the Isle of France, mounting eighteen guns, two of them forty-eight-pound carronades, six long French eight-pounders, ten ditto six-pounders, and one hundred and seventy, or one hundred and eighty, men.

We had only ten guns, and all of them small, and of different sizes, none of them good, except two nine-pounders, and fifty men, all natives but the captain and myself. They got in us a very valuable prize, as we had on board one hundred and ten packages of treasure, value upwards of three lacks of rupees, forty horses, five

thousand slabs of copper, besides several bales, chests, etc.

The treasure was shifted on board the privateer the next day, and they were so elated with their success that they determined to return from their cruise immediately; but on the 10th, at night, we fell in with his majesty's ship, *Trincomalee*, Captain Rowe, mounting eighteen twenty-four-pound carronades, but badly manned. She had been fitted out at Bombay, and been cruising in the Gulph nine or ten months, her crew very sickly, had lost a number of them by death, and had no fresh supply. I have been told she had only seventy active men on board. A partial action took place the next day as they passed each other, and on the 12th, at three p.m., they came within gun-shot again, and kept firing at each other till after sunset, but at too great a distance for much damage to be done; owing to calms and light airs, they could not get near to each other. A schooner named the *Comet* was in company with the *Trincomalee*, mounting eight small guns. The captain of the privateer wanted very much to cut her off; but through the bravery and good conduct of her captain all his schemes failed, and she served to engage the *Pearl*, for whom she was more than a match.

At half-past six o'clock the same evening, a fine breeze springing up, the privateer bore down towards her prize. The *Trincomalee* followed, and at ten p.m. (being moonlight) brought her to action, which con-

tinued with great fury for two hours within musket-shot, when, with one ship luffing up, and the other edging down, they fell alongside each other, and grappled muzzle and muzzle. In this situation they remained about half-an-hour, the slaughter very great on both sides. The French, being more numerous, were preparing to board, when, by some fatal accident, the *Trincomalee* blew up, and every soul on board perished, except one English seaman named Thomas Dawson, and a Lascar. The explosion was so great, and the ships so close, that the privateer's broadside was stove in.

I leave you to judge the dreadful situation I was in at this crisis, being below two decks in the square of the main hatchway, in the place appropriated for the wounded, which was full of poor souls of that description, in circumstances too shocking to be described. All at once the hatchway was filled up with wood, the lights were driven out, the water rushing in, and no visible passage to the deck. The ship appeared to be shaken to pieces, as the hold-beams had shrunk so considerably that where there was room before to stand nearly upright, you could now only crawl on hands and knees, which I did, towards the hole in the side, where the water was coming in. Close to this, by the light of the moon, I found a hole through both decks, which had been newly made, I suppose, by the falling of some of the *Trincomalee's* guns, or other wreck.

Through this I got with difficulty upon deck, when I found the ship just disappearing forward, and hastened aft as fast as I could over the bodies of the killed, with which the deck was covered, to the taffarel, and jumped overboard.

I swam a little way from her, dreading the suction, and looked round for her, but she had totally disappeared. I afterwards caught hold of a piece of wood, to which I clung for about an hour and a half, at which time the boats of the *Pearl* came to pick us up, there being nearly thirty Frenchmen in the same predicament. They, however, were all taken up first, and when I solicited to be taken in, I had a blow made at my head with an oar, which luckily missed me. This treatment I met with from two different boats, and I began to think they were going to leave me to my fate; but the French officer in command of the *Pearl*, hearing there were some Englishmen upon the wreck, ordered the boats immediately to return and take us up, *viz.*, myself and Thomas Dawson, then the only survivor of the *Trincomalee.*

There were killed and drowned on board *La Iphigine* one hundred and fifteen, or one hundred and twenty men, among whom were the captain, seven officers, surgeon, two young men, volunteers from the Isle of France, the first boatswain, gunner, and carpenter. All the treasure went down in the privateer. Captain Rowe, of the *Trincomalee*, was killed before the ship blew up,

as was also the first lieutenant, whose name was Williams.

The *Comet*, immediately on the accident happening, made sail from the *Pearl*. I suppose she was afraid there might be too many Frenchmen for her to manage. On the 15th we arrived here for water, etc., and the French officer was so good as to give me my liberty. They let me come on shore on the 24th, the day the *Pearl* sailed.

## CAPTAIN BRENTON, OF *LA MINÉRVE*, AT CHERBOURG[1]

WHEN Brenton was starting for Verdun, after the capture of *La Minérve* (stranded in a fog under the batteries of Cherbourg, 1800), he had saved nothing but what he stood in, and when he halted the first night of his march was in sheer distress. In the cabaret, where he was crowded with his officers, was also a French captain, on his march with a detachment of soldiers, who occupied the place of honour by the fireside. His corporal came in after a little, and taking out of a knapsack a suspicious looking galley-pot, very like a pomatum pot, he scooped out of it a spoonful of something resembling hog's lard, which he put into a tin pot, with water, a sliced onion, morsels of bread, pepper and salt. Having boiled the mess he poured it into a basin, and presented it, with a slice of toast and much form to Monsieur le Capitaine, giving him at the same time his slippers, taking away the wet boots, and wheeling round the old oak chair into a comfortable nook.

Brenton was not able to attain even to this modest refreshment, and he inquired of the landlord if he could put him in the way of getting a bill upon London

[1] This account of an interesting incident differs in many details from, and is much longer than, that given in the Life of Adam J. Brenton.

cashed. The host recommended him accordingly to Monsieur Louis Dubois, who preferred to the bit of paper a "material guarantee." Brenton offered him his gold watch, for which he assured Monsieur he had paid thirty guineas a few weeks before. Monsieur shook his head at Mr. Barwise's production, and said "Mais, mon ami, c'est un peu trop fort," and offered him, I think, fifteen guineas, till the bill was honoured, which Brenton was obliged to take; gave his bill for the amount (£30), and ordered supper—something more substantial, I suspect, than the aforesaid refection of Monsieur le Capitaine. Whilst this was being discussed in the inner room, the garçon knocked at the door, and announced M. Dubois. He came in bowing and scraping, and striking his breast, and said, "Monsieur le Capitaine, ma conscience me pique." "Comment donc," said Brenton. "I am ashamed," the Frenchman answered, "to chaffer with un brave officer, take your full price, the full amount of your bill, (£30)"; there was a little speechifying and bowing, and the supper went forward; before it was ended M. Dubois was again announced, who a second time came forward, bowing and thumping his heart. "Monsieur, encore monsieur ma conscience me pique" (confound your conscience, thought Brenton, I suppose he repents of his confidence), when he went on to say he was ashamed to take a pledge from "un brave officer," "take back your watch, your bill is quite sufficient." Perhaps he read the honesty of Brenton's character in his countenance.

## LOSS OF H.M.S. *REPULSE*[1]

THE following letter, written by one of the officers, contains a graphic account of the wreck, and likewise of the subsequent adventures of the boat's crew who escaped capture :—

"GUERNSEY, *March* 13, 1800.

"MY DEAR FATHER,—I embrace the opportunity of a packet sailing for England, to acquaint you with the unfortunate fate of the *Repulse*. Coming off the Penmarks, in company with the *Agamemnon*, on Saturday, the 9th of March, it then blowing a very heavy gale of wind, Captain Alms was thrown down the companion-ladder, by the rolling of the ship, by which accident some of his ribs were broken, and he was much bruised. The same day, we parted company with the *Agamemnon*, in chase of a strange sail to leeward ; and, about six in the evening, we came up with and re-captured the *Prin-*

[1] The *Repulse* was one of the Channel Fleet, under the command of Sir Allen Gardner, and was detached for the purpose of intercepting provision vessels which were expected at Brest. She struck on a reef of rocks to the South of the Glenan Islands, off the coast of Brittany, on one of which islands the crew were landed. Here the captain and most of the officers and crew were made prisoners, and sent to Quimper.

*cess Royal* packet, from the West Indies. Next morning, Captain Alms, finding himself much worse, resolved to put into Torbay. We accordingly bore up and shaped a course, which, if our reckoning had been correct, would have carried us far enough to the westward of Ushant. But, unfortunately, owing to the thickness of the weather (not having had an observation for some days), and to the different set of the tides, which are very strong on this coast, the ship had got nearly three degrees to the east of her reckoning; and at twelve o'clock the same night, going under an easy sail, that the prize might be able to keep up, breakers were discovered ahead. It was extremely foggy, and the ship was going at the rate of about seven knots, with the wind almost right aft, so that our endeavours to clear the danger were ineffectual. In a moment, the ship struck with great violence, and was instantly so completely surrounded with rocks, that we could not even see the opening which we had entered. In this dreadful situation we continued nearly three quarters of an hour, the ship, from the great surf that ran among the rocks, striking so violently, that we every moment expected she would go to pieces.

"I shall not attempt to describe the appearance of so many men, with certain and almost instant death staring them in the face; but I cannot forbear observing, that those whom I ever considered the greatest reprobates, now became the greatest cowards, and were so overcome by their awful situation, that they were totally unable to exert themselves for their own preservation.

We had no hopes of deliverance. The prize was, indeed, in company, and we kept firing guns to inform her of our danger. It was, however, absolutely impossible for us to receive any assistance from that quarter; and if our firing enabled her to escape herself, it was as much as we could expect. That nothing on our part might be left untried, the sails were hoved aback, and, with the divine assistance, the ship backed astern, clear of the danger.

"Our joy on this occasion was, however, of short duration, for the ship made so much water that in half an hour it reached as high as the orlop deck; and the rudder having lost all command, there appeared to be no other chance of saving our lives than by running for the coast of France. Accordingly, having got her head round to the eastward, we made all the sail we could. We had now sufficient employment for all hands; some were busy at the pumps, others were engaged in throwing the guns overboard, and otherwise lightening the ship; while others, again, were employed in lining a sail with beds, blankets, etc., which being got over the bows, and bowsed taut up to the ship's bottom, was of very great service. The water being considerably above the orlop deck, we were enabled to bail at the hatchway; by which, and the wonderful exertions of men actuated by the fear of death, we were enabled to keep her afloat till five o'clock, when, to our inexpressible joy, the echo of the report of one of our guns announced our being near the land, the fog being so thick that we could not

see the length of the ship. But judge what must have been our sensations, when we found ourselves within half a ship's length of a lee shore, bounded by a precipice as high as our mast-head, against which the sea broke with excessive violence, and on which we were running with great rapidity. The only chance of preservation we now had was by letting go an anchor, which, however, did not bring us up. At the moment when we expected to be dashed to pieces, our jib-boom almost touching the precipice, Providence again interposed in our behalf, and the eddy wind, reverberating from the rock, took the sail aback, and most miraculously saved us from destruction.

"We now cut the cable, and the ship drifted along the shore, till we cleared a rugged point a quarter of a mile to the leeward of us, when she filled and ran up under a weather shore, which, being very high, sheltered us a good deal. Here we grounded, but, from the heavy surf, the ship continued striking with such violence, that we were afraid she would go to pieces before we could leave her. We therefore made what haste we could in getting the boat out, and then cut away the mast, when she lay tolerably easy.

"As I had early in the morning resolved within myself to attempt escaping in one of the boats, rather than be made prisoner, I mentioned my design to Mr. Gordon the fifth lieutenant who readily agreed to accompany me. The eight-oared cutter being hoisted, I got into

her, as she was the best boat for the purpose, under pretence of seeking a landing-place; and having taken on board as many men as she could conveniently carry, I landed them to the leeward of the point, about a mile from the ship, and then returned for another cargo. Having disclosed my plan to the boat's crew, I sent one of them on board the ship for a compass, boat's mast, sails, etc., but, to my infinite mortification, he could only get a compass, the boat's sail being down in the store-room. The pilot now came into my boat to go on shore. I thought if I could secure him it would be a great point, and I was glad to obtain his concurrence.

"I had made four or five more trips between the ship and the shore, when Mr. Rothery, the first lieutenant, called to me to take him on board, which I did, and was agreeably surprised to find that Mr. Gordon had acquainted him with our secret, that he was resolved to go with us, and had made some provision for the voyage. It consisted of some pieces of hung beef, which, though raw, was better than nothing, a small quantity of bread, and half-a-dozen of brandy, as he imagined, but which afterwards proved to be wine. When I mentioned our want of sails, he replied, that we must make shift to supply that deficiency with some table-cloths and sheets which he had brought with him.

"We still continued going and returning, till almost all the people were landed, and on our way had fortunately picked up the jolly-boat's mast and sail, and the

masts and yards belonging to several other boats, so that the only article we now wanted was water. I recollected the fire-cask in the mizen chains, which we desired a man to push overboard. Having picked it up and taken it in, with Mr. Gordon, we again committed ourselves to the mercy of the waves, and the care of Providence.

"But before I leave the ship, it will be proper to mention the number of lives that were lost. When we first struck upon the rock, five of the crew, whose apprehensions were too powerful for any other consideration, got into a boat that was hung over the quarter, and, in their hurry to escape, cut one of the tackles by which the boat was suspended, while they kept the other fast. The boat, consequently, hung by one end, and they were all thrown out and drowned.

"I forgot to mention, that, while the boats were employed in landing the people, those on board had thrown the ends of several hawsers on shore, which the peasantry made fast to the rocks, and which being hauled taut on board, they could go on shore upon them with great ease. Two men, however, being intoxicated, fell off the hawsers into the water, and perished. These, together with four marines, who lay upon deck dead drunk at the time we came away, and who, I believe, were not afterwards carried on shore, are, as far as I know, all that suffered on this occasion.

"Having a fair wind, we set the jolly-boat's sail for a fore-sail; then made a sparing breakfast, and thought to

recruit our spirits with a dram, when to our great disappointment, we found we had nothing but wine. This was not the greatest of our misfortunes, for, upon broaching our water, we found it so strongly impregnated with the varnish with which the cask had been so frequently laid over, that it was scarcely drinkable, and even made some of us sick.

"One of the men having, fortunately, some sail-needles in his pocket, all hands turned to sail-making, some sewing, and others unlaying rope, and making it into twine. A table-cloth and a sheet, sewed together, made an excellent main-sail; and out of a piece of canvas we happened to have in the boat we contrived to make a mizen, so that in a couple of hours we had a complete suit.

"About twelve o'clock, we were much alarmed by being becalmed among the Penmark rocks, and they were obliged to pull hard to avoid being dashed to pieces against them. We soon afterwards had a fine breeze, and about five, found ourselves close in with the land, a few miles to the southward of Cape Raz. The wind was so scant that we could barely lie along shore, and were obliged to pass several signal-posts, at each of which the enemy had a gun, so that we every moment expected to be fired at. I believe, by our being so badly rigged, and white sail, they took us for Frenchmen.

"About dusk, we had another narrow escape among a reef of rocks, which lay off Cape Raz, and upon which

we were set by a very heavy swell, and a strong tide. It was now nearly dark, and, as it had every appearance of blowing hard, we ran down into a deep bay, a little to the southward of Brest harbour, purposing to come to an anchor till the morning; but, in luffing up round a point, under which we intended to take shelter, we were much surprised by the appearance of something like a fort, and soon found our fears realised, when the sentinel hailed us in French, which he did twice. We now bore up, and made sail from it as fast as we could, and I fancy were out of reach before they could get a gun ready, as we saw several lights moving about.

"Some of the boat's crew now thought our undertaking so desperate, that they proposed to surrender, rather than run any further risk. It was, however, agreed to wait till day-light and we accordingly came to an anchor in the middle of the bay, not daring to trust ourselves any more in shore. About eleven, the wind having moderated, and the moon shining bright, we got under weigh, and ran between the Saints and the main, which is a very dangerous passage. By two o'clock next morning we were clear of Ushant, having also passed between that and the main. We were now in high spirits, to think we had got clear of the coast of France, and regaled ourselves with an additional glass of wine; having also a fair wind for England, which continued all that day till four in the afternoon, when to our great distress, it fell calm, at a time when, by the

distance we had run, we computed ourselves at not more than eight leagues from Plymouth. At seven, a breeze sprung up from the northward, and at eight it blew extremely violent, with a heavy sea. The gale continued to increase till eleven, when our situation became very alarming; exposed to a heavy gale of wind in the middle of the English Channel, in an open boat, with the sea breaking over us in such a manner that we expected each succeeding wave would overwhelm the boat, and terminate our existence.

"The pilot, after some consideration, proposed to us, as the only chance we had remaining, to bear up for the islands of Guernsey or Jersey. To this proposal we all would readily have acceded, but were of opinion, that if he once put the boat before the sea, she would immediately fill. During our consultation, a singular circumstance occurred, which determined us to follow the pilot's advice. Three distinct flashes of lightning were perceived, at regular intervals, in the south-east, which was exactly the direction the islands bore from us. This the superstition of the boat's crew immediately interpreted as a signal from heaven; we therefore bore up, and stood in the same direction in which we had observed the lightning.

"Next morning the gale rather abated; and about two o'clock in the afternoon, to our inexpressible joy, we discovered the island of Guernsey; but the wind falling, we did not make the land till late the following morning."

## LETTER FROM CAPTAIN HARDINGE TO HIS FATHER, MR. JUSTICE HARDINGE

*Scorpion, April 7th*, 1804.

MY EVER DEAREST FRIEND,—I am on my way to the Nore, after 6 days of severe, but unrepented fatigue, and have 60 Dutch prisoners on board; we are accompanied by the *Atalante* a Dutch war brig of 16 guns, prize to us. I was ordered on the 28th to reconnoitre at Vlie, and perceived a couple of the enemy's brigs at anchor in the roads. Despairing to reach them with my ship, on account of the shoals that surrounded the entrance, I determined upon a dash at the outermost one in the boats, if a good opportunity could be made or found. It came unsolicited March 31. Preparing to embark, we accidentally were joined by the *Beaver* sloop, who offered us her boats to act in concert with ours. We accepted the reinforcement, under an impression that it would spare lives on both sides, and would shorten the contest. At half-past nine in the evening, we began the enterprise in three boats from the *Scorpion* and two from the *Beaver*. Captain Pelly (a very intelligent and spirited officer) did me the honour

to serve under me as a volunteer in one of his boats. We had nearly sixty men, including officers, headed by your humble servant in the foremost boat. As we rowed with flood tide, we arrived alongside the enemy at half-past eleven. I had the good fortune, or (as by some it has been considered) the honour, to be the first man who boarded her. She was prepared for us with board nettings up, and with all the other customary implements of defence. But the noise and the alarm etc., so intimidated her crew that many of them ran below in a panic, leaving to us the painful duty of combating those whom we respected the most. The decks were slippery in consequence of rain, so that grappling with my first opponent, a mate of the watch, I fell, but recovered my position—fought him upon equal terms, and killed him. I then engaged the captain, as brave a man as any service ever boasted; he had almost killed one of my seamen. To my shame be it spoken, he disarmed me, and was on the point of killing me, when a seaman of mine came up, rescued me, at the peril of his own life—and enabled me to recover my sword. At this time all the men were come from the boats, and were in possession of the deck. Two were going to fall upon the captain at once. I ran up —held them back—and then adjured him to accept quarter. With inflexible heroism he disdained the gift —kept us at bay, and compelled us to kill him. He fell, covered with honourable wounds. The vessel was

ours, and we secured the hatches, which, headed by a lieutenant, who has received a desperate wound, they attempted repeatedly to force. Thus far we had been fortunate—but we had another enemy to fight; it was the element. A sudden gale, and shifted against us, impeded all the efforts we could make. But as we had made the capture, we determined at all events to sustain it, or to perish. We made the Dutch below surrender—put 40 of them in their own irons—and stationed our men to their guns, brought the powder up, and made all the necessary arrangements to attack the other brig. But as the day broke, and without abatement of the wind, she was off, at such a distance, and in such a position, that we had no chance to reach her. In this extremity of peril we remained eight and forty hours. Two of the boats had broke adrift from us; two had swamped alongside. The wind shifted again, and we made a push to extricate ourselves, but found the navigation so difficult, that it required the intense labour of three days to accomplish it. We carried the point at last, and were commended by the admiral for our perseverance. You will see in the *Gazette* my letter to him. I aimed at modesty, and am a little afraid that in the pursuit of this object I may have left material facts a little too indefinite, if not obscure. The *Atalante's* captain, and four others were killed; eleven are wounded, and so dreadfully that our surgeon thinks every one of them will die. To the end of my existence

I shall regret the captain; he was a perfect hero, and if his crew had been like him, critical indeed would have been our peril. The *Atalante* is much larger than my vessel; and she mounted 16 long 12-pounders; we have not a single brig that is equal to that calibre. Her intended complement was 200 men; but she had only 76 on board. I expect your joy by return of post.

P.S.—In two days after the captain's death he was buried, with all naval honours in my power to bestow upon him; during the ceremony of his interment the English colours disappeared, and the Dutch were hoisted in their place. All the Dutch officers were liberated—one of them pronounced an eloge on the hero they had lost—and we fired 3 volleys over him as he descended into the deep.

Ever affectionately and gratefully yours,

GEO. N. HARDINGE.

left hand, so I can write to you, and fight for my King yet. We have taken a rare parcel of ships, but the wind is so rough we cannot bring them home, else I should roll in money, so we are busy smashing 'em, and blowing 'em up wholesale.

Our dear Admiral Nelson is killed! so we have paid pretty sharply for licking 'em. I never sat eyes on him, for which I am both sorry and glad; for, to be sure, I should like to have seen him—but then, all the men in our ship who have seen him are such soft toads, they have done nothing but blast their eyes, and cry, ever since he was killed.—God bless you! chaps that fought like the Devil, sit down and cry like a wench. I am still in the *Royal Sovereign*, but the Admiral has left her, for she is like a horse without a bridle, so he is in a frigate that he may be here and there and everywhere, for he's as *cute* as here and there one, and as bold as a lion, for all he can cry!—I saw his tears with my own eyes, when the boat hailed and said my lord was dead. So no more at present from your dutiful son, SAM.

## THE *SEAHORSE* AND *BADERE-ZAFFER*, 1808

A BAND of Epirots, who had been taken into the pay and service of Russia, being on the conclusion of the peace of Tilsit disbanded, and left at the mercy of their former masters, had taken possession of two islands in the mouth of the Gulf of Salonica, from whence with large boats they laid the coast, as far as the Dardanelles, under contribution, and made prize of all vessels going to Constantinople. The tributes from these countries being principally paid in corn, was thus intercepted, and the Turks, having no force outside of the Dardanelles sufficient to crush this nest of pirates, made application to Captain Stewart of the *Seahorse*, to know whether he would interfere with any squadron sent for that purpose? To which he replied—*That he should repel by force any ships attempting to come out.* The Turks were not, however, ignorant of the force in the Archipelago; and being anxious to suppress the pirates, sent a squadron of two frigates, two sloops of war, two mortar vessels, and some xebecs, for this purpose; which having anchored off the island of Silo Dromo, made a landing, and surrounded the town of the pirates, situated on a peak. On the approach of

the Turkish squadron, the pirates despatched a fast-sailing boat, with one of their chiefs, to the Island of Syra, where the *Seahorse* then lay by herself, to apprise Captain Stewart of the Turks being out. Without calculating the enemy's force, Captain Stewart immediately weighed, and proceeded in search of the enemy, and on the second day, in working up towards the island, fell in with the two frigates, whom he engaged on the night of the 5th of July, within hearing of the other Turkish squadron: which it was well known was but a very few miles off; success, however, always favours enterprise, and the Turks, about the time the action closed in the morning, weighed anchor and made sail for the Dardanelles.

## THE "OLD HORSES" IN THEIR ELEMENT

ON the 1st of July, 1808, H.M.S. *Seahorse* (38), Captain John Stewart, was lying in the beautiful harbour of St. George, in the Island of Syra, whither we had gone to complete the frigate's water, when a small Lemnian mistigue, of two guns and thirty-five as savage-looking rascals as ever formed part of a pirate's crew, ran under our stern and asked permission to communicate some important intelligence; a boat from the frigate soon brought the two chiefs of this small, but fierce and lawless band. After a long conference in the cabin, our excellent captain ordered the hands to be turned up, and in his own brief and energetic manner, informed the officers and crew "that the pirate had seen a Turkish squadron of two fifty-gun frigates, one of thirty, and a galley, the day before off the north end of Lemnos; that the disparity of force, compared with that of our single ship, was great, but that well trained as the 'old horses' were, he had no doubt of our success, even should we encounter them altogether," and he concluded by asking "whether we would try such fearful odds." The reply was three rattling cheers, and up

anchor; the commander, and three of the pirates, remaining at their own request on board,

The following days were passed in seeking for the "circumcised dogs," preparing the ship for the anticipated struggle, and exercising the crew in the various duties a long action would call on them to perform. In the evening of the third day we spoke a fine Hydriot polacre of twenty guns, who had been chased the previous day by a part of the Turkish squadron (one of the large ships had been sent to Lemnos); she offered to stay by and take part with us, and her offer was accepted.

On the 5th, at 5 h. 30 m. p.m., we saw, to our great joy, the commodore's ship coming round the east end of Scopulo, followed by the thirty-gun ship and a galley; they were directly to windward. On perceiving us they shortened to easy sail, and bore down in open order. When within about three miles, the wind shifted in a heavy squall, giving us the "weather gage," which was taken immediate advantage of by Captain Stewart, who steered for the large frigate; at 9 h. 10 m. we ranged up under his lee quarter, and gave him our double-shotted broadside, at the distance of about ten fathoms. Its weight (for every shot told) evidently bothered our opponent, and he returned a hasty, ill-directed fire, the greater part of his shot passing harmlessly ahead.

The row had now fairly begun, and we lay at the

good Nelsonian distance of about half pistol-shot, unrigging him from the quarter-deck and forecastle, and giving ample occupation to Azrael in transporting the souls of many of the followers of Mahomet to the foot of Al-sirate Arch, liberated from their fleshy prisons by the hulling activity of our main-deckers. Prosperously, however, as we thought ourselves to be proceeding, our allies thought otherwise; the boasting Hydriot started off under all the canvas he could muster, and the pirates, who had chosen their station in the launch on the booms, and had at first been tolerably active with their long tophaikés, became very fidgety, and prepared for bolting. By this time (10 h. 25 m.) we had relieved our opponent from all further occasion to call his sail-trimmers, the larboard yard-arm of his foresail being the only rag left to interest him, and he very properly bore up to keep steerage-way. The small frigate had for some time galled us considerably with her raking shot; we took this opportunity of throwing all aback, closed with her, and three broadsides sufficed to silence her guns; the explosion of some powder under the forecastle set her on fire forward, and we made sail to get out of her way and rejoin our first opponent. Before we had succeeded in the latter object, the captain of the mizen-top hailed the quarter-deck and exclaimed, "The little frigate has given three rolls, and gone to h—l, sir!" A marine on the larboard quarter also reported having seen her go down, and this was the last time mortal

eyes beheld the *Ates Fezan*, or her crew of above 300 men. The dismantled state of the enemy enabled us now to work round him like "a cooper round a cask" until 11 h. 20 m., when, as we were in stays ahead (having just raked him with one broadside and ready to give him the other), he shot away our mizen-mast; the ship missed stays, and the Turk, collecting between 300 and 400 men in his fore-rigging, bowsprit, and fore-castle, boldly attempted to board. Our two divisions of boarders were placed in the main-chains, about the gangway, and in front of the marines on the quarter-deck; behind the marines' bayonets were the sail-trimmers, forming thus a phalanx seven deep of pikes, tomahawks, bayonets, and cutlasses; our fore-most quarter-deck 32s had each 800 musket-balls, and the whole broadside was ready (and reserved) with round and grape. The infidels came on, shouting and uttering dreadful yells, to which perhaps the midnight hour added a few horrors; at all events, the combination proved quite too much for our Lemnian friends, who crawled into the deepest recess of the cable-tiers, and remained there. Indeed, some few of the "old horses" were struck with a momentary panic, which, but for the coolness of the officers, would probably have spread—for the mutual cessation of fire and a profound silence, broken only by the occasional yell of the barbarians, had in it something very appalling. But the men were reminded that they had pledged them-

selves either to conquer or go down with the bunting flying, that Turks gave no quarter, and that the issue of the battle depended on their repulsing this attack, when we might in turn become assailants, and speedily terminate the fight. At length, just before his bowsprit end reached the after main swifter, he got all that we could give him—grape, canister, musket-balls, rockets, and all, with three good English cheers at the tail of them. At such a distance, and a flanking fire directed against literally a bee-like cluster of men, the carnage is more easily conceived than described; suffice it to say that no son of Mahomet polluted our quarter-deck with his footstep, though a few did attempt it, and were piked and thrown overboard. Some turns of a hawser were got over her bowsprit end and round our capstern, but they parted; our mizen-mast being gone, we had nothing aft to lash him to, and amidst the groans and shrieks of his wounded and dying, she dropped astern.

From this time to the end of the action, I cannot do better than make an extract from the ship's log:—"11h. 45m., recommenced action; enemy making off before the wind. Midnight, moderate and fine, alongside the Turk, at 1h. 15m., the enemy's fire having totally ceased, though we could get no answer from him, and she being a complete wreck, hauled off, cleared the decks, spliced the main brace, and went to quarters again, keeping the Turk awake by a shot now and then.

"At daylight, the enemy hoisted her colours; bore up,

and passing under the stern, gave her a raking broadside, which she returned with her stern guns, and struck her colours at 5h. 30m. Sent the first lieutenent, who took possession of the *Badere Zaffer*, mounting 52 long brass guns, 42s, 24s, and 12s, commanded by Scandevli Chi Chue Ali; had on board at the commencement of the action nearly 700 men, of whom 204 were killed and 176 wounded. *Seahorse* went into action with 286 men, of whom 5 were killed and 10 wounded.

"The scene of slaughter on board was dreadful; her only surgeon (a French renegado) was in a state of helpless intoxication, and the only attempts he had made in his profession, were by stopping up some of the holes, made in the wretched Turks, by plugs of lint. More than seventy were lying dead on her gun-decks, and the cable tiers and store rooms, full of the desperately wounded and dying: her first Chiaous (lieutenant) had seven musket and grape shot in him. Four days after, we landed these *malheureux* on the Island of Miconi, the greater part of their wounds undressed, and the thermometer at 80. The little Arab who commanded, on being brought on board and asked for his sword, had no idea of the necessity of surrendering it; indeed he had, immediately after his colours were struck, dressed himself entirely in white (meant, perhaps, as a kind of flag of truce), and said he had lost his sword. Having obtained permission to return to his ship for his effects, and being in the confusion of the moment unguarded,

he got one of the fighting lanterns (which were still a-light), and accompanied by two of his lieutenants, had reached the magazine passage, then not secured, and over ankle deep in gunpowder, when, just as he was in the act of taking the candle from the lantern, the schoolmaster, who had come on board the prize from curiosity, and happened to be providentially on the lower deck, immediately on seeing the danger, knocked down the Arab, dowsed his glim, and saved us from the otherways inevitable destruction of one, if not of both frigates; he was, of course, forthwith removed to the English frigate. As he spoke Italian fluently, Captain Stewart rebuked him severely in that language, for his breach of the laws of honour and of war, to which he listened with unmoved patience; when the speaker ceased, the little tiger bent forward his head, and pointing to his neck, said, "Take it, it is yours; don't hesitate, for had the fortune of war been mine, I would have had your head off two hours ago. I only did my duty in attempting to blow my ship up, and I curse my own stupidity for not succeeding." His officers declared, that during the action he had put seventeen of his own men to death with his own hand, in attempting to keep them at their quarters; his activity and contempt of danger were conspicuous to us, even in a night action; and many a deliberate aim was taken at him, but, notwithstanding the carnage all around, he was unharmed, and seemed to bear a charmed life. Indeed, had nautical skill and good

gunnery been as general acquirements as courage amongst the Islamites, few of us would have been here now to tell the tale. They were as brave as the noble animal their figure-head represented, and which was carefully covered over with canvas before they struck, that, as they said, "the king of beast and bird" (the eagle which supported their poop-lantern) "should not witness the triumph of infidels over true believers."

## ACTION BETWEEN H.M. BRIG *DOMINICA* AND A FRENCH PRIVATEER, 1808

WE had only quitted English harbour a few hours, on our first cruise, when, ere we were properly in fighting or sea-going trim, while working up to our station to windward, off the Island of Dominica, on the night of the 3rd of February, 1808, we fell in with a strange sail. About 1 a.m. I was aroused from my cot, having only left the deck at the end of the first watch, half an hour before; by the hollow and unwelcome mutter of the drum beating to quarters.

On getting on deck, I found everyone busy at their guns, or in making sail in chase of a stranger to the northward, scarcely perceptible at intervals through the dim obscure. Our relative position allowed us to keep a point or two off the wind on the starboard tack, and such was the rapidity with which we gained on her, evidently making no effort to elude us, that with her paying no attention to our night signals, and some other circumstances, soon brought us to the conclusion that she was some dull sailing American trader, or other neutral, with which these seas swarmed, and from whom we had many similar false alarms. This conjecture,

already unanimous, was confirmed as we approached still nearer by her subsequent manœuvres.

After a few shot from our bow-chaser, we were quickly within hail, and we now made her out to be a fore-and-aft rigged vessel standing under easy sail to the northward. The pertinacity with which she still kept on her way under easy sail close hauled, unmindful of our bow-gun and musketry, for a few minutes clashed with our preconceived notions. But even this circumstance had little weight; a similar disregard, from obstinacy or inattention, on the part of trading vessels being often experienced.

With some of these it was by no means unusual to lash the helm, and leave the vessel to the mercy of winds and waves to steer herself, while the watch went to sleep. Every man, however, continued at his station until within hail on his lee quarter, when the usual peremptory mandate of "shorten sail and heave to" with a threat, and in a tone unusually imperious and vehement, was given through the speaking-trumpet.

One solitary voice replied in good English to this summons; at the same instant the requisition was promptly complied with by hauling down their jib and backing their head-sails.

Not a whisper was heard on board, or the slightest indication of bustle or stir of preparation calculated to excite the smallest suspicion, and which, on board foreign vessels of war, particularly privateers, it is so

difficult altogether to repress. The extreme darkness of the night effectually prevented our examining her build, rig, cut of sails, or any of the minute details by which the practised eye of a sailor so readily discriminates between, not only classes, but the flags of the various wanderers of the deep. Altogether, so complete was the deception, that any remaining doubt was fully removed.

In this state of security we ranged up to leeward, within half pistol shot distance. The sail trimmers having hauled up the courses, taken in the topgallant-sails and jib, and laid the main-topsail to the mast, were coiling down the ropes and making all snug. Part of the crew were employed securing the guns; the small-arm men were returning their pikes and muskets, while some were listlessly leaning over the gangway and hammock nettings, impatiently waiting the drum's call to retreat to their hammocks, gazing at, and wishing honest Jonathan at old Davy for his untimely disturbance of their slumbers, when, just as we were fairly abreast, and near enough to toss a biscuit aboard, we were suddenly astonished by a deafening shout from some two hundred hoarse throats, accompanied by a salute of round and grape, and a tremendous volley of small-arms. At this instant our commander, stooping down to recover his night-glass, which had fallen, thrust his hand into the reeking skull of a man who had been completely decapitated by a round shot. For an instant

all was amazement and confusion, and which, at this critical moment, was further increased by the accidental explosion on the after part of the quarter-deck of the greater part of the returned cartridges, which had been temporarily deposited there on securing the guns.

Had our wily opponent followed up this blow by a few similar doses, or as fairly succeeded, as he promptly attempted, to lay us on board during the first moments of surprise, the result might have been doubtful.

This manœuvre was, however, but imperfectly executed. Instead of laying us fairly alongside, which, as she was to windward, she might have done, paying round off while our vessel was still fast forging ahead, her bows grazing our starboard quarter, her jibboom became entangled with our rigging, and retained her in a position by no means favourable to the attempt. As usual on board most of the vessels of our description in His Majesty's service, we had on the after part of the quarter-deck a sort of poop or platform, sufficiently elevated to command the decks of the enemy. From this our small-arm men by this time sufficiently rallied, poured in their discharges of musketry, and checked every effort to advance by the bowsprit. In vain were the men urged forward by their officers: repulsed, they wavered, and the golden opportunity was gone by.

After a few ineffectual attempts, during which they must have suffered greatly from our fire, becoming disengaged, she dropped astern, and ranging up to leeward,

on the larboard beam, the action was once more renewed. She was now between us and the land, the dark shadows of which effectually concealed her.

After exchanging a few broadsides, suddenly extinguishing all her lights, she bore up under a press of sail, and in a few minutes nothing more of her was to be seen. Having several ports not far distant under her lee, it was easy to elude our pursuit by taking refuge in one of these, and we accordingly learned a day or two after that they had returned to St. Pierre's, the anchorage they had quitted the evening of our rencounter.

In this affair we had three men killed and six wounded out of our little crew. Our opponent, who suffered considerably, turned out to be the *Victor*, a French privateer, commanded by an officer of the Marine Royale, well known on the station for his professional skill and ability, with a force in number and weight of metal—eighteen-pounders—much the same as our own, they added a crew greatly superior, and which was further reinforced by a large body of regular troops which they were transporting to Guadaloupe.

## JACK ASHORE

(*The following humorous, but probably overdrawn picture of British seamen acting in the capacity of soldiers was written by a military observer of their movements in Holland during the Walcheren Expedition*)

THESE extraordinary fellows delighted in hunting the *Munseers*, as they called the French, and a more formidable pack was never unkennelled. Armed with a long pole, a pike, a cutlass, and a pistol, they annoyed the French skirmishers in all directions, by their irregular and unexpected attacks. They usually went out in parties, as if they were going to hunt a wild beast, and no huntsman ever followed the chase with more delight. Regularly every day after breakfast (for they messed generally on a green, in a village of East Zuberg) they would start off to their hunt. They might be seen leaping the dykes, by the aid of their poles, or swimming across others, like Newfoundland dogs; and if a few French riflemen appeared in sight, they ran at them, helter-skelter, and pistol, cutlass, or pike went to work in good earnest. The French soldiers did not at all relish such opponents—and no wonder,

for the very appearance of them was terrific, and quite out of the usual order of things. Each man seemed a sort of Paul Jones, tarred, belted, and cutlassed as they were. Had we had occasion to storm Flushing, I have no doubt they would have carried the breach themselves.

The scenes which their eccentricities every hour presented were worthy the pencil of Hogarth. Amongst the most humorous of these were their drills, musters, and marchings, or, as they generally called such proceedings, "playing at soldiers." All that their officers did had no effect in preserving either silence or regularity. Those officers, however, were part and parcel of the same material as the Jacks themselves, by whom pipe-clayed regularity of rank and file was not understood, neither was it rated by them at a very high value. The object was not to subject them to that precision of movement by which soldiers are governed, but simply to keep them together when marching from one place to another. These marches and drills afforded the highest degree of amusement both to the soldiers and officers. The disproportion in the size of the men —the front-rank man, perhaps, being five feet one, and the rear-rank man six feet two; the giving the word of command from the middy, always accompanied by an oath; the gibes and jeers of the men themselves.

"Heads up, you beggar of a corporal, there," a little slang-going Jack would cry out from the rear-rank, well

knowing that his diminutive size prevented his being seen by his officers. Then perhaps the man immediately before the wit, in order to show his sense of decorum, would turn round and remark, "I say, who made you fugleman, Master Billy? Can't you behave like a sodger afore the commander, eh?" Then from another part of the squad would be heard a stentorian roar, and, "I'll not stand this, if I do —— me. Here's this —— Murphy sticken a sword into my starn." Then perhaps the midshipman would give the word, "Right face!" in order to prepare for marching; but some turned right, and others left, while others again came right round, and faced their opposite rank man. This confusion being got the better of, and the word "march" finally given, off they went, some whistling a quick step, and others imitating the sound of a drum; every sort of antic trick followed, such as one man treading on another's heels. I once saw a fellow suddenly jump out of the line of march, crying out, "I'll be —— if Riley hasn't got spikes in his toes, and I won't march afore him any longer," when he coolly fell into the rear.

Thus they proceeded to beat the bushes for the Frenchmen; but even when under the fire of the hidden riflemen, and the rampart guns, their jollity was unabated. One of these odd fellows was hit in the leg by a rifle-ball, which broke the bones, and he fell. It was a hot pursuit, which he and a few others were engaged in, after a couple of the riflemen, when, finding that he could

follow no further, he took off his tarpauling hat and flung it with all his might after them, adding a wish "that it was an eighteen-pounder for their sakes." The poor fellow was carried off by his comrades, and taken to the hospital, where he died. Such were the men who fought our battles, and who, if thoughtless and ungovernable when on shore, were silent and obedient enough when under proper discipline on board their own ships.

## COPY OF A LETTER FROM CAPTAIN LORD GEORGE STUART, OF H.M.S. *L'AIMABLE*, ADDRESSED TO REAR-ADMIRAL SIR R. STRACHAN

H.M.S. *L'Aimable*, off Cuxhaven,
*July 29th*, 1809.

SIR,

The French troops in Hanover, not content with frequent predatory and piratical incursions in the neighbourhood of Cuxhaven, had the audacity to enter the village of Rutzbuttle with a body of horse at mid-day, on Wednesday, the 26th inst., and very narrowly missed making several officers of the squadron prisoners. In consequence, I was induced to land a detachment of seamen and marines from the vessels, composing the squadron under my orders, for the purpose, if possible, of intercepting them. In the ardour of pursuit we advanced until we got sight of the town of Bremerleke, into which we learned they had retreated. The information was incorrect. On entering the town we were assured that the enemy, to the number of about 250, occupied the town of Gessendorf, two miles distant, and

further, that it contained a depôt of confiscated merchandise. It was resolved instantly to attack it.

For this purpose Captain Goate of the *Mosquito* advanced with a detachment, while I directed Captain Pettet of the *Briseis* to take a circuitous route, and take a well-constructed battery of four 12-pounders, commanding the river Weser in flank, while the remainder, under my own immediate directions, headed by Captain Watts of the *Ephira*, advanced to attack it in front.

The road we had to pass subjected us all to a galling fire of round and grape from the battery, the guns of which were all pointed inwards, and which in return we could only answer by discharges of musketry. Gessendorf, though certainly tenable with the numbers the enemy had opposed to ours, was on the approach of Captain Goate precipitately evacuated. The enemy being previously informed of our approach had put into requisition a number of light waggons for the transportation of the foot, in rear of which 60 well-mounted cavalry drew up.

The enemy in the battery seeing us determined, notwithstanding their fire, to carry our point, and that we were making preparations for fording a deep and wide creek in their front, abandoned it and embarked in boats on the Weser, ready for their reception, under a severe fire of musketry from our detachment, with the loss on their part of several killed and wounded.

From a foreknowledge of our intentions on the part of the enemy, we made but four prisoners,—the commandant of the battery, Monsieur Le Murche, a lieutenant, and two inferior officers.

The battery guns were burst in pieces, the embrazures demolished, the gun carriages burnt, together with the magazine, guard-houses, etc., etc. The powder we brought off, together with 6 waggon loads of confiscated merchandise.

A want of zeal and activity was discernible nowhere; to every officer and man I must award the meed of praise so justly their due.

The distance from Gessendorf to Cuxhaven is 28 miles. I leave it to their lordships to estimate the spirit, alacrity, and expedition with which this service must have been performed, when I state that in 24 hours from our departure the whole detachment returned, and were safely embarked on board their respective ships, without the loss of an individual.

I have the honour to be, etc.,

(Signed) G. STUART.

Sir R. J. Strachan, Bart., K.B.,

Rear-Admiral of the White, etc., etc.

## ESCAPE OF H.M.S. *TALBOT*, AND WRECK OF H.M. FRIGATE *SALDANHA*, 36, HON. W. PAKENHAM, OFF LOUGH SWILLY, DECEMBER, 1811

AT midday, on Saturday, the 30th of November, 1811, with a fair wind and smooth sea, we weighed from our station here, in company with the *Saldanha* frigate, of thirty-eight guns, Captain Pakenham, with a crew of 300 men, on a cruise, as was intended, of twenty days; the *Saldanha* taking a westerly course, while we stood in the opposite direction. We had scarcely got out of the loch and cleared the heads, however, when we plunged at once into all the miseries of a gale of wind blowing from the west. During the three following days it continued to increase in violence, when the islands of Coll and Tiree became visible to us. As the wind had now chopped round more to the north, and continued unabated in violence, the danger of getting involved among the numerous small islands and rugged headlands on the north-west coast of Inverness-shire became evident. It was therefore deemed expedient to wear the ship round, and make a port with all possible expedition. With this view, and favoured

by the wind, a course was shaped for Loch Swilly, and away we scudded under close-reefed foresail and main-topsail, followed by a tremendous sea, which threatened every moment to overwhelm us, and accompanied by piercing showers of hail, and a gale which blew with incredible fury. The same course was steered until next day at noon, when land was seen on the lee-bow. The weather being thick, some time elapsed before it could be distinctly made out, and it was then ascertained to be the island of North Arran, on the coast of Donegal, westward of Loch Swilly. The ship was therefore hauled up some points, and we yet entertained hopes of reaching an anchorage before nightfall, when the weather gradually thickened, and the sea, now that we were upon a wind, broke over us in all directions. Its violence was such, that in a few minutes several of our ports were stove in, at which the water poured in in great abundance, until it was actually breast high on the lee side of the main-deck. Fortunately, but little got below, and the ship was relieved by taking in the foresail. But a dreadful addition was now made to the precariousness of our situation by the cry of "Land a-head!" which was seen from the forecastle, and must have been very near.

Not a moment was now lost in wearing the ship round on the other tack, and making what little sail could be carried, to weather the land we had already passed. This soon proved, however, to be a forlorn

prospect, for it was found we should run our distance by ten o'clock.

All the horrors of shipwreck now stared us in the face, aggravated tenfold by the extreme darkness of the night, and the tremendous force of the wind, which now blew a hurricane. Mountains are insignificant when speaking of the sea that kept pace with it; its violence was awful beyond description, and it frequently broke all over the poor little ship, that shivered and groaned, but behaved admirably.

The force of the sea may be guessed from the fact of the sheet-anchor, nearly a ton and a half in weight, being actually lifted on board, to say nothing of the fore-chain-plates broken, both gangways torn away, quarter-galleries stove in, etc., etc. In short, on getting into port, the vessel was found to be loosened through all her frame, and leaky at every seam.

As far as depended on her good qualities, however, I felt assured that we were safe; for I had seen enough of the *Talbot* to be convinced we were in one of the finest sea-boats that ever swam. But what could all the skill of the ship-builder avail in a situation like ours? With a terrible night full fifteen hours long before us, and knowing that we were fast driving on the land, anxiety and dread were on every face, and every mind felt the terrors of uncertainty and suspense.

At length, about twelve o'clock, the dreadful truth was disclosed to us. Judge of my sensations when I

saw the surf and the frowning rocks of Arran, scarcely half a mile distant on our lee-bow. To our inexpressible relief, and not less to our surprise, we fairly weathered all, and were congratulating each other on our escape, when on looking forward I imagined I saw breakers at no great distance on our lee; and this suspicion was soon confirmed, when the moon, which shone at intervals, suddenly broke out from behind a cloud, and presented to us a most terrific spectacle.

At not more than a quarter of a mile distance, on our lee-beam, appeared a range of tremendous breakers, amongst which it seemed as if every sea would throw us. Their height, it may be supposed, was prodigious, when they could be clearly distinguished from the foaming waters of the surrounding ocean. It was a scene seldom to be witnessed, and never forgotten.

"Lord have mercy on us!" was now on the lips of every one—destruction seemed inevitable. Captain Swaine, whose coolness I have never seen surpassed, issued his orders clearly and collectedly, when it was proposed, as a last resource, to drop the anchors, cut away the masts, and trust to the chance of riding out the gale. This scheme was actually determined on, and everything was in readiness, but happily was deferred until an experiment was tried aloft. In addition to the close-reefed main-topsail and foresail, the fore-topsail and trysail were now set, and the result was almost magical. With a few plunges we cleared not only the

reef, but a huge rock upon which I could with ease have tossed a biscuit; and in a few minutes we were inexpressibly rejoiced to observe both far astern.

We had now miraculously escaped all but certain destruction a second time, but much was yet to be feared. We had yet still to pass Cape Jeller, and the moments dragged on in gloomy apprehension and anxious suspense. The ship carried sail most wonderfully, and we continued to go along at the rate of seven knots, shipping very heavy seas, and labouring much—all, with much solicitude, looking out for daylight. The dawn at length appeared, and to our great joy we saw the land several miles astern, having passed the cape and many other hidden dangers during the darkness. Matters on the morning of the 5th assumed a very different aspect from the last two days' experience: the wind gradually subsided, and with it the sea, and a favourable breeze now springing up, we were enabled to make a good offing. Fortunately no accident of consequence occurred, although several of our people were severely bruised by falls. Poor fellows! they certainly suffered enough; not a dry stitch, not a dry hammock, had they since we sailed.

The most melancholy part of my narrative is still to be told. On coming up to our anchorage here this morning, we observed an unusual degree of curiosity and bustle in the fort; crowds of people were congregated on both sides, running to and fro, examining

us through spy-glasses; in short, an extraordinary commotion was apparent. The meaning of all this was but too soon made known to us by a boat coming alongside, from which we learned that the unfortunate *Saldanha* had gone to pieces, and every man perished.

Our own destruction had likewise been reckoned inevitable, from the time of the discovery of the unhappy fate of our consort five days beforehand; and hence the astonishment excited at our unexpected return. From all that could be learned concerning the dreadful catastrophe, I am inclined to believe that the *Saldanha* had been driven on the rocks about the time our doom appeared so certain in another quarter. Her lights were seen by the signal-tower at nine o'clock of that fearful Wednesday night, December the 4th, after which it is supposed she went ashore on the rocks at a small bay called Ballymastaker, almost at the entrance of Loch Swilly harbour. Next morning the beach was strewed with fragments of the wreck, and upwards of two hundred of the bodies of the unfortunate sufferers were found washed ashore. One man—and one only—out of the three hundred, was ascertained to have come ashore alive, but almost in a state of insensibility. Unhappily there was no person present to administer to his wants judiciously, and upon craving something to drink, about half a pint of whisky was given him by the country people, which almost instantly killed him. Poor Pakenham's body was also recognised this morning

amidst the others, and, like these, stripped quite naked by the inhuman wretches who flocked to the wreck. It is even suspected that he came on shore alive, but was stripped and left to perish. Nothing could equal the audacity of the plunderers, although a party of the Lanark militia was doing duty around the wreck.

## DESPERATE ATTEMPT TO CUT OUT THREE PRIVATEERS

DURING the Peninsular war H.M.S. *Minstrel*, Capt. Peyton, was stationed on the south-east coast of Spain, to co-operate with the division under Sir John Murray, then opposed to Marshal Suchet, besieging Valencia; a strong detachment of French troops occupying the small town of Beni Dormé, on the coast, as an outpost. It was observed early in August, 1812, that three fellucas, privateers, had taken shelter in the port, and, as they were closely watched by the *Minstrel*, it no doubt led them to suspect some attempt would be made to cut them out. To guard against it they were observed to haul up as high as possible on the beach, remove their rudders, and use every precaution to frustrate any attempt that might be made on them. Six nine-pounders were also added to the battery that commanded every approach from the sea; this battery was manned by their united crews, consisting, as was well known, of about eighty men, well armed. Looking on these vessels from day to day was as tantalising as it was exciting, to the gallant fellows of the *Minstrel;* but any attempt in the face of the French troops, only a few yards in their

rear, was too unpromising to be thought of. It, however, fell to the lot of Mr. Dwyer, of H.M.S. *Unité* (but then doing duty as lieutenant of the *Minstrel*), to suggest to Captain Peyton a plan either to bring out or destroy the enemy, by landing out of sight, and getting in their rear, the very first moment the French detachment should leave Beni Dormé. This shortly occurred, as, on a demonstration made by Sir John Murray to relieve Valencia, Suchet drew in his outposts, and Mr. Dwyer was informed by a Spanish fisherman, well known to him, that the place had been evacuated, leaving only the crews of the privateers to protect their vessels.

Accordingly, on the evening of the 12th August, 1812, to use Mr. Dwyer's own words, "It became my duty to row guard. I picked my boat's crew, each man armed with a musket, pistols, and cutlass, and, under pretext of landing for sand, left the ship with my brave fellows, determined to bring out or burn the enemy. We landed, in all nine of us—too few, true, but I knew my men had the hearts of ninety-nine. To make matters as sure as possible, and prevent, in case of any disaster, the boat falling into the hands of the enemy, I told my men that it must return to the ship. On hearing this, a difficulty arose among them as to who should take the boat back, each man exclaiming, 'You don't doubt me, surely, Mr. Dwyer?—you won't send me, sir,' etc. 'My lads,' I said, 'you know I have made choice of you all

out of the whole ship's company for the enterprise of this night; you know me well, as it is not the first time we have acted together; the boat shall proceed to the ship; follow my orders—all but Clarke (the coxswain) draw lots; the shortest rope-yarn decides the man who must take the boat off.' They drew; the lot fell on one of the very best of my men—if, indeed, there was a choice to be made among them. As to the poor fellow, his mortification is not to be described, and he actually shed tears on shaking my hand and bidding his shipmates farewell. I directed this man to pull a mile into the offing in the direction of the ship, there to wait for the result of the attack; that, should there be much firing, and should it cease and no blue light be shown about a quarter of an hour after, then he was to regain the ship with all speed, as in that event we should not have succeeded. With these orders, I made him push from the shore, and we started for the battery, I and my seven men, full of confidence, supposing we had only the eighty privateer gentry to encounter, who, in their surprise and consequent confusion, we should soon 'square the yards with.'

"We had landed about two miles and a half to the south-west of the town and battery; it was a beautiful, starlight, calm evening, about half-past nine. To avoid discovery, I made the men keep in-shore of me, while I walked out more openly. We had not proceeded above a mile, when, rather to my surprise, I was challenged by

a '*qui vive*,' which I answered in Spanish, and we were allowed to pass. When clear of this unlooked-for fellow, I got my men together, and told them we had more on our hands than we expected, as I was inclined to think the enemy had again taken up his old quarters at Beni Dormé; retreat was now impossible, and to surrender ourselves prisoners, quite out of the question; we must make a bold dash with circumspection, and trust to Providence and our own good arms for the result. They one and all said, 'We see how it is, sir; if you will lead us on, we will follow you.' 'On then, my lads, and be silent—not a word; I will answer; keep close to the water's edge; I will walk higher up to meet any sentinel that may be near, and on no account speak or fire.'

"I had scarcely given these precautions, when a cavalry sentinel cried, '*Qui vive?*' '*Pisàno*,' I replied, and he suffered us to pass. We now approached the entrance of the town—a long wide street lay before us. We were again challenged by a sentinel, who demanded who I was, and who those men below me were? This man was a soldier; I told him we were fishermen, and had lost our boat, taken by the English, and were returning home. 'Then you may pass on,' said he. He saved his own life, for things were becoming desperate; had he detained me, I should have shot him dead—I held my pistol cocked in my hand. This alternative, for all our sakes, was spared me. To gain the battery, now in

sight, and full of men (for they had discovered the boat in the distance), we had to traverse the main street—and here I saw realised what I had not been willing to believe, that the French troops were bivouacking in that very street, having just marched into the town, and piled their arms; they had lighted fires on each side of it, and were busily employed cooking their suppers, leaving the centre of it quite clear. This was a critical and embarrassing situation; the odds were dreadfully against us; upwards of 200 men actually surrounding us as soon as we should enter the street. Before doing so, I said to my men (having the touch at the battery and privateers still at heart), 'Keep close, but at a careless distance, from me and the coxswain, and on no account seem disposed to shun any soldier that may speak to you—answer something, and pass on.'

"After this precaution, we entered the hostile street, gleaming on either side with the piled arms, and lighted up by the fires of the fatigued soldiers. It is most extraordinary, armed as we were with muskets, pistols, and cutlass, myself carrying a drawn sword, in a calm and clear Mediterranean night, when everything is seen as distinctly almost as at mid-day, and passing through a street half a mile in length—that we were not even thought suspicious, but passed unmolested to our field of action, except by the kind offers of the French soldiers to share their hospitality.

"At the end of the street we came to within a few yards

of the battery. Knowing how well they were supported in their rear, they little dreamt of an attack from that quarter, but were fully prepared to repel any from seaward; the battery was full of men, and many more, well armed, were lying close to their vessels, anxiously watching my boat in the offing. 'Now, my lads,' cried I, 'is the time; no firing—recollect the fellows in our rear; let it be all cutlass work; follow me closely.' We were upon them in a moment; and, after a short but most severe struggle, we drove them out of the battery. Many wounds were given and received by my brave fellows; I was cut over the forehead by an axe, but succeeded in disabling my antagonist, and, willing to spare his life, pushed him under a gun, but, while I was in the act of spiking it, he attempted to shoot me, and was instantly shot by Clarke the coxswain. After spiking the guns and disabling the battery, we turned our attention to the privateers, but then they were found so hard and fast aground, besides being heavily chained to anchors on shore, that nothing on the instant could be carried into effect for their capture or destruction, as their crews had now rallied and attacked us, and the bloody fray was again renewed hand to hand, on the beach; but they were quickly driven back, leaving several dead behind them.

"In the meantime the French troops, aroused by the firing, beat to arms, and came down upon us, discharging whole volleys into the battery, into which we had

returned to defend ourselves, and wounding some of my men every instant. They, however, maintained this unequal contest until every cartridge was expended. Our fire ceasing, the enemy closed on us, and we were charged on every side with the bayonet. Quarter was neither asked nor given, and my brave fellows, after defending themselves to the last, were at length borne down, overpowered by numbers, covered with the blood of their numerous wounds; every man being desperately hurt, though, strange to say, but one was killed outright; twenty-three wounds fell to my share in this unfortunate affair, seventeen of which were bayonet-thrusts in the charge, and my right arm quite disabled by a musket-shot through the shoulder.

"Twelve of the privateers' men were killed, and several wounded. The loss of the troops was difficult to ascertain, but that they suffered a good deal there can be no doubt, from the close order in which they advanced on us. My gallant seamen were conducted to the quarters of General Gondamin, who, as well as the men and officers of the 19th Voltigeurs, their captors, treated them with that kindness and sympathy ever conspicuous in the generous and brave. Their wounds were examined, and several found dangerous. One of the brave fellows had lost an eye in the battery, but, tying the wound up, said he 'still had the other left to aim with,' and fired his musket to the last." While Mr. Dwyer lay on his mattress in the guard-house, one of

the privateers' men stole near it, rendered frantic by a wound and the death of his father, and made a stab at him with his knife; but, fortunately, he was not destined to lose his valuable life; this wretch was hurried out by the French guard, well strapped, and sent about his business. Mr. Dwyer was now informed that from the nature of his wounds it was scarcely possible he could live, but to favour his case as much as possible it would, with his consent, be requisite to remove his right arm from the socket.

"Perhaps," says this officer, "from the excitement caused by the affray, and its unfortunate result, I felt a conviction that I should survive, as the pain I felt did not seem commensurate with the unlucky number of my wounds. I therefore declined any surgical operation, nor was it until the next day that the pain became in any way insupportable: the detachment getting under arms, to change their position, I was forced to follow them, weak from loss of blood; I was mounted on a mule—the troops having to pass for an instant under the guns of my own ship, the *Minstrel*, a grape-shot cut away the animal's forelegs, the concussion producing the most horrible agony."

Mr. Dwyer and the remainder of his brave men were shortly returned to the service of their country—General Gondamin requesting to keep the hilt of this officer's sword (the blade had been broken in defending himself in the charge) as a memento of so daring an attempt and so brave a defence.

## RECAPTURE OF A PRIZE

A SMALL merchant brig, the *Euphemia*, of Glasgow, on her voyage from La Guayra in Colombia to Gibraltar, on the 16th Dec. 1812, with a favourable breeze, in latitude forty degrees, and a little to the westward of the Azores, discovered at daylight a large ship astern, closed hauled on the starboard tack standing to the southward. It was soon after observed, and reported to the captain of the brig, a young man of two-and-twenty, that the stranger had bore up, was making sail in chase, and from the cut and colour of his canvas, was evidently a ship of war and a foreign one. The *Euphemia* running before the wind, and the stranger a considerable distance astern, a few hours of anxious consultation intervened as to the propriety of resistance, should she prove an enemy; during this interval, the little brig was prepared for action. Her means of defence consisted of eight twelve-pounder carronades, and two long threes; the crew, including boys and officers, mustered twenty-five hands, and one passenger, a young gentleman about eighteen, the master's brother.

At eleven a.m. when the stranger was within about two miles, she hoisted an English ensign and pendant,

which only increased the suspicion previously existing, and in another hour she was within pistol-shot alongside, showed American colours, and fired a gun athwart the forefoot. She appeared to be a large corvette, mounting twenty-two guns, with strong substantial quarters of stout scantling, and her tops full of men.

Notwithstanding the overpowering force of the enemy, the crew of the *Euphemia*, true to the character of British seamen, stood steady at their guns, watching, with their petty artillery, the motions of the enemy. The young man who commanded her, having coolly examined and satisfied himself of his antagonist's force, cried to his crew, "Men! you see the enemy's force—if we engage, will you stand by me?" One fine fellow, the captain of one of the guns, quickly stood erect from his position, in marking the enemy's ship, and exclaimed, "Stand by you sir! by G— we'll go down with you," and instantly resumed his station. This noble fellow's name was Diamond, an Irishman; but a man at the helm, who from his station and the sheer of the deck was very much exposed, pointed out the hopelessness of the contest, to which, with tears in his eyes, Capt.—— assented, and ordered the colours to be hauled down.

The enemy proved to be the *America*, a private armed ship belonging to Boston, of twenty-two guns, and 200 men, homeward bound after a cruise.

The commander of the privateer transhipped the whole of the carronades, and left only small arms

sufficient for eleven men and a boy, whom he sent on board to navigate the prize. The whole of the British were removed on board the *America*, with the exception of the master and his brother, and an old man who had been cook, and allowed to remain as servant to these gentlemen. It was observed that the officers of the *America* wore uniform coats and epaulettes, and the vessel appeared to be in a very respectable state of discipline. Her owners, it was understood, only supplied provisions to the crew, who for wages, depended entirely on prize money. From what followed, it appeared these ships' crews are, by the laws of the United States, subject to trial on their return, by naval courts martial, for offences committed at sea; this may partly account for the regularity and discipline prevailing in such a body.

The boats having been hoisted in, both vessels shaped their course for Boston. The following day proved stormy, with the wind westerly as before; and it was now mortifying to observe that the prize weathered fast on the *America*; so much so, that she was ordered to make the best of her way for an American port. This order was no sooner known to the two young prisoners, than a resolution was made to attempt by themselves the recapture of the brig; a determination which, however extraordinary, was successfully carried into effect.

The fire-arms were kept on deck; but it was known

that the prize-master had in his possession, somewhere about the cabin, two brace of pistols, and a claymore, or Highland broadsword, to obtain possession of these became the primary object. The magazine being, as usual in such vessels, below the cabin floor, to which a hatch under the table led, there was very little trouble in providing ammunition, the great difficulty being to ascertain where the concealed arms were. As it was manifest success must depend entirely on the instant advantage to be taken of the first moments of panic, it was highly necessary that the brothers should act as with one mind, under every possible contingency, to prevent, if possible, the enemy having an instant for recollection, or observation of the numbers opposed to him. To this end, and to avoid being overheard, all intercourse on this subject was made on a slate, and to account for its frequent interchange, in case of observation, a riddle, a conundrum, or a problem, occupied the upper surface, and such, in fact, was the amusement when either of the American officers were present. While searching for the arms, it was necessary that one of the gentlemen should attend to give notice when any one was coming below; and this was rendered easy in consequence of an opening over the cabin door being so large, that a person sitting on the lockers in the cabin could see the companion ladder. This opening had been made after the vessel was a prize, by the labour of a pet parrot, whose destructive bill was in this way a

useful auxiliary. Having at last found the concealed arms, they were immediately prepared. It was judged improper to load both brace of pistols with ball, one pistol therefore in the possession of each was charged with slugs, made of a pair of pewter tea-spoons, broken up at the moment they were wanted; the remaining two only were loaded with ball. The former were the first destined to be made use of, and the others when necessary. After being loaded and ready, they were concealed in the bed-clothes of the elder brother's berth, who slept on the starboard side of the cabin. The prize-master or his mate slept alternately in one opposite, on the larboard side. The crew's berths were part forward in the forecastle, and part in the steerage; the passage to the latter was through the companion, in consequence of the steerage hatch being, for warmth, kept close battened.

A little after four p.m. on the 5th January, 1813, it being then dusk, the desperate attempt to recapture the ship was made, an attempt which may be called desperate, for to most men it will appear so, when the fearful odds, two men against twelve, are alone considered; but a just knowledge of the constitution of the generality of men's minds in cases of sudden alarm, and due weight allowed to the fact that the seamen were novices in war, the chances of success will not appear so very unfeasible. At the moment mentioned, three of the crew were known to

be in the steerage, and the prize-master had just turned in, being their watch below; thus, eight only, including the boy, could be on deck. All being ready, with one consent the brothers sprang to their arms; the American master at this instant luckily gave no sign of being awake, and while the younger brother locked the cabin door after him, Captain —— got on deck and cried aloud, "This vessel is now again my property!" immediately discharging a pistol at the helmsman. The seamen appeared to have been collected on the larboard side of the quarter-deck, talking with the man at the helm, who dropped in consequence of receiving, almost at the same moment with the slug-shot, a sabre wound. The others ran round the opposite side of the companion on their way forward; the remaining charge of slugs was sent among them, and Captain —— pursued, while his brother, stationed at the companion, warned those below that an attempt to come on deck would meet with instant death. On the former reaching the windlass, he found the mate, a tall muscular man, ready to charge him with a boarding pike, but knocking it aside with his broadsword, and placing the muzzle of the remaining pistol close to the man's head, he ordered him instantly below, a mandate that was promptly obeyed; those remaining quickly followed, tumbling down the hatchway in great haste, to the manifest danger of their limbs. He then drew the hatch over, and lashed a kedge across it to the two

bower anchors; coming aft, a rope was run round the companion doorway, which had no lock, and a couple of nails driven behind the slide which secured the crew below, and thus the brig was restored to her rightful commander.

It now became necessary to consider the means of navigating the ship, and the care of the wounded men, for it was judged another had been hurt by the second shot, in consequence of the scream or exclamation which followed the discharge. On examining the man remaining on deck, it was found that slugs had penetrated the arm, and he was slightly injured in the side; the other man's wound proved to be very trifling. After dressing the hurt of the former, he was sent below in the forecastle, to which place the three men in the steerage were likewise transferred. The prize-master was allowed to remain locked up in the cabin. The whole of the small arms were at this juncture thrown overboard, with the exception of the two brace of pistols mentioned, and a cutlass.

The weather had been nearly calm all day, but as it could not be expected to remain moderate on the North American shores at that season of the year, a man and boy were called up to assist in reefing topsails and working the ship. When, with these feeble means, everything was made secure, the log-book was examined, whence the ship's place appeared to be a little to the north-west of Cape Cod; but no observation had

been obtained for several days, and very little confidence was placed in the reckoning. A course was, however, shaped for Halifax, Nova Scotia, as the most convenient port; but unhappily, during the night it began to blow from the north-west, and continued with occasional lulls until the night of the 8th, when soundings were suddenly got in fifteen fathoms water; this was very alarming on a coast where the tide is known to have great influence on a ship's course, and the more so, as it was impossible to decide whether she was off Cape Table, or Table Island, soundings on both banks being very similar, besides, having been unable to get a sight of the sun, it was scarce possible to make a reasonable guess. In the interval from the 5th to the 8th, the weather had become exceedingly cold, the spray of the sea covered the decks and rigging with one connected sheet of ice; it had been found necessary to have six of the Americans, three at a time on deck, to work the ship; the oil for the binnacle was all expended, and to afford a wretched light, candles were made of cook's skimmings; the wine and spirits were exhausted, and once or twice it had become impossible to boil a piece of meat, the spray washing out the fire; finally, the youthful captors having been unable to take any rest, were almost exhausted with cold and want of sleep. In this distressing situation, six Americans were brought on deck together, to get the ship on the other tack, and hand the fore-topsail, for which purpose

they were all sent aloft, but the spray had made the sail as stiff as a board, and it was found impossible to furl it; one seaman lay down in the top, unable from fright or the severity of the cold to come down (it was reported he was frozen there), and the others appearing to be quite exhausted were sent below. Under these overpowering causes, it was become necessary again to yield the recapture to the prize-master.

On going below, the appearance of two such intruders on the solitary prisoner, with the miserable light scarce sufficing to show the icicles hanging from the hairs of the head and whiskers, sheets of the same material attached to the clothing, a naked cutlass with two loaded pistols stuck round the waist in canvas belts, and eyes red with watching—the entrance of two such men must have tried his nerves, but he showed no sign of trepidation, and in common circumstances, there is little doubt would have maintained the reputation of a good as well as a brave seaman; he was a stout, muscular, well-looking man, a native of Salem, in the state of Massachusetts. He and his mate agreed to certain articles of capitulation, which were faithfully kept; one of these was, that if required he should surrender the long boat with the baggage, provided land was made in any part of the British Americas.

During the night the wind got round to the eastward, and the following day land was made, and ships were observed coming out of a harbour, which was afterwards

known to have been Port Roseway, in Nova Scotia ; at this time it was mistaken for some part of the province of Maine. The fleet seen coming out were under convoy, as was afterwards learnt, of His Majesty's ship *Rattler*, Capt. Gordon, bound up the Bay of Fundy. Although the *Euphemia* could not have been six miles distance from His Majesty's sloop, she took no notice, and shortly after it began to snow so thick that everything was obscured. Having stood to the southward, there was no appearance on the day following of either land or ships. A few days more brought the brig into an unfrequented harbour in the province of Maine, where the master and his brother left her, and got a passage in a boat proceeding towards East-port, a town on the frontier, but which landed them on paying a little extra in Grand Manan, an island on the British side ; thence they proceeded by way of St. Andrew's, and St. John's, New Brunswick, to Halifax.

Here our narrative might terminate, but as it is not the least singular part of this story, that these gentlemen should have had the misfortune again to fall in with the same cruiser, on their passage from Halifax to England, and to become prisoners a second time, the reader may wish to be made acquainted with the sequel : the story is therefore continued.

Having remained some weeks in Halifax to recruit lost health, a passage was taken in the brig *Lucy*, Capt. Hutchinson, for Liverpool. On board of this vessel, be-

sides the subjects of our narrative, there were as passengers, two gentlemen, a boy, and a lady with two children. The *Lucy* proceeded favourably for about ten days, when, being a little to the eastward of the great bank of Newfoundland, a strange sail was reported at daylight to be in chase; she was soon recognised to be the *America* by her late prisoners, much to their astonishment and vexation. The *America's* worst point of sailing being known to be on a wind, the *Lucy* was forthwith close-hauled, and her capture in consequence delayed until noon, but not having a single gun, she was at that hour a prize.

On the captain of the enemy's ship learning that the two young gentlemen who recaptured the *Euphemia* were again his prisoners, he visited them, assured them of the kindest treatment, and kept his word. On being conveyed on board the ship of war, the crew evinced great anxiety to see their prisoners, the ship's sides and rigging were literally screened with seamen, and when on deck it was scarce possible to move, at the same time perfect decorum was preserved, and they were very respectful; the quarter-deck was cleared the moment the order was given, and indeed, as has been already stated, the discipline on board was remarkable. Next day curiosity had in some degree subsided.

It was here reported that the prize-master and mate of the *Euphemia* were tried by a naval court martial, and

that the former was declared incapable of serving the United States in any capacity.

In a few days, the *America* fell in with a fleet for Newfoundland, and the gulf of St. Lawrence; the convoy under the command, we believe, of Admiral Sir R. Keats, through which she passed in the night undiscovered. Next day an unfortunate straggler was captured, a schooner full of passengers from Waterford, bound to Newfoundland. After plundering this vessel, she was allowed to proceed; the passengers and crew of the *Lucy* were likewise permitted to avail themselves of this opportunity of escaping an American prison, and in a few days arrived at St. John's, whence, making another attempt to reach Great Britain, they were successful, landing at Greenock, a port in Scotland, in the autumn of 1813.

## POSTER ISSUED FROM THE *LEANDER* FRIGATE, 1813

"*LEANDER!* Who would enter for small craft, when the *Leander*, the finest *frigate* in the world, with a good *spar* deck overhead to keep you dry, warm, and comfortable, and a lower deck like a barn, where you may play at leap-frog when the hammocks are hung up, has still room for a hundred active seamen, and a dozen stout lads for royal yardsmen. This whacking *double-banked frigate* is fitting at Woolwich, to be flag-ship on the fine, healthy, full-bellied Halifax Station, where you may get a bushel of potatoes for a shilling, a cod fish for a biscuit, and a glass of boatswain's grog for twopence. The officers' cabins are building on the main-deck, on purpose to give every two a double birth below. Lots of leave on shore; dancing and fiddling aboard, and four pounds of tobacco served out every month. A few strapping fellows who would eat an enemy alive are wanted for Admiral's *bargemen*."[1]

[1] Notwithstanding all the above attractions, Sir G. R. Collier experienced great difficulty in manning the *Leander*. "The crew, after it was obtained, was a very indifferent one, containing, besides many old and weakly men, an unusually large proportion of boys." (*Vide* James's "Naval History," vol. 6, page 145.)

# SOME RECOLLECTIONS OF THE BATTLE OF ALGIERS

(*By an officer serving on board the "Queen Charlotte"*)

DURING the night of August 26th, 1816, we drew near to the African shore, not far from the object of our destination. The mountains are very high, and their summits were blazing with immense alarm-fires, indicating our approach.

The easterly wind died slowly away, and was succeeded by a moderate or rather light westerly breeze. Early on the 27th, Algiers lay before us, and as the sun rose we saw a "fair city on the side of a hill," shining bright and beautiful, for at our distance its defects were not discernible.

On nearer approach the defences became visible, and the batteries were discovered to be studded with artillery, as thickly as space permitted, amounting to several hundred guns. Numerous clear red flags formed a sparkling contrast to the whiteness of the houses. Flags variously striped were also seen on the walls; these were the banners of different Moorish chiefs, assembled to defend the Crescent.

The Dey's Palace, in 1816, was in the middle of the town, or rather lower, towards the sea. A very large crimson flag, the largest I ever saw, waved slowly and majestically over it. It was said to be composed of silk, decorated with silver stars and crescents. This may have been the case, but I could neither distinguish the materials of which it was made, nor the emblems it bore. Smoke from numerous fires curled above the parapets, which were then concluded to proceed from furnaces for heating shot. I did not hear, however, that any such were used.

Breakfast on this morning, as usual, in the ward-room, was a cheerful and animated repast. The probable result of the approaching combat was minutely discussed by those whose experience enabled them to form a judgment, and by some others. Many officers wrote memorandums for friends, whom the events of the next few hours might separate in this world for ever; but no gloomy forebodings clouded any brow. Several previous arrangements were now made known. The first lieutenant (Mitchell) was appointed commander of the flotilla, and Lieutenant Peter Richards to succeed to his station, which he filled during the remainder of the service.

A flag of truce was to be sent in charge of Lieutenant Burgess, and Mr. Salamé (interpreter) was of course to accompany it. This gentleman had hitherto worn an oriental costume, which, being considered inappropriate,

and ill calculated to produce a good moral effect, he was in haste equipped in a blue surtout, black cravat, and round hat, and the boat, under escort of a frigate, departed on its mission. Shortly afterwards I was summoned by the Chief, and received his directions for a distribution of rockets to the *Impregnable* and to other ships.

On returning from this duty, I found the ship quite cleared for action. The men and officers had dined, but I had not. The consideration of the caterer, however, soon removed any apprehension of fighting without a dinner, which is not to be desired, and I was quickly furnished with a sufficiency.

Ascending on deck, I found the fleet lying to, perhaps a mile and a half from the town. Lord Exmouth was standing on the brink of the poop, attired, as usual, in an undress uniform coat without epaulets, white cravat and waistcoat, with nankeen trousers, gaiters, and shoes, having a spy-glass in his hand. The crew were called aft, and spoken to by his lordship in a few clear and expressive sentences, which was answered by one short cheer, followed by an instantaneous quick movement, approaching to a rush, down to their respective quarters. Those who heard that cheer can scarcely have forgotten it. It was not loud, boastful, or arrogant, but seemed a respectful assurance and reply, from men who were determined to do their duty to extremity.

The order was given to "annul the truce," and to "hoist the jib." The ship paid off, and stood slowly towards the anchorage. About this time the captain of a French frigate, who was thought to have been rather too friendly with the Algerines, came on board to answer some questions put to him by the commander-in-chief. He was a tall, handsome, well-dressed, gentleman-like man, and seemed deeply impressed with what he saw, and what few of his brother officers could ever have seen—the main, middle, and quarter-deck of a British three-decker cleared for action, and running down to battle.

Captain Brisbane ascended a few steps of the starboard poop-ladder to address Lord Exmouth, who was standing near the top of it, and asked if the men should lie down at their quarters. Lord Exmouth replied, "If the enemy do open any fire, the men can lie down as we run in; however, I don't think they will."

The enemy were seen loading their guns, which appeared too much elevated. On nearer approach, and coming opposite to them, their muzzles frowned like black full moons on us. Crowds of people gathered round the Mole Head, and I saw Lord Exmouth, in a manner indicating pity and impatience, mutter something, and wave to them with his hat to get out of the way.

We brought in a light and pleasant breeze, but when we anchored it was nearly calm. The sudden glow of

heat and many sorts of effluvia we then became sensible of would have reminded us how close we were to our foes, even if we had not seen them. A minute's pause enabled us to look around. The Moor's faces—even their eyes—were visible. Two shots were now fired from the Fish-market Battery; whether they hit any of our ships I cannot say, but they boomed close along the *Queen Charlotte's* starboard broadside, whilst at that instant not another sound moved over the sea. I looked steadfastly at Lord Exmouth, and saw his countenance light up (which before was thoughtful), and it appeared to me that an expression of triumph shone in his face as he said, "You may fire away now." Prompt was the obedience to this order. Every gun on the starboard broadside seemed discharged in one tremendous salvo. The cannon on all the defences of the town were quickly fired, but no great mischief appeared to be done to us by the first round. A shot struck a carronade on the after-part of the poop; the splinters flew from its carriage as chips from a woodman's axe, but not so harmless, for one poor fellow was hit, and borne off; blood trickling on the deck marked his route to the cockpit. Some six-pounder rockets were fired from the poop, and the marines kept up an incessant discharge of musketry on gun-boats crowded with poor wretches, who, it is said—and I suppose it was the case—were making a demonstration (it could hardly be called an attempt) to board. However, it is certain

few of them escaped the fire of the *Leander* and *Queen Charlotte*. The boats were sunk, many of their crew killed, and the rest were swimming—even of these, few could have survived.

The continued firing of the fleet and town—perhaps from 700 or 800 guns, besides mortars—produced a sound more like a continued roar than a succession of reports; it was difficult to hear, or to make anyone hear, which I found depended more on the tone, perhaps I should say key, in which the voice was pitched, than the loudness of it. The thickness of the smoke preventing much being seen, produced impatience to know the effects that resulted from our firing, and as I mounted a few ratlings of the mizen rigging in order to look around, a cheering and animating sight presented itself, but not unaccompanied by a feeling of pity for the suffering wretches we were opposed to, and who were so distinctly visible. The guns on the upper tier of the battery opposite the *Queen Charlotte's* broadside were nearly all dismounted, and jammed in various positions amidst the ruins of the parapet; crowds of the enemy were rushing through a narrow postern, making a desperate effort to escape the destruction which threatened them.

Casualties were occurring from the enemy's musketry: one man said he was shot in the breast, but on opening his coat and shirt to examine the supposed wound, the ball fell out, and seemingly had done no injury. He

was told that he was not hurt, and to cheer up, when the poor fellow, showing his arm covered with blood, said quietly, although writhing with pain, "Ah, sir, but the ball went through my arm first."

There were coils and ranges of bass cables on the pier-head, in which many of the enemy sheltered themselves, galling us with their musketry, which became so troublesome, if not serious, in its effects, that Lord Exmouth beckoned to an officer near him to come to the starboard gangway, where his lordship, fully exposed, very deliberately said, "You see we are a good deal annoyed by the musketry of these fellows," pointing to them. "Try if you can dislodge them with a few eight-inch shells from the howitzer that is in the launch alongside." On endeavouring to execute this order, it was found that the manner in which the howitzer was mounted would not admit of its being directed to objects so near as the Algerines in the cables—not more than sixty yards—without blowing out the bows of the boat; the piece, therefore, at this time was not attempted to be discharged at them. Fire had communicated to some materials on the jib-boom of the *Queen Charlotte;* the flames were gathering head, but I saw Mr. Lumsdale, the master, extinguish them with buckets of water that were handed to him along the bowsprit.

The outward frigate that had been set on fire by Lieutenant Peter Richards, Lieutenant Wolrige of the

Marine Artillery, and others, now thoroughly in flames, parted from her cables, and, drifting clear of all, grounded not far from the Fish-market Battery; the other frigates, by her removal, becoming exposed to a fire from the flotilla, Captain Mitchell, at the request of the artillery officer, fetched a supply of 8-inch carcasses from the fore-cockpit of the *Queen Charlotte*, where they were stowed, to a gun-boat lashed to the stern or stern-warp of the *Leander*, and about eighty yards from the remainder of the enemy's ships, which, after some considerable firing at, were observed to be in flames. The *Queen Charlotte* now swung round, perhaps to bring her broadside to bear on the Fish-market Battery, or to avoid the burning frigates drifting out of the Mole. A shot had cut in two the mast of the gun-boat, astern of the *Leander*, which fell on deck, enclosing an individual beneath, doing him, however, no other injury than inflicting a few bruises and a minute's close confinement under the wreck. A man in a humble station named Hipwell, who had earnestly volunteered to join the expedition, greatly distinguished himself in this boat, performing, by his activity, the duties of several men, and preserving a laughing good-humour in this exposed situation; he observed to his officer that it was "Stroud fair-day," and though well pleased to be where he was, it was a pity to lose that recreation.

So powerful was the light from the burning masses around, and so entirely was the mind occupied, and

time being little noticed, that I did not observe the day had closed, until looking upwards I perceived the moon and a star near it; thus there was a crescent and a star shining in the heavens as well as on the standard of the enemy.

All having now been achieved that could well be accomplished, the fleet and flotilla filled their sails to the land breeze, and stood out to seaward, except the gunboat, which, as before observed, having her mast shot away, had recourse to oars, but with all the exertion that could be made, she would not stir a jot from her position. At length it was discovered that the jib, with some wreck of the rigging, hung overboard from the end of the bowsprit, and either stopped her by its weight, or had fouled something under water. A brave fellow, with a stout heart and a sharp knife, by sliding out on the naked spar and cutting the wreck adrift, removed the impediments, and thus enabled the boat to follow her companions. This was a welcome release, for it was no pleasant prospect to be left behind to the mercy of such an enemy, and one, too, that had been roughly handled. The Algerines continued firing from their mortar batteries, the bombs and distant rocket-boats repeated destructive discharges, until about eleven o'clock, and so ended this memorable conflict.

The next day his highness acceded to the terms of the commander-in-chief. Peace was re-established, and salutes were exchanged between the victor and

vanquished. After the action, while the boats were employed close into the Mole, weighing some anchors and cables belonging to the fleet, a sight presented itself, delightful at the time, and too gratifying in remembrance to be passed over without notice, namely, a large transport sent to the port to receive the Christian slaves, who, in consequence of the treaty just concluded, were thus unexpectedly liberated from that which two days before must have appeared to them a hopeless state of bondage. The transport heeled over with their weight, as they crowded the deck and mounted the rigging to give reiterated cheers to their deliverers. Our gallant chief bore on his person marks of the conflict; his coat was torn, the white silk lining hanging down, and on his face was a large white patch covering a wound from a splinter.

On humble and grateful thanks being returned for victory and safety, it was remarked that one Psalm, appropriated to the twenty-seventh day of the month, on which the battle was fought, is also allotted to the form of Prayer for Thanksgiving after victory, and which made an impression that it is desired may never be obliterated.

# A BRUSH WITH GREEK PIRATES IN THE ARCHIPELAGO

HIS Majesty's ships, *Seringapatam* and *Cambrian*, were lying at anchor in Orcos Bay in the island of Negropont. About three o'clock in the afternoon of the 31st January, 1825, a vessel hove in sight, about 8 or 9 miles distant. Our telescopes were immediately turned to that quarter. The strange sail appeared to be an Ionian brig, with every stitch of canvas set, and coming down the channel between Negropont and the main.

Nothing occurred to excite any particular attention, until the man at the mast-head called out that the brig was followed by two smaller vessels. In a few minutes we descried, emerging from a tongue of land, two Greek misticoes, with every sail set, and plying their oars in chase of the brig. These craft were instantly recognised as pirates; the very gentry we were on the look out for in that station.

Although aware of this, they had the audacity to near our anchorage, and in sight of our ships still continued the chase, evidently gaining on the brig, which they, no doubt, calculated on taking under our very guns.

However, they seemed to think they had carried the

joke quite far enough; and knowing that our men-of-war had pretty long arms, they at last hauled their wind, and stood back with all speed for their lurking places. The Ionian then slackened sail.

Our men, little anticipating that any work was to be carved out for them that day, were sprawling about the main deck, listless and longing for something to do, when "Out Boats!" sounded through the ship. "Out Boats!"—the sound was electric. The boats' crews were on their feet in a moment; and the looks of the others showed how they envied them their share in the job. The men were now seen bustling up to the quarter-deck for their cutlasses, which they busily buckled on, while the gunner distributed a pistol and ammunition to each man. They were in great glee; it was quite a treat for Jack.

The boats were soon lowered, and additional ammunition, provisions, and a small cask of water, stowed away in each; the surgeon and his traps were not forgotten, and a party of marines completed the crew.

About four o'clock p.m. the boats, 8 in number, and carrying about 120 men, pushed off from the ships, under the command of Lieutenant Marsham of the *Cambrian.*

The afternoon was beautiful; the weather warm, with a moderate breeze. We proceeded at a rapid rate. The pirates were a long way ahead, and looked like specks

on the horizon. We neared the Ionian brig in a few hours; but I do not recollect if any of our boats boarded her to make any inquiries. There was no time for palavering. As evening approached we had evidently gained fast on the misticoes. Soon after the moon shone out with all her usual brilliancy in southern climes, and lit us on our chase. There was a little talk; a whisper now and then; the dip of the oar and the regular monotonous sound of the simultaneous pull in the thwarts alone broke the silence, unless when the rowers were relieved. Six hours and a half had elapsed since we quitted the ships. The Greeks were apparently making for the land, distant about a mile, all sails set and pulling as hard as they could. We were coming up with them hand over hand; our boats were all close together, when a discharge of musketry was poured into us by the large mistico. One poor fellow, who had been relieved from the oars a short time before, was shot through the head. He dropped in the boat like a stone. Several others were wounded; two or three in the arms, which caused one almost to drop his oar in the water, if the man beside him had not caught it. His place was supplied in an instant. Another and another discharge followed, with many single shots. Two more fell—one hit in the shoulder, the shot passing into his body. The men were roused to fury. Our marines returned the fire. The Greeks swarmed round the sides of their vessels, taking deliberate aim at our boats. Every

sinew was strained; the boats were impelled forward with redoubled velocity. The cutlasses were drawn; the men hastily binding them round their wrists by means of a leather thong, technically called the "becket."

Our boats swept round the misticoes on every side, the Greeks blazing away at us, whilst the men could hardly restrain themselves on their seats, muttering curses at the loss they had already sustained from the impudent rascals. One man, at the head of the boat, stretching forward to pull quicker alongside the large mistico, was struck unawares by a Greek from the deck, and severely cut by a *yataghan*, a crooked sabre cutting like a sickle.

The men were already on their feet, the oars pulled in, and a rush was made up the sides of the Greek, the cutlasses dangling loose from their wrists by the becket. In a moment half-a-dozen men were on the enemy's deck, hacking right and left; the rest were scrambling up like wolves, eager for revenge, each helping and pushing up the man that chanced to precede him, to clear the way for himself. I was hoisted up myself in the same rough and ready way. The men were cheering, not loudly, but deeply, as if choked with fury; most of them were young hands, and had never been in a skirmish of the sort before; but they were willing workmen.

A small party ran forward along with me; no one

ever dreamed of looking behind to see if he was followed by the rest. No man, to my knowledge, fired his pistol —all seemed to rely on their trusty cutlass. The Greeks were driven to the extremity of their deck, contending boldly enough with our men, who, however, to use a pugilistic phrase, "would not be denied."

The simple, checked shirts and white trousers of our sailors, formed a striking contrast to the rich-coloured garments of the Greeks, many of whom were Albanians, all armed with muskets, pistols, and yataghans. The latter stood no chance with the cutlass, and its blow could be easily parried.

Many came just in time to rid a comrade of his opponent by lending an additional hand in cutting him down, pushing on to another quarter where the work seemed plenty, trampling on the people who lay sprawling on the deck, and slipping in the blood that already besmeared the planks. The sudden report of the muskets, the short, rapid crack of pistols, the clash of the steel, and dull, heavy fall of the blows, were the chief sounds heard in the scuffle, along with the sturdy stamping of the combatants and occasional cheers of the men coming from the boats and joining their comrades.

Many Greeks sprung on the ship's sides, and then, plunging into the sea, made for the shore, distant about a quarter of a mile; others, attempting the same feat, were cut down by our fellows in the very act of springing overboard, whilst many were pulled back and des-

patched. The fury of the men knew no bounds, and it was no time to attempt to restrain them. They were mad for the moment, as men usually are in such hand-to-hand sort of work. A tall, fine-looking pirate presented a pistol at my head and fired; ere another moment elapsed, he was cloven down to the left eye by one of our men, a stout, muscular seaman, who always passed for an Englishman, though believed to be an Irishman. This man was very conspicuous for the power of his arm, and his dexterity in the use of his weapon. The pirates attempted to guard their heads by means of their yataghans: this man broke through guard and skull at once with a single blow. Several others displayed similar strength of arm. All the men cut at the heads and shoulders of the pirates; they seldom or never stabbed. The latter manœuvre was too Frenchified and scholar-like for Jack, who hit hatchet-fashion, felling the Greeks like cattle.

Many of the latter, on being wounded, attempted to scramble out of the fray, and seek shelter apart from the combatants. "*Christiano! Christiano!*" they shouted; but their cry for quarter came, I fear, too late, and with a bad grace. The blood of the sailors was on fire—the fate of their messmates stimulated them to ample revenge; and pirates, of all others, are the least entitled to share the mercy they scarcely ever grant. The cries of "*Christiano,*" fell upon deaf ears at that moment.

"Too late, ye ——!" shouted some of the men,

following up their words by the *coup-de-grace.* In general they went silently to work—the silence of a thorough-bred bull-dog.

The struggle was soon decided. The Greeks flung down their arms, and the wrath of the men was at length, and with difficulty, restrained by the interposition of their officers. All the pirates who survived were wounded, except a young lad, who had been spared. The smaller mistico had been speedily carried. The moon, which had shone calmly on the fray, now convoyed us back to our ships, which we reached at two in the morning.

# THE BATTLE OF NAVARINO, 1827

*(By an Officer engaged)*

THE Turkish and Egyptian fleets had arrived from the unsuccessful attempts in the Gulf of Patras some time before, and lay off the Bay of Navarino, before they finally entered and took up a position within the harbour. While the Ottoman fleet lay off the bay, the Turkish troops were said to have committed many unjustifiable outrages on the defenceless inhabitants of the county adjacent to Navarino. Information of these oppressive acts was conveyed to the British admiral, and, it is believed, formed the grounds of a strong remonstrance on his part, addressed to the Turkish commanders, which hastened the collision between the two armaments. These facts were generally known throughout the fleet, and a "row" was eagerly expected.

About the beginning of October we had returned from our cruise. The men, ever since we had been in commission, had been daily exercised at the guns, and, by firing at marks, they had much improved in their practice. They were frequently overheard expressing their anxious wish for the settlement of the question

with the Turks, in one shape or other, that they might have some leave on shore. Many shrewd and pithy remarks were made on the Greek question. Some talkative tar would go on expounding his ideas to a listening group on the main-deck. Our sailors certainly thought lightly of the seamanship of the Turks and Egyptians. It seems, also, that a secret spirit of emulation animated the whole of them, in the event of a contest. They were anxious the French and Russians should bear testimony to what Old England was able to accomplish in her usual style, and they had another anxiety lest their allies should outstrip them in energy or seamanship, or even approach an equality with them. In fact, they seemed determined not even to be rivalled, and the pre-eminence of the British flag was never more zealously sought to be maintained by every individual in the fleet.

Before entering the bay, the Ottoman fleet lay at the distance of ten or twelve miles from the Allies. They appeared numerous, with many small craft. Most of them bore the crimson flag flying at their peak, and on coming closer, a crescent and sword were visible on the flags. Their ships looked well, and in tolerable order; the Egyptians were evidently superior to the Turks.

Little communication took place between the Allied and Turkish fleets. The *Dartmouth* had gone into the bay twice, bearing the terms proposed by the Allied commanders to Ibrahim Pacha. No satisfactory answer

had been returned by the Ottoman admiral, whose conduct appeared evasive and trifling, implying a contempt for our prowess, and daring us to do our worst.

The *Dartmouth* having proceeded for the last time into the bay, with the final requisitions, and having brought back no satisfactory reply, on Saturday, the 20th of October, 1827, about noon, Admiral Codrington, favoured by a gentle sea-breeze, bore up under all sail for the mouth of the Bay of Navarino. A buzz ran instantly through the ship at the welcome intelligence of the admiral's bearing up, and I could easily perceive the hilarity and exultation of the seamen, and their impatience for the contest. There was a look of grave determination on most of their countenances, and I could overhear their phrases of encouragement to each other. Orders were given that dinner should be got ready earlier that day, and all set to heartily at their prog, as if nothing particular were going to happen. Our ship's crew was chiefly composed of young men who had never seen a shot fired; yet, to judge from their manner, one would have thought them familiar with the business of fighting. The decks were then cleared for action, and the ship was quite ready, as we neared the mouth of the bay.

The *Asia* led the fleet, and was the first to enter the bay, followed by the ships in two columns. This was about one o'clock, or rather later. Abreast of Sir

Edward Codrington was the French admiral, distinguished by the large white flag at the mizen. Then came the *Genoa* and *Albion*, followed by the *Dartmouth*, *Talbot*, and brigs, along with the French and Russian squadrons, in more distant succession. Every sail was set, so that the vast crowd of canvas that looked more bleached and glittering in the rays of the sun, and contrasted with the deep blue, unclouded sky, presented a magnificent and spirit-stirring spectacle. The breeze was just powerful enough to carry the Allied fleet forward at a gentle rate, and as the wind freshened a little at times, it had the effect of causing the ships to heel to one side in a graceful, undulating manner—the various flags and pendants of the united nations puffing out occasionally from the mast-heads. The sea was smooth, the weather rather warm, and the air quite clear. As we neared the entrance of the bay, the land presented all around a rugged steep appearance towards the sea. In the distance, the mountains were visible, of a light blue, with whitish clouds apparently resting on their summits. The town and castle of Navarino presented a bright, picturesque look, and some spots of cultivation were to be seen. In the interior there rose in the air what looked like the smoke of some conflagration, and such we all believe was the case, as the Turkish soldiery had been employed in ravaging the country, and carrying away the inhabitants. An encampment of tents lay near, close to the castle, and

large bodies of soldiers were easily discernible crowding on the batteries as we approached. We were about five hundred yards distant from the castle. The breadth of the entrance was about a mile.

When the *Asia* had arrived abreast of this castle, a boat rowed from the shore, and came alongside of the *Asia* with a request from Ibrahim Pacha, that the Allied fleets would not enter the bay; and just about that time, an unshotted gun was fired from the castle, which we interpreted as a signal for the Ottoman fleet to prepare for action. Close to the mouth of the bay, the cluster of vessels was considerable, all bearing up under a press of sail, and in perfect order. Our ship was close on the *Asia's* quarter. No opposition was made to our progress by the batteries of Navarino, which was a matter of surprise to all, as the men were ready at their quarters in momentary expectation of being attacked. To the spectators on the battlements, our fleet must have presented a beautiful, though formidable appearance.

As soon as we had cleared the mouth of the bay the Turko-Egyptian fleet was seen, ranged round from right to left in the form of an extensive crescent in two lines, each ship with springs on her cables.

The large vessels formed the first, or inner line of the crescent, with their broadsides presented; whilst the smaller craft filled up the intervals in the second line, at the distance of 150 or 200 yards. Evident signs of

hurry and bustle of preparation were exhibited on board their ships, and it was clear that our coming had been unexpected, or that they did not anticipate a fight so soon.

Indeed, it was afterwards ascertained from the Turkish vice-admiral that their intention was to treat us with courtesy, until a favourable opportunity occurred of a strong breeze and darkness, of sending their fire-ships amongst us which were stationed near the mouth of the bay, and then attacking and destroying us in the midst of our confusion. But the firing of the blank gun had ensued unintentionally, and it was impossible to remedy their blunder. They had, therefore, only to make the best of it.

It was strictly enjoined in our orders that no gun was to be fired without a signal to that effect made by the admiral, unless it should be in return for shots fired at us by the Turkish fleet. Each ship was to anchor with springs on her cables, if time allowed; and the orders concluded with the memorable words of Nelson,—"No captain can do very wrong who places his ship alongside of an enemy."

It was about two o'clock when we arrived at our station on the left of the bay and anchored. The men were immediately sent aloft to furl the sails, which operation lasted a few minutes. Whilst so employed, the *Dartmouth*, distant about half a mile from our ship, had sent a boat commanded by Lieutenant Fitzroy, to request

the fire-ship to remove from her station; a fire of musketry ensued from the fire-ship into the boat, killing the officer and several men.

This brought on a return of small arms from the *Dartmouth* and *Syrene*. Captain Davis, of the *Rose*, having witnessed the firing of the Turkish vessel, went in one of his boats to assist that of the *Dartmouth*, and the crew of these two boats were in the act of climbing up the sides of the fire-ship, when she instantly exploded with a tremendous concussion, blowing the men into the water, and killing and disabling several in the boats close alongside. Just about this time, and before the men had descended from the yards, an Egyptian double-banked frigate poured a broadside into our ship. The captain gave instant orders to fire away; and the broadside was returned with terrible effect, every shot striking the hull of the Egyptian frigate. The men were now hastily descending the shrouds, while the captain sung out, "Now, my lads! down to the main-deck, and fire away as fast as you can." The seamen cheered loudly as they fired the first broadside, and continued to do so at intervals during the action.

The battle had actually commenced to windward before the *Asia* and the Ottoman admiral had exchanged a single shot; and the action in that part of the bay was brought on in nearly a similar manner as in ours, by the Turks firing into the boat despatched by Sir E. Codrington to explain the mediatorial views of the Allies. The

Greek pilot had been killed; and ere the *Asia's* boat had reached the ship, the firing was unremitting between the *Asia*, *Genoa*, and *Albion*, and the Turkish ships. About half-past two o'clock, the battle had become general throughout the whole lines, and the cannonade was one uninterrupted crash, louder than any thunder.

Previous to the Egyptian frigate firing into us, the men, not engaged in furling the sails, had stripped themselves to their duck-frocks, and were binding their black silk neckcloths round their heads and waists, and some upon their left knees. A slight frown and pressing together of the lips were discernible in many. Several of them, who were boarders, wore their cutlasses at their sides. All appeared greatly excited and resolute.

The Egyptian frigate, which had fired into our ship, was distant about half a cable's length. Near her was another of the same large class, together with a Turkish frigate and a corvette. These four ships poured their broadsides into us without intermission for nearly a quarter of an hour; but after a few rounds their firing became irregular and hasty, and many of their shot injured our rigging. At the first broadside we received, two men near me were instantly struck dead on the deck. There was no appearance of any wounds upon them, but they never stirred a limb; and their bodies, after lying a little beside the gun at which they had been working, were dragged amidships. Several of the men were now severely wounded. The main-deck, by

this time, was filled with a dense smoke, through which the powder boys were flitting about like imps, to supply the guns. One of them was struck by a round shot on the head, and his brains were scattered about the deck. Many shots passed through both sides of our ship, while we fired away as hard as we could.

The water bubbled and foamed about us, in consequence of the showers of grape which slashed it.

The odds against us were fearful; and I can safely say, that I, and every man on board, had made his mind up for the worst; yet all were cool and active. They would frequently wait until the thick smoke had cleared away between the ships before they fired, being reluctant to waste a single shot, each of which took effect in the hulls of our opponents, and did terrible execution amid the hearty cheers of the men, who exulted at the effect of their superior fire. They frequently drank water during the action, and the constant cry of the wounded was "Water, water."

As to my own sensations, I felt actuated by a species of bloodthirsty enthusiasm, stimulated, I suppose, by the tremendous odds against us.

The loading of the guns; the rapid firing, and loud cheering, the thumping recoil of the guns; the whizzing of the shot, the crash as it strikes the ship, with a sound similar to the smashing a door with a crow-bar; the flying splinters; the men struck down and rolling on the deck, either killed, maimed, or upset by the wind of a

shot; and the captain, from the quarter-deck, shouting down the waist, "Go it, my lads! for the honour of old England!" may serve to convey a rough idea of the scene on board our ship on the main-deck. The effect of the captain's voice on the men was to produce a momentary quicker fire, and several loud cheers from the whole crew.

We were near enough to distinguish the Turkish and Egyptian sailors in the enemy's ships. They seemed to be a motley group. Most of them wore turbans of white, with a red cap below, small brown jackets, and very wide trousers; their legs were bare. They were active brawny fellows, of a dark-brown complexion, and they crowded the Turkish ships, which accounts for the very great slaughter we occasioned among them. Many dead bodies were tumbled through their port-holes into the sea.

Captain Hugon, commanding the French frigate *L'Armide*, about three o'clock, seeing the unequal, but unflinching combat we were maintaining, wormed his ship coolly and deliberately through the Turkish inner line, in such a gallant, masterly style, as never for one moment to obstruct the fire of our ship upon our opponents. He then anchored on our starboard quarter, and fired a broadside into one of the Turkish frigates, thus relieving us of one of our foes, which in about ten minutes struck to the gallant Frenchman; who, on taking possession, in the most handsome manner, hoisted

our flag along with his own, to show that he had but completed the work we had begun.

The skill, gallantry, and courtesy of the French captain were the subject of much talk amongst us, and we were loud in his praise. We had still two of the frigates and the corvette to contend with, whilst *L'Armide* was engaged, when a Russian line-of-battle-ship came up, and attracted the attention of another Egyptian frigate, and thus drew off her fire from us. Our men had now a breathing time, and they poured in broadside upon broadside into the Egyptian frigate, which had been our first assailant. The rapidity and intensity of our concentrated fire soon told upon the vessel. Her guns were irregularly served, and many shots struck our rigging. Our round shot, which were pointed to sink her, passed through her sides, and frequently tore up her decks in rebounding. In a short time she was compelled to haul down her colours, and ceased firing. We learned afterwards that her decks were covered with nearly one hundred and fifty dead and wounded men, and the deck itself ripped up from the effects of our balls. In the interim, the corvette, which had annoyed us exceedingly during the action, came in for her share of our notice, and we managed to repay her in some style for the favours she had bestowed on us in the heat of the business. Orders were then issued for the men to cease firing for a few minutes, until the *Rose* had passed between the corvette and our ship,

and had stationed herself in such a position as to annoy the latter in conjunction with us. Our firing was then renewed with redoubled fury. The men, during the pause, had leisure to quench their thirst from the tank which stood on the deck, and they appeared greatly refreshed—I may say almost exhilarated—and to their work they merrily went again.

The double-banked Egyptian frigate, which had struck her colours to us, to our astonishment began, after having silenced her for some time, to open a smart fire on our ships, though she had no colours flying. The men were exceedingly exasperated at such treacherous conduct, and they poured into her two severe broadsides, which eventually silenced her, and at the moment we saw a blue ensign was run up her mast, on which we ceased cannonading her, and she never fired another gun during the remainder of the action. It was a Greek pilot, pressed on board the Egyptian, who ran up the English ensign, to prevent our ship from firing again. He declared that our shot came into the frigate as thick and rapidly as a hail storm, and so terrified the crew that they all ran below. From the combined effects of our firing, and that of the Russian ship, the other Egyptian frigate hauled down her colours. The corvette, which was roughly handled by the *Rose*, was driven ashore and there destroyed.

Before this, however, a Turkish fire-ship approached us having seemingly no one on board. We fired into her,

and in a few minutes she loudly exploded astern, without doing us any damage. The concussion was tremendous, shaking the ship through every beam. Another fire-ship came close to the *Philomel* which soon sunk her, and in the very act of going down she exploded.

A large ship near the *Asia* was now seen to be on fire; the blaze flamed up as high as the topmast, and soon became one vast sheet of fire; in that state she continued for a short time. The crew could be easily discerned gliding about across the light; and, after a horrible suspense, she blew up, with an explosion far louder and more stunning than the ships which had done so in our vicinity. The smoke and lurid flame ascended to a vast height in the air; beams, masts, and pieces of the hull, along with human figures in various distorted postures, were clearly distinguishable in the air. A pause ensued as the burning mass soared to its utmost height, ere the whole fell down again into the sea. The shell of a large turtle quite hot lighted on our deck from the exploded ship.

It was now almost dark, and the action had ceased to be general throughout the lines; but blaze rose upon blaze, and explosion thundered upon explosion, in various parts of the bay. A pretty sharp cannonade had been kept up between the guns of the castle and the ships entering the bay, and that firing still continued.

The action had nearly terminated by six o'clock, after

a duration of four hours. Daylight had disappeared unperceived, owing to the dense smoke, which, from the cessation of the firing, now began to clear away, and showed us a clouded sky.

Previous to the termination of the action, one of our midshipmen, a promising youth of about fourteen, was struck by a cannon shot, which carried off both his legs and his right hand, with which the poor fellow had been grasping his cutlass at that moment. He lay in the gun-room, as nothing could be done for him ; and I was informed by one of the men that he repeatedly named his mother in a piteous tone, but soon after rallied a little, and began to inquire eagerly how the action was going on, and if any Turkish ships had struck. He lingered in great agony about twenty minutes.

During the latter part of the engagement the men seemed as fresh and active as at its commencement. It was not till its close that several discovered that they had been wounded, but had not felt the smart until the excitement had ceased.

One seaman near me evinced considerable surprise at finding the skin of his shoulder entirely taken off, and the red flesh all exposed, and his shirt covered with blood. They all began congratulating each other on the successful termination of the affair, and then sat down, wiping their brows with their neckcloths.

They seemed now to entertain a much higher opinion of the Turkish sailors than they had done, frankly

acknowledging that they fought gallantly, and had given them plenty of work ere they got the better of them. As they exhibited signs of great exhaustion and fatigue, a pint of grog was then handed to each man at the guns, together with some biscuits and other provisions, which the poor fellows devoured with great relish and appetite.

Midships lay five or six dead bodies, some greatly mangled; the decks were much covered with blood; the faces, and hands and arms, of the sailors were black with powder. The heat of the main-deck had been so intense, that, at the conclusion of the action, I found myself without my jacket and neckcloth, which I never recollected to have taken off; my face was quite disfigured with spots of blood and gunpowder; my hands black and raw, and becoming stiff from assisting at various matters during the action.

As soon as the men had been a little refreshed, they were ordered to make wads for the guns, in case of any renewed attack being made upon us, and no one was allowed to stir from his quarters at the guns during the whole of the night. Later in the evening, the bodies of the killed were sewed up in their hammocks and committed to the deep. Sentinels were stationed round the ship's deck with strict orders to keep a sharp look-out, as we had reason to apprehend a midnight attack from the Arabs.

The night passed heavily away after the previous ex-

citement, chequered by the continual blazing of the Turkish vessels, which had drifted to the head of the bay, and their loud explodings which ceased to attract our attention by their frequency.

In the morning the bay presented a dismal sight for the Turks. Many ships had scarcely a mast standing, and their rigging was hanging about in terrible disorder. Large pieces of wreck were floating in the distance, and the boats of the fleet were picking up the Turks, who were clinging to the masts and spars, and then landing them, as no prisoners were made.

The decks of our ship, which had been permitted to remain all night in the same bloody state, now underwent a thorough swabbing, and began to assume their former clean appearance. It was a luxury now to have an opportunity of scrubbing oneself from the marks of the powder and to change one's dress.

As soon as the ship had been put in order we weighed anchor, and made for the admiral's station. The *Asia* exhibited numerous marks of the severity of the contest she had been engaged in; her mizen-mast was gone; the other ships had suffered in proportion.

In the afternoon the large Egyptian frigate, which had struck to us, was seen to go down.

We were actively employed in putting our vessel to rights, and upon the Tuesday following we passed the batteries of the castle, the men standing ready at their guns in case of an attack. We sailed through the

mouth unmolested by the numerous groups gazing at us from the castle walls.

In eight days we arrived at Malta, where we landed our wounded, and the men obtained leave to go ashore. The inhabitants received us with great joy, balls and other festivities followed in constant succession, while the greatest harmony and unanimity existed between us and our allies, who seemed to vie with one another in politeness.

## LIEUTENANT ROBB AT THE BATTLE OF NAVARINO

THE *Hind*, a cutter of 160 tons, mounting 10 six-pounder carronades, and manned with a crew of 30 men, had, about two months preceding the action, been entrusted to the command of Lieutenant John Robb, and it will be seen in the sequel that Sir Edward Codrington could not have confided the charge to an officer better capable of sustaining it under circumstances the most difficult and extraordinary.

From the first moment he assumed the command, Lieutenant Robb's attention was turned to rendering his crew expert in the use of the guns and small arms, and by dint of constant daily exercise, he had the proud satisfaction of soon finding his men second to none in these important parts of a British seaman's duty, and which alone enabled him to take the brilliant share he was afterwards destined to sustain in the battle of the 20th October.

The *Hind* had been sent with despatches to Zante, and only arrived off Navarino as the allied squadrons were entering that port. Lieutenant Robb immediately cleared his little vessel for action, got springs on the

cables, and followed into the harbour just in time to find the action begun. With the greatest coolness and gallantry, he anchored the cutter with her broadside bearing on the stern of a Turkish 62-gun frigate, within forty yards of her, and commenced a steady fire. The intrepid behaviour of the commander imparted to the crew feelings of the greatest coolness and confidence, so that not a shot was thrown away, for no confusion existed; and the havoc made by this raking fire of five well-supplied and well-directed double-shotted guns must have been dreadful. Exposed to the fire of a corvette on one bow, a brig on the other, and a frigate, at some distance on the quarter, it may be supposed the *Hind* did not escape without injury. In little more than three-quarters of an hour from the commencement, her cable was shot away, when it became necessary to have recourse to the other anchor, which, however, was found to be broken by a shot into two pieces. That part still attached to the cable was let go, with a spring fast to it, in the hope of being enabled therewith to maintain the cutter's position. This, however, was found to be insufficient to spring her broadside across the stern of the frigate; and, after a time, she drifted between the corvette and brig, maintaining that situation for more than half an hour, and keeping up a heavy fire from both sides, when the Turkish brig blew up. The action was then continued with the corvette for fifteen minutes, when the last cable of the cutter was also shot

away. As he could no longer maintain his position, nor get a gun to bear on the enemy, and finding his vessel suffering much from a fire that he could not return, the brave officer sent his crew below, remaining on deck himself to observe and seize upon the first favourable opportunity of being again an annoyance to his antagonist. After drifting about for a considerable time in the hottest part of the action, the *Hind* at length ran her boom into one of the main-deck ports of a large Turkish frigate; the crew was instantly called up, and so expert had they become in the use of their small arms, that notwithstanding the immense disparity of numbers, they succeeded in repulsing, with great loss, the repeated attempts of the enemy to board. The Turks, finding all their exertions by this means fail to capture the cutter, about sixty of them crowded into a large boat astern, with the intention of boarding, in which there seemed to be every probability of success, by dividing the attention of the handful of heroes who were so bravely defending their little vessel. Lieutenant Robb in this critical juncture loaded some of his guns with grape, canister, and round shot to their muzzles, and firing two of them as soon as they could be got to bear, the boat was seen no more. At this instant the cutter drifted clear of the frigate, and, soon after, the action ended. In this desperate conflict the *Hind* suffered considerably. Out of her crew of thirty, the mate, two seamen, and one marine were killed, and a midshipman

and nine seamen wounded, some severely. Three of her guns were split and dismounted, twenty-three round shot had gone through her hull, and all her spars, sails, and rigging were cut to pieces.

The foregoing account has been collected from the testimony of several eye-witnesses to this gallant achievement, and from the cutter's log-book, and the cool daring and intrepidity of the lieutenant and his little crew have seldom been equalled and never surpassed. The *Hind* being manned from the *Asia*, the number of her killed and wounded were included in the returns of the flagship.

## CAPTURE OF THE SPANISH SLAVER, *MARINERITO*, BY THE *BLACK JOKE*

ON Friday, the 22nd of April, 1831, His Majesty's brig *Black Joke*, commanded by Lieutenant Ramsay, anchored at Fernando Po, in order to take on board a set of sweeps that had been sent out from England for her use. There the lieutenant learned from Mr. Mather, who commanded one of the colonial vessels, that he had just left in the Old Calabar a large armed Spanish slave-brig, supposed to be almost ready for sea; he described her as the finest slaver that had been on the coast for some years, carrying one pivot and four broadside guns, with a crew of about seventy picked men, some of whom were reported to be English. The vessel herself appeared by her movements to be in complete man-of-war order, but, as no one was permitted to go on board, her interior arrangements could not be exactly ascertained. Mr. Mather dined on shore several times in company with some of her officers, and he stated that in course of conversation they made no secret of their intention of fighting if necessary, and even laughed at the idea of being taken by the *Black Joke*, with whose force they were well acquainted; and as for the two gun-brigs that

were on the station, they were totally out of the question, on account of their bad sailing.

The *Black Joke* put to sea that evening, proceeded to the Old Calabar, and commenced a strict blockade of that port, anchoring every night at the mouth of the river, weighing before daylight, and running out with the land breeze far enough not to be seen from the shore. This plan was practised until Monday, April the 25th, when, about eleven o'clock in the forenoon, a large brig was seen from the mast-head, under all sail, standing out of the river; the *Black Joke's* topsails were immediately lowered, by which means the stranger was within sight from the deck, before he made out who his antagonist was. He then altered his course from steering directly down, and kept away so as to cross the tender's bow, and pass between Fernando Po and the main. All sail was now made in chase, and every requisite preparation for a severe contest, in doing which a spirit was evinced, both by the officers and men, that left no doubt as to the result, whatever might be the enemy's superiority of force. The Spaniard sailed so well that it was nine o'clock at night before the *Black Joke* could get within range of the slaver; indeed, if he had not been becalmed under the lee of Fernando Po, it is very doubtful whether he would not have made his escape. A shot, however, was now fired ahead of him, as a signal to bring to, which he immediately returned by three of his broadside guns, and the wind fell so

light that both vessels had recourse to their sweeps, making in this way a running fight, until about half-past one on Tuesday morning. The *Black Joke* was then so near, that it became evident a close action must ensue; upon which the Spaniard hauled up his courses, and with his sweeps so managed his vessel as to keep up a determined fire, almost every shot telling upon the spars, rigging, and sails of the tender. Lieutenant Ramsay, in consideration of the superior number of guns of his adversary, as well as to spare, if possible, the lives of the wretched slaves, resolved upon boarding without delay; fortunately a light air favoured his intentions, and the helm was put a starboard. Meanwhile the men were ordered to lie down, to be sheltered from the enemy's fire. Two steady men were to be ready to lash the vessels together, the two guns were loaded with grape, and their captains were desired to fire directly the word board was given; all being prepared the *Black Joke* ran alongside the Spaniard—the order to board was given—the two guns were fired—and Lieutenant Ramsay, with Mr. Bosanquet the mate, and about ten men leaped on board, but from the force with which the two vessels met, they unluckily separated again before the rest of the boarders could follow. Mr. Hind, however, a midshipman not fifteen years of age, the only officer left on board, with extraordinary presence of mind, ordered all hands to the starboard sweeps, pulled alongside, got the vessels lashed, and then

boarded, leaving only one or two wounded men behind.

With this reinforcement, the combat was soon decided —those who continued to resist were quickly cut down, the rest ran below, and begged for quarter. Nor ought it to be omitted that Mr. Pearce, a young midshipman, was pushed overboard with a sabre by one of the Spaniards, but ultimately succeeded in regaining his station by means of the fore-sheet.

The captured vessel proved to be the Spanish brig *Marinerito*, a beautiful new vessel of upwards of 300 tons, armed with one pivot long gun (a Spanish eighteen-pounder) and four broadside guns (short longs) all of the same calibre. She had twelve officers, and sixty-five men, of whom fifteen were killed or drowned, and several wounded, some very dangerously. There were found 496 slaves on board, of whom, horrible to say, owing to the necessity of confining them below during the action, and perhaps aided by terror—twenty-six were found dead when the hatches were opened, although it was done the instant that complete possession had been obtained. Of the remainder of the slaves, 107 were in such a state from want of air during their confinement below, that it was thought advisable to send them on shore at Fernando Po, as the only chance of saving their lives, and of these about sixty died; the rest were ultimately landed at Sierra Leone.

All the slaves appeared to be fully sensible of their

deliverance, and upon being released from their irons, expressed their gratitude in the most forcible and pleasing manner. If the Spaniards had given them this liberty, it would have been the signal for a general massacre of their oppressors. The poor creatures took every opportunity of singing a song, testifying their thankfulness to the English, and by their willingness to obey and assist, rendered the passage to Sierra Leone easy and pleasant to the officers and men who had them in charge.

The *Black Joke* carried one pivot long eighteen-pounder gun, and one carronade of the same calibre, with a crew of thirty-eight seamen and marines, and six officers. Her loss was one seaman killed; Lieutenant Ramsay severely wounded; Mr. Bosanquet, the mate, and five men also wounded; running and standing rigging much cut, her spars considerably damaged; and larboard-bow and quarter stove in.

THE END.

*Printed by Cowan & Co., Limited, Perth.*

A LIST OF

# ANNOUNCEMENTS

AND

# PUBLICATIONS

ISSUED BY

GIBBINGS & COMPANY

LIMITED

PUBLISHERS AND WHOLESALE BOOKSELLERS

18, BURY STREET, LONDON, W.C.

18, *BURY STREET,*
*BLOOMSBURY.*

# GIBBINGS & COMPANY'S

## List of Announcements for 1895.

---

### BOCCACCIO. THE DECAMERON.

An Edition of this great Italian Classic in English, with the complete set of Illustrations by GRAVELOT, EISEN, BOUCHER, and others, prepared for the celebrated French Edition.

Over 100 Illustrations. 4 vols., fcap 8vo, cloth extra, top edge gilt, 10s. net.

A very limited issue on hand-made paper, post 8vo, with very careful impressions of the plates on Japan vellum.

### CERVANTES. DON QUIXOTE.

The Translation of THOMAS SHELTON, 1612–20. With an Introduction by JUSTIN HUNTLY MCCARTHY and numerous Illustrations.

The first Translation ever published, and still one of the best—a Translation by a contemporary into Elizabethan English.

"It is best to read 'Don Quixote' in Spanish; it is next best to read him in the English of Shelton."—EDITOR.

4 vols., fcap 8vo, cloth extra, top edge gilt, 10s. net.

## D'ARBLAY (Madame F.), DIARY AND LETTERS OF.

With Introduction and Notes, and the Essay by Lord MACAULAY. With Portraits on Japan vellum.

3 vols., demy 8vo, buckram, 21s. net.

Only 250 copies printed on extra fine deckle edge paper.

This work is invaluable from the insight it gives into the very heart of the dull, decorous Court of George III., and much more for its revelation of English manners towards the end of last century. Its stories of Dr. Johnson and his group will live in literary history.

## DASENT (Sir GEORGE WEBBE). TALES FROM THE FJELD.

A New Edition of this charming collection of Scandinavian Folk Tales, being the continuation of this Author's celebrated Tales from the Norse.

## GOTTHELF (JEREMIAH). THE STORY OF AN ALPINE VALLEY; or, Katie the Grandmother.

Translated from the German of Albert Bitzius by L. G. SMITH. With Ornaments from designs by JESSIE CAUDWELL.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.

"He wrote, in the quiet mornings of his well-husbanded and well-spent days, a series of stories of Swiss life, each beautifully, and with the subtlest literary art, led to its crisis through chains of modest and natural event; and in its course giving portraiture, exquisite in its sympathy, lovely in its delicacy, merciless in its veracity, of all that is best—and as much as it is needful to dwell on of the worst—of the Swiss character. . . . As studies of general human character, I know nothing but Scott's soundest work which can compare with these books; nor, I believe, will any sensible reader find the details which give them local vivacity and precision other than interesting."—JOHN RUSKIN.

## LAMB (CHARLES). COMPLETE WORKS.

Edited, with Notes, by PERCY FITZGERALD. A New Edition, with 18 Portraits of Lamb and his Friends.

6 vols., fcap 8vo, cloth extra, 15s. net.

125 copies on larger paper, with proofs of the Portraits on Japan vellum. Crown 8vo, buckram, 25s. net.

CONTENTS.—Vol. I. Talfourd's Memoir — Correspondence. Vol. II. Correspondence. Vol. III. Correspondence — Elia. Vol. IV. Elia—Essays. Vol. V. Tales, Plays, Sketches. Vol. VI. Sketches, Reviews, Poems. Index.

"His works will be received as amongst the most elaborately finished gems of literature; as cabinet specimens which express the utmost delicacy, purity, and tenderness of the national intellect, together with the rarest felicity of finish and expression."—DE QUINCEY.

## LANDOR (WALTER SAVAGE). COMPLETE WORKS.

A Reprint of the Edition issued by Moxon.

2 vols., royal 8vo, cloth extra, 15s.

## LEITH (ALICIA A.). A PLANT OF LEMON VERBENA.

A Somerset Idyll. With a Frontispiece by WARNE BROWNE. Tastefully printed and bound.

Fcap 8vo, 2s. 6d.

## MORTIMER (GEOFFREY). TALES FROM THE WESTERN MOORS.

A collection of Dartmoor stories.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, top edge gilt, 6s

## SHERATON (THOMAS). THE CABINET-MAKER'S AND UPHOLSTERER'S DRAWING BOOK (1793). 4to, £3 3s.

A Reprint of this celebrated and excessively scarce book from the Third and best Edition, and containing the "Appendix" and "Accompaniment," and having reproductions of all the beautifully drawn designs.

## SMOLLETT (TOBIAS), THE NOVELS OF.

Edited by GEORGE SAINTSBURY and illustrated by FRANK RICHARDS.

In 12 vols., fcap 8vo, cloth extra, each 2s. 6d. net.

| | |
|---|---|
| **RODERICK RANDOM.** 3 vols. | [*Ready.* |
| **PEREGRINE PICKLE.** 4 vols. | [*Ready.* |
| **COUNT FATHOM.** 2 vols. | [*May.* |
| **SIR LANCELOT GREAVES.** 1 vol. | [*June.* |
| **HUMPHRY CLINKER.** 2 vols. | [*July.* |

100 copies for England, post 8vo, with proof impression of the illustrations on Japan vellum.

"His faults are redeemed by such richness and brilliancy of colours; such a profusion of imagination, now bodying forth the grand and terrible, now the natural, the easy, and the ludicrous; there is so much of life, action, and bustle in every group he has painted; so much force and individuality of character, that we readily grant to Smollett an equal rank with his grand rival, Fielding, while we place both far above any of their successors in the same line of fictitious composition."—Sir WALTER SCOTT.

## WISE (JOHN R.). THE NEW FOREST, ITS HISTORY AND ITS SCENERY.

Fourth Edition. With 63 Illustrations by WALTER CRANE, engraved by W. J. LINTON, and two Maps.

Medium 8vo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d.

Also an edition with 12 full-page Etchings by HEYWOOD SUMNER, most careful impressions on Japan vellum, and bound in buckram, 12s. 6d. net.

This is a complete history and description of the whole of that delightful part of England lying between Southampton Water and the Avon, with 63 woodcuts by the most eminent wood-engraver and after an artist whose reputation is world-wide. Besides the matter of general interest, there are chapters of special importance to antiquaries and naturalists such as Folk-lore and Provincialisms (with glossary)—The Barrows—Roman and Romano-British Pottery—Parish Registers—Geology—Botany (with list of the Flowering Plants)—Ornithology (with list of Birds)—List of Lepidoptera, &c., &c.

# LIST OF PUBLICATIONS.

**Adams (H. G. and H. B.). Smaller British Birds.**
With Descriptions of their Nests, Eggs, Habits, &c. With numerous Coloured Plates of Birds and Eggs. Royal 8vo, cloth extra, 15s.

Gives a concise, yet sufficiently full description of the Smaller British Birds; sufficiently simple and clear in its descriptions to interest the young, and to be understood of all; sufficiently accurate to obtain the approval of the scientific teacher. Contains coloured representations of nearly 100 birds.

**Addison's Complete Works.**
Edited, with Notes, by PROFESSOR GREEN, with Portrait on Steel, 6 vols., crown 8vo, cloth, top edge gilt, 30s.

**——— The Spectator.**
Complete, 2 vols., crown 8vo, cloth extra, 10s.

**——— The Tatler and Guardian.**
Complete in 1 vol., crown 8vo, cloth extra, 5s.

"Whoever wishes to attain an English style, familiar, but not coarse, and elegant, but not ostentatious, must give his days and nights to the study of Addison."—DR. JOHNSON.

**Bacon's Essays and other Works.**
Including "Advancement of Learning," "Wisdom of the Ancients," "New Atlantis," &c. Demy 8vo, "Standard British Classics." Cloth, top edge gilt, 7s. 6d.

"One of the greatest men and most worthy of admiration that had been in many ages."—BEN JONSON.

## THE DEVON EDITIONS.

**Blackmore (R. D.). Lorna Doone.**
A Romance of Exmoor. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, top edge gilt, 3s. 6d.

Or with six Photogravure Illustrations from drawings especially made by F. J. WIDGERY for this edition, 5s. Or gilt edges, 6s.

"'Lorna Doone,' to a Devonshire man, is as good as clotted cream, almost."

**——— Christowell.**
A Dartmoor Tale. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, top edge gilt, 3s. 6d.

Or with six Photogravure Illustrations from drawings especially made by F. J. WIDGERY for this edition, 5s. Or gilt edges, 6s.

## Boutell. Heraldry, Ancient and Modern.

Edited and Revised, with Additions, by S. T. AVELING. Illustrated with Frontispiece and over 480 Wood Engravings. Large and fine paper edition, limited to 750 copies. Square 8vo, cloth, 12s. 6d.

CONTENTS.—Introduction, The Shield, The Tinctures, Partition Lines, Honourable Ordinaries and their Diminutives, Subordinaries, Roundels, The Cross, Varied Fields, Diaper, Varieties and Combinations of Ordinaries, Coats of Arms, Charges, Blazoning, Glossary, Marshalling, Cadency and Differencing, Crowns, Coronets, &c., Royal Heraldry, Augmentation, Crests, Badges, Supporters, Mottoes, Helmets, Genealogies, Precedence, College of Arms, Flags, Official and Corporate Heraldry, Miscellaneous, Knighthood, Seals and Coins, General Index.

## Brémont (Anna, Comtesse de). The World of Music.

**The Great Composers.**
**The Great Singers.**
**The Great Virtuoso.**

Cloth, extra gilt, top edge gilt, 3s. 6d. each.

"These sketches are written with enthusiasm both for the art and its exponents. They will please a lover of music, and will instruct many by serving to put scattered facts in order, and to crystallise into criticism the nebulous exhalations of unmeasured admiration. The three volumes make a dainty set of books."—*Scotsman.*

"From Mdme. de Brémont's volumes an excellent idea may be obtained of what the great men and women of the musical world were really like, as well as a just idea of their talent, their work, and a most fascinating glimpse of their daily lives. In a word, the volumes are indispensable to all lovers of music, and are both valuable and interesting in an unusual degree."—*Court Journal.*

## Burrow (J. H.), B.A. Adventures of Alfan; or, The Magic Amulet.

With eight Illustrations by J. D. WATSON. Crown 8vo, cloth, 5s.

A capital book of adventure for boys, the moral of which is "Yet home is best."

## Byron (Lord), The Works of.

Edited by THOMAS MOORE. Complete in 4 vols., crown 8vo, extra cloth, top edge gilt, 20s.

## Cambridge Prize Poems.

A complete collection of English Poems, which have obtained the Chancellor's Gold Medal in the University of Cambridge, 1813–1893. 2 vols., crown 8vo, 12s.

## Chesterfield (Lord). Letters to his Son.

Demy 8vo, "Standard British Classics." Cloth extra, top edge gilt, 7s. 6d.

**Cornish. The Autobiography of a Cornish Smuggler (Captain Harry Carter, of Prussia Cove), 1749–1809.**

With an Introduction and Notes by JOHN B. CORNISH; Frontispiece by A. CHEVALLIER-TAYLER, and folding Map. Only 500 copies printed. (Truro: Joseph Pollard.) Crown 8vo, buckram, 4s. net.

"Yet under the saintly robe is the man of iron, below the coat of the local preacher is the viking, the berserker, the man who attacks and defends in the same apparent cold blood. Of all the books that have come to us for many a day, this bears the impress of thorough genuineness, of absolute indifference to outside opinion, of whole and sole self-revelation."—*Daily Chronicle.*

**Dante. The Vision of Hell, Purgatory, and Paradise of Dante Alighieri.**

Translated by HENRY FRANCIS CARY, M.A. With a life, chronological view of his age, additional notes, and an index. "Standard British Classics," demy 8vo, cloth, gilt top, 7s. 6d.

**——— Introduction to the Study of.**

Being a New Edition of Dante, as Philosopher, Patriot, and Poet, with an Analysis of the Divine Comedy, its Plots and Episodes. By VINCENZO BOTTA. Crown 8vo (413 pp.), cloth extra, gilt top, 7s. 6d.

"That singular splendour of the Italian race."—BOCCACCIO.

**Devonshire Scenery: Its Inspiration in the Prose and Song of Various Authors.**

Edited by the Rev. WILLIAM EVERITT. With Illustrations by F. J. WIDGERY. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

**Drake (Samuel Adams). The Making of the Great West.**

145 Illustrations and Maps. Crown 8vo, cloth, 5s.

**——— The Making of New England, 1580–1643.**

With many Illustrations and Maps. Crown 8vo, cloth, 5s.

**——— The Making of Virginia and the Middle Colonies, 1578–1701.**

Many Illustrations and Maps. Crown 8vo, 5s.

Interesting historical narratives, liberally supplied with helpful maps, plans, and illustrations.

**Evelyn's Diary, 1641 to 1705.**

With Memoir and Notes by WILLIAM BRAY, F.S.A., "Standard British Classics," demy 8vo, cloth, top edge gilt, 7s. 6d.

It is impossible to overrate the interest and value of a diary and correspondence written by such a man and in such times as those of Charles I., Cromwell, Charles II., James II., and William III.

*

## FOLK LORE AND LEGENDS.

A Series of Volumes presenting, in a handy form, selections from the Folk Lore and Legends of various Countries. Beautifully printed and bound in ¼-cloth extra, brocaded side, per volume, 2s. Each volume sold separately. Or complete in four volumes 3s. 6d. each.

### 1. German.

CONTENTS.—Gaffer Death. The Legend of Paracelsus. Hans in Luck. The Grey Mare in the Garret, &c.

### 2. Oriental.

CONTENTS.—The Cobbler Astrologer. The Legend of the Terrestrial Paradise. The Tomb of Noosheewân, &c.

### 3. Scotland.

CONTENTS.—Canobie Dick. Coinnach Oer. Elphin Irving. The Ghosts of Craig Aulnaic, &c.

### 4. Ireland.

CONTENTS.—Larry Hayes. Jack o' the Lantern. Flory Cantillon's Funeral. Hanlon's Mill, &c.

### 5. England.

CONTENTS.—Nelly the Knocker. Some Merry Tales of the Wise Men of Gotham. A Pleasant and Delightful History of Thomas Hickathrift, &c.

### 6. Scandinavian.

CONTENTS.—The Lost Bell (Isle of Rugen). Tales from the Prose Edda. The Origin of Tiis Lake, &c.

### 7. Russian and Polish.

CONTENTS.—Prince Peter and Princess Magilene. The Old Man, his Wife, and the Fish. Ivashka with the Bear's Ear. The Stolen Heart. Princess Marvel, &c.

### 8. North American Indian.

CONTENTS.—A Legend of Manabozho. The Discovery of the Upper World. The Funeral Fire, &c.

"These dainty little books supply a pleasant and fairly adequate popular introduction to the national stories and legendary lore of the past. The whole of these diverting and graceful stories illustrate the truth of Sir Walter Scott's remark, that the mythology of one period passes into the romance of the next century, and then into the Nursery Tales of subsequent ages."—*Standard.*

## FRENCH FICTION, REPRESENTATIVE.

*Complete and accurate Translations, elegantly printed and bound. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d. each.*

### Mademoiselle de Maupin.

A Romance of love and passion. By THÉOPHILE GAUTIER.

"The golden book of spirit and sense, the holy writ of beauty." —A. C. SWINBURNE.

"Gautier is an inimitable model. His manner is so light and true, so really creative, his fancy so alert, his taste so happy, his humour so genial, that he makes illusion almost as contagious as laughter."—Mr. HENRY JAMES.

### Salambo.

Translated from the French "Édition Définitive" by J. S. CHARTRES. By GUSTAVE FLAUBERT.

"The Translator has thoroughly understood the original, and has succeeded in putting it into good English. The type, paper, and material execution of the volume, inside and out, leave nothing to be desired."—*Westminster Review.*

### Madame Bovary; Provincial Manners.

Translated by E. MARX-AVELING. With an Introduction and Notes of the proceedings against the Author before the "Tribunal Correctionnel" of Paris. By GUSTAVE FLAUBERT.

"'Madame Bovary' grips your very vitals with an invincible power, like some scene you have really witnessed, some event which is actually happening before your eyes."—EMILE ZOLA.

### Renée Mauperin.

By E. and J. DE GONCOURT.

"One of the most pathetic romances of our day. Running through almost the whole gamut of human passion, it has the alternatives of sunshine and shade that exist in real life."—*Morning Post.*

### Germinie Lacerteux.

By E. and J. DE GONCOURT.

"For myself, I can say that I could not lay the book down for a moment until I had finished it."—LETTERS ON BOOKS IN *Truth.*

### The Bohemians of the Latin Quarter.

By HENRI MURGER.

### The Marl-pit Mystery.

By GEORGES OHNET.

## Fairy Tales—Our Own.

Being the Folk Lore of England, Scotland, and Ireland. Thick fcap 8vo, cloth extra, 5s.

## Farmer (John S.) and Henley (W. E.). Slang and its Analogues, Past and Present.

A Dictionary of the Heterodox and Colloquial Speech of the last 300 years, treated Historically, and including Synonyms in English, French, German, Italian, Spanish, &c. In 6 vols., fcap 4to. Each set numbered and signed. To Subscribers only, as follows:—Vols. I. (A & B) and II. (C to Fizz), and III. (Fla-Hy), *now Ready*. Vol. IV. *in progress*. The set, £10 10s. net.

The number of Sets still unplaced being limited, early application should be made.

"The most complete and most scholarly work in its own field."
—Dr. J. A. H. MURRAY, Editor of *The New English Dictionary*.

## Fouché (Joseph). Memoirs of Duke of Otranto, Minister of the General Police of France.

With Portraits on steel of Fouché and Bonaparte as Consul and as Emperor. "Memoir Library," crown 8vo, cloth, 5s.

"He commenced his public career as a revolutionist; voted the death of the King; betrayed the Republic to Napoleon; broke his faith to the usurper, then to the Bourbons; then again to the hero of the Hundred Days; he was venal, mendacious, disloyal, corrupt to the core; and all this he carefully points out to the readers 'in a spirit of candour.' His memoirs are indeed, no less amazing than instructive reading, and in them will be found the secret history of the First Napoleonic Empire narrated with a cynical frankness little less than revolting."—*Daily Telegraph*.

## Furniture and Decoration in England during the 18th Century.

Facsimile reproductions of the choicest examples from the works of CHIPPENDALE, ADAM, RICHARDSON, HEPPELWHITE, SHERATON, PERGOLESI, and others; selected by JOHN ALDAM HEATON. (J. & E. Bumpus, Ltd.) The Complete Work, two folio volumes, is issued as under:—

| | s. | d. |
|---|---|---|
| In 20 parts, wrappers ... ... ... | net 126 | 0 |
| In 4 portfolios, cloth, lettered ... ... | net 132 | 0 |
| In 4 vols., cloth extra ... ... ... | net 140 | 0 |
| In 2 vols., half-morocco, gilt tops, and contents lettered ... ... ... | net 200 | 0 |

## Gibbon's Roman Empire.

A New Edition in 4 vols., with all the Author's Notes. "Standard British Classics," demy 8vo, cloth, top edge gilt, 30s.

"Must always be considered as one of the most extraordinary monuments that have appeared of the literary powers of a single mind, and its fame can perish only with the civilisation of the world."—PROF. SMYTH.

## Gray's Elegy written in a Country Churchyard.

Illustrated. Imperial 8vo, cloth elegant, 10s. 6d.; smaller size, square 8vo, 6s. "*Edition de Luxe*," large 4to. Plates on India paper, and mounted on guards. Cloth, 63s.

"Assuredly 'Gray's Elegy' has never had a more beautiful setting than this. In point of drawing, delicacy, beauty, and finish they are unsurpassable, and this beautiful edition should command a very extensive sale."—*Standard*.

## Gordon, Adam Lindsay, A Memoir of the Life of.

With New Poems, Prose Sketches, Speeches, and Reminiscences, and an "In Memoriam" by KENDALL. By J. HOWLETT ROSS. With Portrait. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

"They did not know,
The hundreds who had read his sturdy verse
And revelled over ringing major notes,
The mournful meaning of the undersong
Which runs through all he wrote, and often takes
The deep autumnal, half prophetic tone
Of forest winds in March."

## Hamilton (Lady), Memoirs of.

With Anecdotes of her Friends and Contemporaries. A New Edition. Edited and Annotated by W. H. LONG, Editor of the "Oglander Memoirs." With Three Portraits of Lady Hamilton. "Memoir Library," crown 8vo, cloth extra, 5s.

"The editing is honestly done."—*Athenæum*.

"The life of this beautiful and remarkable woman is, in fact, a microcosm of all the follies, laxities, pettinesses, and heroisms of a very strong and picturesque age."—*Standard*.

## Hazlitt's Complete Works.

Containing Miscellaneous Essays and Life of Napoleon Bonaparte. New Edition, 6 vols., crown 8vo, cloth extra, 30s.

"The quantity of thought which is accumulated upon his favourite subjects, the variety and richness of the illustrations, and the strong sense of beauty and pleasure which pervades and animates the composition, give them a place, if not above, yet apart from the writings of all other essayists."—JUDGE TALFOURD.

"There can scarcely be a stronger gratification of the critical faculties than in reading Hazlitt's Essays."—HARRIET MARTINEAU.

## ——— Life of Napoleon Bonaparte.

3 vols., crown 8vo, cloth extra, top edge gilt, 15s.; or demy 8vo, cloth, £1 11s. 6d.; or "Standard British Classics," demy 8vo, cloth, top edge gilt, 22s. 6d.

"The style is energetic, and often eloquent; a fine breadth is thrown over the details, and a fine spirit of philosophic energy breathes in every page."—*Athenæum*.

**Herbert of Cherbury, Autobiography of.**
With Notes and Continuation of the Life by S. L. LEE. With Four Etched Portraits. "Memoir Library" Edition, crown 8vo, cloth, 5s.

**Homer. The Iliad.**
Translated by ALEXANDER POPE, with Notes by T. A. BUCKLEY, M.A., F.S.A., and FLAXMAN'S Designs. "Standard British Classics," demy 8vo, cloth, top edge gilt, 7s. 6d.

**——— The Odyssey.**
Translated by ALEXANDER POPE, with Notes by T. A. BUCKLEY, M.A., F.S.A., and FLAXMAN'S Designs. "Standard British Classics," demy 8vo, cloth, top edge gilt, 7s. 6d.

"So long as the lamp of civilisation shall not have ceased to burn, 'The Iliad' and 'The Odyssey' must hold their forward place among the brightest treasures of our race."—W. E. GLADSTONE.

**Hugo (Victor). Les Miserables.**
A complete Translation from the French by CHAS. E. WILBOUR. In 2 vols., crown 8vo, gilt top, 7s. 6d.

**Hunt (John), M.A. An Essay on Pantheism.**
Revised Edition. Demy 8vo, cloth, 7s. 6d.

"Mr. Hunt is quite aware of the danger he incurs by his appeal to reason in these matters, but he is one of the few people who see that there is really no help for it, that a man must use his reason, if it is only for the purpose of making up his mind that he won't. In language that frequently rises into eloquence, he maintains the supremacy of the much-abused faculty, and he commends the outcome of his patient labour to the sympathies of those who feel the necessities of the age and appreciate the value of truthful inquiry."—*The Spectator.*

**Hunt (Leigh). The Town: Its Memorable Characters and Events. "St. Paul's to St. James'."**
With Steel Portrait of the Author and 12 on copper of persons mentioned in the text, and the whole of the Wood Engravings from the Original Edition. Demy 8vo, cloth extra, top edge gilt, 12s. 6d.

"We will allow no higher enjoyment for a rational Englishman than to stroll leisurely through this marvellous town arm-in-arm with Mr. Leigh Hunt. He gives us the outpourings of a mind enriched with the most agreeable knowledge. There is not a page of this book which does not glow with interest. It is a series of pictures from life, representing scenes in which every inhabitant of the metropolis has an interest far greater than he suspects."—*Times.*

## Kingsley (Charles). Westward Ho!

The "Devon" Edition, with six Photogravure Illustrations from Drawings specially made by F. J. WIDGERY for this Edition. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, bevelled boards, gilt edges, 7s. 6d.

"Messrs. Gibbings & Co. send us the 'Devon Edition' of Kingsley's 'Westward Ho!' which is really a superb book. The literary value of the Canon's famous story has been largely enhanced by some exquisite sketches by Mr. F. J. Widgery, which represent some of the places described by the novelist's pen—Bideford, Clovelly, Brent Tor, Northam Burrows, Plymouth Sound, and Lundy. These illustrations are perfect gems of the engraver's art, and, as we have indicated, form, in conjunction with this fascinating book, a most attractive object to all Devonians."—*Evening Post* (Exeter).

## Lamb (Charles), Memoirs of.

By Sir THOMAS NOON TALFOURD, D.C.L. (one of his executors). A New Edition, edited and annotated by PERCY FITZGERALD, M.A., F.S.A., Author of "Charles Lamb, his Home, his Haunts, and his Books." With Portraits after MEYER, HAZLITT, PULHAM, JOSEPH, and MACLISE. "The Memoir Library" Edition, crown 8vo, cloth, 5s.

"Mr. Fitzgerald has long been recognised as one of the 'Boswells' of Elia; he has annotated in capital fashion Talfourd's book, and his comments are in keeping with the text, which, we need scarcely say, is more personal than critical."—*Standard.*

"For the social and domestic side of Lamb's history Talfourd is indispensable, and he cannot be more conveniently read than in this handy volume."—*Daily Chronicle.*

## ——— Complete Works. "Temple Edition." (See p. 5.)

## Lavalette (Count), Memoirs of.

Adjutant and Private Secretary to Napoleon, and Postmaster-General under the Empire. Portraits. Crown 8vo, 7s. 6d. net. Also 125 copies, large paper, royal 8vo, 21s. net.

"Honest, prudent, vigorous, and truthful, he was a brave soldier and a trusty servant; and his memoirs, which are simply though vigorously written, are an interesting contribution to the history of the times."—*The Scotsman.*

"Lavalette was not the least in that army of history-makers which, under the fiery inspiration of Napoleon, went forth to change the face of things, and to reconstitute the world. He bore a man's part in the whole magnificent adventure; for he began in Italy—he won his captaincy at Arcola and was brought to the very gates of death for service done in the Hundred Days. His story, which is modestly and simply told, is one to read."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

## MEMOIR LIBRARY.

Under this title it is intended to issue from time to time a series of Memoirs (taking the word in its widest sense) that will, it is hoped, be of universal interest. It will embrace the most celebrated works in this department of literature, as well as a number of less known books that are either of historical or literary importance, or sought after as presenting a picture of life at different epochs. They will be carefully printed, and furnished with Portraits on Copper, as far as possible in the mezzotint style. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 5s.

The volumes already issued are—

### Memoirs of Emma Lady Hamilton.

With Anecdotes of her Friends and Contemporaries. Edited and Annotated by W. H. LONG. With three Portraits of Lady Hamilton, after Romney.

### Confessions of Jean Jacques Rousseau.

With Portrait. 568 pp.

### Autobiography of Edward Lord Herbert of Cherbury.

With Notes and the Continuation of the Life by SIDNEY L. LEE, B.A. With four Portraits.

### Memoirs of Charles Lamb.

By Sir THOMAS NOON TALFOURD, D.C.L. Edited and Annotated by PERCY FITZGERALD. With five Portraits of Lamb.

### Memoirs of Joseph Fouché, Duke of Otranto, Minister of the General Police of France.

With three Portraits.

---

### Moehler (John Adam), D.D. Symbolism: or, Exposition of the Doctrinal Differences between Catholics and Protestants, as evidenced by their Symbolical Writings.

Translated from the German by J. B. ROBERTSON. Crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.

"An inexhaustible treasure-house; the depth and comprehensiveness of its views, the acuteness and solidity of its reasoning, and the clearness and simplicity of its arrangement, establish beyond the possibility of question the claim to the character bestowed upon it soon after its publication by one whose very name (Cardinal Wiseman) is an authority—'The most profound work on the Philosophy of Divinity which our time has produced.'"—*Dublin Review.*

## Morris (Charles). King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table.

A Modernised Version of the Morte D'Arthur. 3 vols., fcap 8vo, quarter-cloth extra, 7s. 6d.

"Our great native epic has been adroitly handled by Mr. Morris, and Malory's quaint prose has not been sub-edited more than was practically necessary to make his wonderful web of imaginative romance attractive to untrained nineteenth-century readers."—*Bradford Observer.*

"Readers who know no more of the adventures of those who sat at the Round Table than may be gleaned from Tennyson will find this careful edition of the labours of Sir Thomas Malory a revelation."—*Daily Telegraph.*

## ——— Historical Tales; or, The Romance of Reality.

Four volumes, with 12 Illustrations in each. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d. each.

**English.**

"The stories are well told, and are not only in themselves readable, but are calculated to arouse in young readers an intelligent interest in historical studies."—*Scotsman.*

**French.**

"There are thirty-one stories in the volume, and the subjects covered are of a sufficiently varied character to make the tales appeal to youthful readers of widely different tastes. It need scarcely be said that many of the tales are as romantic as they are real, as startling as they are striking, and as dramatic as they are dreadful."—*Scotsman.*

**German.**

"Will charm many a reader with illustrations of 'The Romance of Reality' from German history. The selection is full and judicious and the episodes are narrated with spirit."—*Daily Chronicle.*

**American.**

"Fact is often stranger than fiction, and there are many tales connected with the history of the great American continent which were well worth the telling, and which in this handsomely produced volume are told to excellent effect."—*Publishers' Circular.*

## Motley's Rise of the Dutch Republic.

A History. "Standard British Classics," 3 vols., demy 8vo, cloth, top edge gilt, 22s. 6d.

"A work of the highest merit and of the deepest interest, and a great and permanent addition to historical literature."—*Saturday Review.*

## O'Neill (H. C.). Devonshire Idyls.

Third Edition [Exeter: H. S. Eland], square 12mo, cloth, 2s. Paper covers, 1s. 6d.

"A book to be read; no brief notice can do justice to pages so racy of the soil."—*Spectator.*

"A charming little book of reminiscences of Devonshire rural manners, customs, speech, folk-lore, and character, written by a Devonshire lady, whose sketches of country life in North Devon some fifty years since are marked by truth and simplicity, and a quiet yet penetrative pathos."—*Saturday Review.*

## ——— Told in the Dimpses.

Square 12mo. Frontispiece by F. J. WIDGERY. Cloth extra, top edge gilt, 2s. 6d.

"Like the delightful 'Devonshire Idyls,' by the same writer, these stories of North Devon are admirable for the truth and humour of their illustrations of the characteristics of the people and county they treat of."—*Saturday Review.*

"Has all the charms of its predecessors."—*Spectator.*

## Pepys' Diary, 1659 to 1669.

With Memoirs and Notes by LORD BRAYBROOKE. "Standard British Classics," demy 8vo, cloth, top edge gilt, 7s. 6d.

"Pepys is marvellously entertaining; the times and the man peep out in a thousand odd circumstances and amusing expressions. The ablest picture of the age in which the writer lived, and a work of standard importance in English literature."—*Athenæum.*

## Robinson (Mrs.), Memoirs of.

From the edition edited by her Daughter, with Notes and Introduction by FITZGERALD MOLLOY. Numerous Portraits of "Perdita," Miss Farren, Duchess of Devonshire, &c. Crown 8vo, 7s. 6d. net. Also 125 copies, large paper, royal 8vo, 21s. net.

"We cannot follow her fortunes and her misfortunes, which our readers can learn for themselves from these fascinating pages of vari-coloured life. We would call especial attention to the nine full-page plates, being portraits from engravings after Romney, Cosway, Reynolds, and Laurence. They are nearly all exquisite pictures, of most delicate finish, and the book is well worth buying for their sake alone by all lovers of artistic portraiture."—*Birmingham Gazette.*

## Rogers (W. H. Hamilton). Memorials of the West, Historical and Descriptive.

Collected on the Borderland of Somerset, Dorset, and Devon. Illustrated by an exquisite etched Frontispiece, after Newbury, beautifully Coloured Heraldic Plates, numerous Portraits and engravings of Ancient Monuments, Churches, Houses, facsimiles of Autographs, &c. Demy 8vo, half-morocco, 21s.

## PORTRAITS.

The undermentioned series of Portraits can be supplied in two states, viz.: Royal 8vo, India proofs before letters, 2s.; Demy 8vo, prints, 1s.

1. **Bonaparte (Napoleon).** Engraved by HOPWOOD (as Consul). Proof only.
2. ——— Engraved by HOPWOOD (as Emperor). Proof only.
3. ——— **(Lucien).** Engraved by MAUDINSON. Proof only.
4. **Charles II.** From an engraving by SMITH, after Wissing.
5. **Charlotte (Queen).** From an engraving by M'ARDELL, after Meyer.
6. **Coleridge (Samuel Taylor).** Photogravure from an engraving by W. SAY, after Northcote.
7. **Duchess of Portsmouth.** From an Engraving by WAGSTAFF, after Lely.
8. **Elizabeth (Queen).** From an engraving after the Newcome picture.
9. **Fouché.** Engraved by WOLFF, after Girardet. Proof only.
10. **George III.** From an Engraving by M'ARDELL, after Meyer.
11. **Godwin (William).** Photogravure from an engraving by G. DAWE, after Northcote.
12. **Gwyn (Nell).** From an engraving by WRIGHT, after Lely.
13. ——— From an engraving by BECKET, after Verrhells.
14. ——— From an engraving by VALCK, after Lely.
15. ——— From an engraving.
16. ——— From an engraving by P. V. B., after Lely.
17. ——— From an engraving after Gascar.
18. ——— **(with Children).** From an engraving by TOMPSON, after Lely.
19. **Hamilton (Emma Lady).** Engraved on copper by MAYER, after Romney.
20. ——— **(as Sensibility).** Photogravure from an Engraving by RICHARD EARLOM, after Romney.
21. ——— **(as Bacchante).** Photogravure from an engraving by C. KNIGHT, after Romney.
22. **Johnson (Samuel).** From an engraving by HEATH, after Opie.
23. **Josephine.** Engraved by GOUTTIÈRE. Proof only.
24. **Lamb (Charles).** Photogravure from an engraving by MAYER.
25. ——— Engraved on steel by EDWARD SMITH, after Wm. Hazlitt.
26. ——— Photogravure from a water-colour in the British Museum by G. F. JOSEPH.
27. ——— Photogravure from the sketch by MACLISE in the Dyce and Forster Collection.
28. ——— Full length. Scratched on copper from Life by his friend BROOK PELHAM.
29. **Meredith (George).** Photogravure from a photo.
30. **Munden (in Lock and Key).** Photogravure from an engraving by THOS. LUPTON, after G. Clint.
31. **Nelson (Horatio).** Photogravure from an engraving by TURNER, after R. Bowyer.
32. **Rousseau (J. J.).** From an engraving by CALDWALL, after Ramsey.
33. **Shelley (Percy Bysshe).** Photogravure after G. Clint.
34. **Siddons (Mrs.).** Photogravure after Gainsborough.
35. ——— **(as the Tragic Muse).** From an engraving by HAYWARD, after Reynolds.
36. ——— From an engraving by C. TURNER, after Lawrence.
37. ——— From an engraving by BARTOLOZZI, after Hone.
38. ——— From an engraving by TOMKINS, after Downman.
39. **Wordsworth (William).** Photogravure from an engraving by THOS. LUPTON, after B. R. Haydon.

## Rousseau (J. J.), Confessions of.

With Portrait. 568 pp. Crown 8vo, cloth, 5s.

"With picturesqueness and charming vivacity, with marvellous frankness, if not with scrupulous truthfulness, he tells the story of his life."

## Scott (Sir Walter), Poetical Works of.

Complete Edition, with Introductions and Notes. 3 vols., fcap 8vo, cloth extra, top edge gilt, 7s. 6d.

"No one since the days of Homer has sung with such an impetuous and burning breath the muster, the march, the onset, and all the fiery vicissitudes of battle."—ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

## Scott (Michael), The Sea Stories of.

**Tom Cringle's Log.** 2 vols., fcap 8vo, 5s. net.
**The Cruise of the Midge.** 2 vols., fcap 8vo, 5s. net.

With Illustrations by Mr. FRANK BRANGWYN. Special Title-pages and Binding designs. Cloth extra, top edge gilt.

"No man ever wrote better of the life of the sea, few ever so vividly, as the author of 'Tom Cringle's Log.' That fascinating story is doubly welcome in the charming form that Messrs. Gibbings & Co. have given it. Two dainty volumes, most choicely printed, illustrated by photogravures from the pencil of Mr. Frank Brangwyn, and appropriately bound, enshrine the famous log."—*Army and Navy Gazette.*

"We are heartily glad to see a reprint of 'Tom Cringle's Log.' It conducts us through a series of brushes with French and Yankees, of gales and of hardship, and of miscellaneous adventure; each piece of realism instinct with the spirit of our old sea-dogs and redolent of tar and brine."—*The Times.*

"His fighting and adventure are vigorous with a vigour which is stimulating even when it runs to melodrama; and the glimpses of life and adventure on the African coast and in the West Indies have a rich barbaric stir and colour which attract us still. The latest novel is 'The Cruise of the Midge,' in two volumes. As in 'Tom Cringle's Log,' Mr. Frank Brangwyn's few drawings are perhaps the best illustrations ever contributed to a novel about the sea. They are works of art of such finish and truth that they attract prolonged attention."—*Newcastle Chronicle.*

## Sidney (Sir Philip), The Miscellaneous Works.

With a Life of the Author and Illustrative Notes by WILLIAM GRAY, Esq., of Magdalen College. Demy 8vo, buckram, top edge gilt, 12s. 6d.

"*All* our Author's published writings, with the exception of the Arcadia and the Psalms, have been collected from various quarters and embodied in this volume."—*Editor's Preface.*

250 copies only for England.

## Shelley (Percy Bysshe). Complete Poetical Works.

The Text carefully revised, with Notes and a Memoir by WILLIAM MICHAEL ROSSETTI. 3 vols., "Standard British Classics," demy 8vo, cloth, top edge gilt, 22s. 6d.

"We gladly predict for this edition a popularity which it so well deserves. We must also add that it possesses the merit of including many pieces of Shelley's not usually found in previous editions of his works, and some not hitherto printed."—*The Standard.*

"This will in future be *the* edition of the 'imperishable poems.'"—*Liverpool Daily Post.*

## ——— Memoirs.

With new Preface by WILLIAM MICHAEL ROSSETTI. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

## Sheridan's Dramatic Works.

"Standard British Classics," demy 8vo, cloth, top edge gilt, 7s. 6d.

"His comic muse does not go prying about into obscure corners, or collecting idle curiosities, but shows her laughing face, and points to her rich treasure—the follies of mankind. She is garlanded and crowned with roses and vine leaves. Her eyes sparkle with delight, and her heart runs over with good-natured malice. Her step is firm and light, and her ornaments consummate!"—HAZLITT.

## Smith (Moyr). The Wooing of Æthra.

With five Etchings and numerous Woodcuts. 32mo, cloth gilt, 2s.

"A singularly beautiful little book."—*Scotsman.*

## ——— Tales of Old Thulê.

Illustrated Square crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

## STANDARD BRITISH CLASSICS.

"A notable list of reprints."—*Manchester Guardian.*

These have been prepared to meet the demand for a Series of Library Editions of the best Authors at a moderate price. Demy 8vo, cloth, 7s. 6d.; half-calf or half-vellum, extra, top edge gilt, 10s. 6d.

1. **Pepys' Diary, 1659 to 1669.**
   With Memoirs and Notes by Lord BRAYBROOKE.
2. **Evelyn's Diary, 1641 to 1705.**
   With Memoirs and Notes by WILLIAM BRAY, F.S.A.
3. **Gibbon's Roman Empire.**
   A New Edition in 4 Volumes, with all the Author's Notes.
4. **Walton and Cotton's Complete Angler.**
   Illustrated. Edited by G. CHRISTOPHER DAVIES.
5. **White's Natural History of Selborne.**
   Illustrated. Edited by G. CHRISTOPHER DAVIES.
6. **Chesterfield's Letters to his Son.**
   Complete Edition, with Notes.
7. **Sheridan's Dramatic Works.**
8. **Swift's Choice Works.**
   Including "Gulliver's Travels," "Tale of a Tub," &c.
9. **Bacon's Essays and Other Works.**
   Including "Advancement of Learning," "Wisdom of the Ancients," "New Atlantis," &c.
10. **Dante's Vision.**
    Translated by CARY, with Notes and Index.
11. **Homer's Iliad.**
    Translated by POPE, with Notes by BUCKLEY, and FLAXMAN'S Designs.
12. **Homer's Odyssey.**
    Translated by POPE, with Notes by BUCKLEY, and FLAXMAN'S Designs.
13. **Motley's Dutch Republic.** 3 vols.
14. **Napoleon, Life of Napoleon Bonaparte.**
    By W. HAZLITT. 3 vols.
15. **Shelley (Percy Bysshe).**
    **The Complete Poetical Works of Percy Bysshe Shelley.** The Text carefully revised with Notes and a Memoir by WILLIAM MICHAEL ROSSETTI. 3 vols.

The whole of the above Series kept in stock in half-calf gilt, or half-vellum extra gilt, top edge gilt. *Other Volumes to follow.*

## Smollett (Tobias), The Novels of.

Edited by GEORGE SAINTSBURY, and Illustrated by FRANK RICHARDS. In 12 vols., fcap 8vo, each 2s. 6d. net. 150 copies on hand-made paper, large post 8vo.

**Roderick Random**, 3 vols.
**Peregrine Pickle**, 4 vols.

"It is incumbent on us to say of this new enterprise of Messrs. Gibbings that they are furnishing an edition which will be valued by the public equally for its handiness and its elegance. The volumes are thin and light, the typography is beautifully clear; while the illustrations by Mr. Frank Richards show that he has thoroughly caught the spirit of his author. This edition of Smollett is one that will be bought with ease, read with pleasure, and kept with care."—*Glasgow Herald.*

## Sporting Birthday Book.

Quotations from Major G. J. Whyte Melville, Mr. Egerton Warburton, Captain Clark Kennedy, Somerville, &c., arranged and collected by A. E. STUDDY. With 14 Illustrations, square 12mo, cloth, gilt edges, 5s.

"In this delightful little volume there are hundreds of cheering strains; no dreary introspective nonsense concerning life, is it worth living? and so on. No, life is here depicted as it should be felt—something jocund, exhilarating, enjoyable, and enjoyed."—*Land and Water.*

## Swift's Choice Works.

Including "Gulliver's Travels," "Tale of a Tub," &c. "Standard British Classics," demy 8vo, cloth, top edge gilt, 7s. 6d.

"What a genius I had when I wrote that book!"—SWIFT (in old age).

### TERRIBLE TALES.

A Collection of really good Sensational Stories, by Authors of repute at home and abroad, many being especially translated for this edition, and some appearing for the first time in English. Fcap 8vo, paper 1s., or cloth, top edge gilt, at 1s. 6d. each.

1. **German.**
   CONTENTS.—The Crystal Dagger. A Strange Bride, &c.
2. **French.**
   CONTENTS.—The Mysterious Sketch. The Lyons Courier, &c.
3. **Italian.**
   CONTENTS.—The Bridal Wreath. Domenico Matteo, &c.
4. **Spanish.**
   CONTENTS.—The Golden Bracelet. The Green Eyes, &c.

The same, 2 vols. in one, picture boards, 2s. each.

## Vaughan (Robert Alfred), B.A. Hours with the Mystics.

A Contribution to the History of Religious Opinion. Seventh Edition, crown 8vo, cloth, 7s. 6d.

A few copies remain of the best Edition, 2 vols., 16s.

"There is not a page nor a paragraph in these 'Hours' in which there is not something worth recollecting, and often reflections very wise and very weighty indeed. No one can rise from the perusal of the book without finding himself, if not a better, at least a more thoughtful man, and perhaps a humbler one also, as he learns how many more struggles and doubts, discoveries, sorrows, and joys, the human race has passed through than are contained in his own private experience."—CHAS. KINGSLEY.

## Walton and Cotton's Complete Angler.

Illustrated. Edited by G. CHRISTOPHER DAVIES. "Standard British Classics," demy 8vo, cloth, top edge gilt, 7s. 6d.

"Whether we consider the elegant simplicity of the style, the ease and unaffected humour of the dialogue, the lovely scenes which it delineates, the enchanting pastoral poetry which it contains, or the fine morality it so sweetly inculcates, it has hardly its fellow among any of the modern languages."—Sir JOHN HAWKINS.

## Walsh (William S.). Handy Book of Literary Curiosities.

Large crown 8vo, cloth extra, marbled edges, 1104 pp., 12s. 6d.

A few of the articles in this curious, amusing, and instructive volume may be mentioned: Acrostics—Alliteration—Anagrams—Bibliomania—Binding—Book-plates—Cryptograms—Coincidences—Dedications—Epigrams—Epitaphs—Forgeries—Indexes—Lost Treasures—Mistakes of Authors—Mixed Metaphors—Names, Curiosities of—Parody—Plagiarism—Puns—Real People in Fiction—Reviews, Curiosities of—Typographical Errors, &c.

"Of really remarkable merit."—*Spectator.*

## White's Natural History of Selborne.

Illustrated. Edited by G. CHRISTOPHER DAVIES. "Standard British Classics," demy 8vo, cloth, top edge gilt, 7s. 6d.

"A man the power of whose writings has immortalised an obscure village and a tortoise—for who has not heard of 'Timothy'?—as long as the English language lives."—*London Quarterly Review.*

3 2044 010 556 744

THE BORROWER WILL BE CHARGED AN OVERDUE FEE IF THIS BOOK IS NOT RETURNED TO THE LIBRARY ON OR BEFORE THE LAST DATE STAMPED BELOW. NON-RECEIPT OF OVERDUE NOTICES DOES NOT EXEMPT THE BORROWER FROM OVERDUE FEES.

9 1990